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THE TWO TRAVELERS.

'T WAS evening, and before my eyes  
There lay a landscape gray and dim:  
Fields faintly seen and twilight skies  
And clouds that hid the horizon's brim.

I saw—or was it that I dreamed?—  
A waking dream?—I cannot say;  
For every shape as real seemed  
As those that meet my eye to-day.

Through leafless shrubs the cold wind hissed;  
The air was thick with falling snow;  
And onward, through the frozen mist,  
I saw a weary traveler go.

Driven o'er that landscape bare and bleak,  
Before the whirling gusts of air,  
The snow-flakes smote his withered cheek,  
And gathered on his silver hair.

Yet on he fared through blinding snows,  
And murmuring to himself he said:  
"The night is near, the darkness grows,  
And higher rise the drifts I tread.  
"Deep, deep each autumn flower they hide;  
Each tuft of green they whelm from sight;  
And they who journeyed by my side  
Are lost in the surrounding night.

"I loved them; oh, no words can tell  
The love that to my friends I bore;

We parted with the sad farewell  
Of those who part to meet no more.

“And I, who face this bitter wind,  
And o’er these snowy hillocks creep,  
Must end my journey soon and find  
A frosty couch, a frozen sleep.”

As thus he spoke, a thrill of pain  
Shot to my heart; I closed my eyes,  
And when I opened them again  
I started with a glad surprise.

’T was evening still, and in the west  
A flush of glowing crimson lay.  
I saw the morrow there and blest  
That promise of a glorious day.

The waters, in their glassy sleep,  
Shone with the hues that tinged the sky,  
And rugged cliff and barren steep  
Gleamed with a brightness from on high.

And one was there whose journey lay  
Into the slowly gathering night;  
With steady step he held his way  
O’er shadowy vale and gleaming height.

I marked his firm though weary tread,  
The lifted eye and brow serene,  
And saw no shade of doubt or dread  
Pass o’er that traveler’s placid mien.

And others came, their journey o’er,  
And bade good night with words of cheer:  
“To-morrow we shall meet once more;  
’Tis but the night that parts us here.”

“And I,” he said, “shall sleep erelong —  
These fading gleams will soon be gone —  
Shall sleep, to rise, refreshed and strong,  
In the bright day that yet will dawn.”

I heard; I watched him as he went,  
A lessening form, until the light  
Of evening from the firmament  
Had passed, and he was lost to sight.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

## THE HESSIAN MERCENARIES OF OUR REVOLUTION.

In the states of antiquity all citizens owed military service. During the Middle Ages this military relation assumed the form of a personal obligation, which bound the vassal to answer the call to arms of the liege lord with a number of men proportioned to the extent of the domain which he held. When wars became longer and more expensive, the sovereign found himself dependent upon the good-will of his vassals for the success of his arms. His right to command was unquestionable. The vassal, if dissatisfied, might disobey; and thus the final question between them was a question of power—of power to enforce, or of power to rebel.

Among the more active of the German emperors, whose aspirations exceeded their means of action, was Maximilian the First, known to his contemporaries as Maximilian the Moneyless. Though married to the powerful Mary of Burgundy, he received no aid from her vassals; though active and energetic, he was abandoned by his own. The Swiss had fallen from him, and he had neither the money to buy, nor the strength to force them back. It was then, and probably with no conception of the full significance of what he was doing, that, instead of addressing himself to his nobles as feudal vassals, he raised an army of free burghers and peasants in eastern Austria, Swabia, and the Tyrol. This army was composed of infantry. Gunpowder had already reduced the fully armed knight to the level of the soldier on foot, or in other words, the contest between the noble and the plebeian, which had been waged so long and so disastrously in Rome, was renewed in modern Europe under different circumstances and in a new form. It was a war between industry and privilege, between mechanical skill, or physical power under the control of an intelligent will, and brute force; a question, as

time developed it, between the longest purse and the longest sword. It is no part of my present object to follow the progress of this contest from the first Landsknechts of Maximilian to the perfect machines of the Great Frederick. I wish only to call attention to the fact that the reinstatement of the infantry in their true position soon opened the way for the decline of the old feudal armies and the enlistment of troops for longer terms of service. He who could pay best was surest of finding willing soldiers. Commercial states like Venice could always raise whatever sums they wanted at five per cent., while Charles VIII. was checked in the very beginning of his Italian wars and compelled to pay forty-two per cent. for the means of continuing them. Thus new resources were opened for the formation of armies. Princes could carry on war as long as their subjects could be made to pay for it, and war itself became a lucrative and honored pursuit. From regular bands of mercenaries came standing armies and that oppressive military system of modern Europe which has weighed so heavily upon the laboring classes, and retarded the moral, the intellectual, and the industrial development of society. All the great wars of modern Europe, till the wars of the French Revolution, had been carried on in a large measure by mercenary troops, among which the Germans were perhaps the foremost for aptitude to arms, power of endurance, cruelty, rapacity, and, as long as they were regularly paid, for fidelity to their banner. But no sooner did their pay fall in arrears than they grew disobedient and discontented, and if not bought over were presently found fighting and plundering on the other side. Would you see the mercenary in his perfect form, study the Captain Dalgetty, of Scott's Legend of Montrose, who cannot be in-

duced by any temptation to enter upon new service until he has fulfilled all the conditions of the old, who loves his horse, and grooms and feeds him before he provides for himself, yet who, when the faithful animal is killed, skins him with his own hands. But Dalgetty was an officer, and the distinction between officer and soldier was sharply drawn. For the officer there was promotion and social position. He embraced arms as a profession because he preferred them to any other profession. Of the political questions connected with war he knew and cared little. Of the moral question connected with it he knew and cared nothing. He was trained to look unmoved upon human suffering. The battle-field and hospital seldom appealed to his sympathies, for habit had blunted them. To fight and attract the eye of his commander was his ambition. To win a ribbon or a cross was his highest aspiration. If he were a captain he might become a colonel. If he were a colonel he might become a brigadier. And when peace came there were Paris and garrisons to lounge and be idle in.

In these rewards the soldier of the ranks had no part. To be an officer required a nobility of four descents, and the private, once enlisted, became a mere machine in the hands of his superiors. But let us study this victim of a barbarous usage somewhat more in detail, for it is only by getting close to a subject that we can form a correct idea of it. These details bring into strong relief the difference between the present and the past, enabling us to measure for ourselves the progress and the effects of civilization. It is in the lessons drawn from this thorough comprehension of the past that the instruction of history lies, and among these lessons there is none truer than that institutions, like men, have their periods of strength and weakness, of growth and decay. The formation of regular troops was the beginning of a great revolution, which, while it strengthened the hands of the prince, opened new fields for the intellectual and moral growth of the peasant: not intentionally, indeed, but be-

cause human events obey subtle laws, and results often cover much broader ground than we think of in directing our aim.

When regular armies had taken the place of feudal armies, and military adventurers were ready to sell their own blood and that of their followers to the best paymaster, the question most urgent upon them all was how to fill their ranks and keep them full. Some were found who took service readily of their own accord. These were chiefly either men whom the habits of the camp had unfitted for any other kind of life, or young men easily dazzled by the splendor of military display. These, however, formed but the skeleton of an army. Many more were wanted to fill its ranks. Of the cunning, the guile, the fraud, the heartless inhumanity, with which the nefarious art of recruiting was carried on, we should find it impossible to form any idea, had not the story been often told in forms which leave no room for doubt. We will borrow one of these dark pages from the Frederick of Mr. Carlyle.<sup>1</sup>

“All countries, especially all German countries, are infested with a new species of predatory two-legged animals—Prussian recruiters. They glide about, under disguise if necessary; lynx-eyed, eager almost as the Jesuit hounds are; not hunting the souls of men as the spiritual Jesuits do, but their bodies, in a merciless, carnivorous manner. Better not be too tall in any country at present! Irishmen could not be protected by the ægis of the British constitution itself. Generally, however, the Prussian recruiter on British ground reports that the people are too well off; that there is little to be done in those parts. . . . Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the Netherlands, these are the fruitful fields for us, and there we do hunt with some vigor.

“For example, in the town of Jülich there lived and worked a tall young carpenter. One day, a well-dressed, positive-looking gentleman (‘Baron von Hompesch,’ the records name him) en-

<sup>1</sup> Life of Frederick II., book v. ch. 5.



ters the shop; wants 'a stout chest with lock on it, for household purposes; must be of such and such dimensions, six feet six in length especially, and that is an indispensable point — in fact, it will be longer than yourself, I think, Herr Zimmermann; what is the cost? when can it be ready?' Cost, time, and the rest are settled. 'A right stout chest, then; and see you don't forget the size; if too short it will be of no use to me, mind!' 'Ja wohl! Gewiss!' and the positive-looking gentleman goes his ways. At the appointed day he reappears; the chest is ready; we hope, an unexceptionable article. 'Too short, as I had dreaded,' says the positive gentleman. 'Nay, your honor,' says the carpenter, 'I am certain it is six feet six,' and takes out his foot-rule. 'Pshaw! it was to be longer than yourself.' 'Well, it is.' 'No it is n't.' The carpenter, to end the matter, gets into his chest and will convince any and all mortals. No sooner is he in, rightly flat; than the positive gentleman, a Prussian recruiting officer in disguise, slams down the lid upon him, locks it, whistles in three stout fellows, who pick up the chest, gravely walk through the streets with it, open it in a safe place, and find — horrible to relate — the poor carpenter dead!"

Once enlisted, how were recruits to be got safely to the camp or the garrison where they were to be converted into machines? The instructions framed for the guidance of the men entrusted with this difficult task will tell us. The first and most important point was to secure the safety of the recruiting officer charged with their transportation. He was to be provided with good side-arms, always carry a pistol, and never allow the recruit to walk behind him, or come near enough to him to seize him by the body. And to give additional force to the precaution, he was told that the first false step would cost him his life. If practicable, the recruiting officer in choosing a route was to avoid the province where his recruit had served before, or was born. He was to avoid also all large cities and prosperous villages. In

choosing quarters for the night he was to give the preference to inns frequented by recruiting officers, and where the landlord was on their side. Even here the most watchful foresight must be observed. The recruit must undress by word of command, and the clothes both of the officer and the recruit must be handed to the landlord for safe-keeping overnight. The officer slept between the recruit and the door.

On the march the recruit must not be allowed to look about him, or stop, much less converse with passers-by, and particularly in a foreign language. The officer must guide the recruit as you would guide a horse. The words halt, march, slow, fast, right, left, forward, must be obeyed on the instant; the slightest hesitation would be a bad omen for the authority of the officer. At the inns where they stop overnight they must, if possible, have an upper room, with iron bars to the windows. On no account should the recruit be allowed to leave the room overnight. A lamp must be kept burning all night long, and close by an unlighted one must be ready for immediate use.

To prevent the recruit from seizing the officer's arms in the night, they must be given to the landlord, as his clothes are, for safe-keeping; and in the morning when they are given back, they must be examined anew and the priming freshened. When he, the officer, is dressed and armed, he will order the recruit to rise and dress. In entering an inn or a room, the recruit will go first; in going out, last. In the inn itself, the officer will sit in front of the table, the recruit behind it. If the recruit has a wife she will be subject to the same laws which govern his motions, obey the same word of command, and never walk before her husband, but in every way be made to feel that the eye of the vigilant guard is constantly upon her.

Care, too, is taken, on the route, to cut off the recruit from all communication with anybody but his guard. He must not be allowed pen or ink or paper or pencil. To prevent him from rising

upon his guard by the way, all his dangerous weapons, even to a large knife, are taken away, and neither he nor his wife is allowed the use of a cane. As with a novice among the Jesuits, all his gestures and words are noted down and reported with the remarks and comments of the reporter. If he actually makes an attempt to escape, he must be instantly put in irons, or have the thumb-screw put on him. It is a bad affair if the officer is under the necessity of using his weapons and wounding or killing the recruit.

Care must be taken, also, that the recruit be not an overmatch for his guard. Every stout, well-built, bold-faced recruit must be closely watched, and it may even become necessary to double the guard. The danger of escape presents itself in lively forms to the imagination of the author of the instructions. He calculates cautiously how many recruiting officers may be required for a given number of recruits, and comes to the conclusion that under the most favorable circumstances three officers may take charge of seven or even nine recruits.

"But two recruits should never be entrusted to one officer. Should this, however, seem to be unavoidable, it is extremely unfortunate for the officer. When it is absolutely impossible for the officer to keep the recruits back till he becomes strong enough to give them a proper guard, he must hire somebody to help him. It is better to incur expense for the sake of foresight, than to injure the recruit or expose the life of the officer to inevitable danger." The tone of regret in this last sentence reminds us that it was not awakened by apprehension for the loss of a human being, but from fear that a name may be stricken from the muster-roll. One more provision completes the picture. "For the recruiting officer, and even more for his subordinate, a good dog will be very useful. He must be taught not to allow recruits to carry sticks in their hands; to bark if he sees one rise or move in the night; to drive him back if he sees one leave the road; to seize him if he sees him run, and only let go

of him at his master's command; not to allow him to pick up anything, and many other precautions which may serve to lighten the task of the officer and his subaltern.

"And finally, if in passing a crowd or a city, the recruit should make a desperate attempt to escape by calling for help and declaring that he has been forced to enlist, the officer is directed to appeal to the authorities, who, after seeing his papers, will doubtless give him the necessary aid."

Suppose now that this watchfulness has been successful, that the recruit has been safely conveyed to the camp or garrison where he is to take the first steps in this passage from a man to a machine. Handcuffs, thumb-screws, heavy chains, and, above all, the cane in strong hands, break in time the strongest will; repeated humiliations destroy self-respect; familiarity with scenes of violence and barbarity undermine the moral sense; the recruit has no motive but to escape punishment, and no comforter but the brandy bottle. Yet even in these ashes live some sparks of humanity, some of those sympathies which, perhaps, are never altogether extinguished in the human breast. Daily association in the same duties, daily gatherings under the same flag, awaken a certain sense of common interest and feeling, and supply in a certain measure the human necessity of love. Whatever of pride is left him centres in his flag. Such was the training of the men who were hired to fight against the Declaration of Independence. What mattered it to them whether they fought in Germany or in America, for a prince or for a people? If one wishes to form a vivid conception of these wretched men, looking straight into the picture, he should read some of the scenes in George Sand's *Consuelo*, and Thackeray's *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon*. If one wishes to take the nobler point of view and look down upon the picture, he should read the life of Baron Riedesel and the memoirs of his wife. And now for the bearings of this sketch upon American history.

It soon became evident to the English government that it must either give up the contest with America, or strengthen its armies. The population of the colonies was generally estimated at three millions. To reduce these three millions to obedience, England had only fifteen thousand men in arms between Nova Scotia and Florida. Allowing all that could be claimed for the difference between well-armed and well-disciplined men, and an undisciplined and imperfectly armed militia, it was still easy to see that in a protracted contest such as this was sure to be, numbers must prevail. Her own subjects England could not fully count upon for filling the ranks, for by many of them the war was disliked from the beginning. The city of London itself was notoriously opposed to it. It was necessary, therefore, for the ministry to cast about them for a man-market from whence to draw their supplies. The first that presented itself to their minds was Russia. The two sovereigns were upon the friendliest terms. England had virtually consented to the partition of Poland, in 1772. The treaty of Kutschuk-Kainarke, in 1774, had left Russia with a powerful army. What more profitable use could she make of it than by selling it to England for so many guineas a head? Gunning, the English minister at the Russian court, was instructed to begin negotiations for twenty thousand men: for it was not mere auxiliaries but an army that England sought to bring into the field, thus crushing the insurrection by a well-directed blow. In an interview with Count Panin, Catherine's prime minister, the British envoy asked, as if in casual conversation, whether, if the present measures for the suppression of the insurrection should fail, and his master should find himself under the necessity of calling in foreign troops, he could count upon a body of Russian infantry? The trained diplomat made no answer, but referred the question to the empress, who, replying in terms of general politeness, professed to feel herself under great obligations to George, which she would gladly repay in the manner most agreeable to him.

Without waiting to weigh these words, which in diplomacy might mean much or might mean nothing, Gunning wrote to his court, in all haste, that the empress would furnish the twenty thousand infantry. The important tidings were received by the British court with great delight. The commanders serving in America were told on what powerful succor they might rely, and the king in his rapture wrote with his own hand a letter of thanks to his royal sister. Gunning was ordered to push on the negotiations, and, as if he had never known before how little faith can be placed in the language of diplomacy, was overwhelmed with astonishment when he was coolly told that the words of the empress were but the general expression of a friendly feeling, and that she had said nothing of the Russian infantry. Great was the indignation of the English king, not that the negotiation had failed, but that the empress had answered his royal autograph by the hand of a private secretary.

Holland came next, and on a superficial view the relations between the two countries seemed to justify the application. But it was met by an opposition which found an eloquent expositor in a nobleman of Oberyssel, the Baron van der Capellen, who, speaking boldly in the name of freedom and national honor, and setting the question of succor in its true light, succeeded in awakening his countrymen — themselves the descendants of rebels — to a sense of what they owed to the memory of their fathers and the cause of freedom.

But there was a country where the name of freedom was not known, whose nationality was lost in small principalities and dukedoms, whose vast resources were sacrificed to the luxury and vanity of petty sovereigns, each ambitious of aping on his little stage the splendid corruption of the French court, yet having strong arms and hardy bodies to sell, and caring only for the price that could be extorted for them. To Germany, then, England turned in her need, and her prayer was heard.

There was one part of Germany of

which England could freely dispose. George III. was not only King of England, but Elector of Hanover, and as elector could send his Hanoverian troops wherever he saw fit. The garrisons of Gibraltar and Minorca were English. By recalling these and putting Hanoverians in their place, five well trained battalions of infantry, amounting in all to two thousand three hundred and sixty-five men, were secured for service against the colonies. In vain did the parliamentary opposition appeal to the bill of rights, and deny the king's right to introduce foreign troops into the kingdom in time of peace. They were told that Minorca and Gibraltar were not parts, but merely dependencies, of the kingdom, and that the American insurrection constituted a state of war. The debate was long and bitter, but the decisive vote of two hundred and three to eighty-one in the Commons, and seventy-five to thirty-two in the Lords, showed how much the partisans of government exceeded the friends of the colonists in number.

No sooner was England's intention to raise troops in Germany known, than officers of all grades, who had been thrown out of service by the close of the Seven Years' War, and the consequent reduction of the armies for which it had found employment, came crowding with proposals to open recruiting offices and raise men. How men were raised has already been told. George, in spite of his royal convictions, felt a humane scruple. "To give German officers authority to raise recruits for me is, in plain English, neither more nor less than to become a man-stealer, which I cannot look upon as a very honorable occupation." But royal scruples seldom go far in the interest of humanity. Recruiting officers with full permission to steal men were soon busily at work in the name of the king of England. Busiest and chief amongst them were the German princes, who had found this a very profitable branch of commerce in former times, and were as much in want of English guineas as England was in want of German soldiers.

There was no time to lose. If the campaign of 1776 was to open with vigor, reinforcements must be speedily on their way. Sir Joseph Yorke, an experienced diplomatist familiar with the ground, was instructed in the summer of 1775 to ascertain on what terms and in what numbers men could be obtained. In September he replied that Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Darmstadt, Würtemberg, Saxe-Gotha, and Baden were ready to furnish any number of troops at a given time and for a fair price. The Crown Prince of Hesse-Cassel, in particular, was very earnest to strike a bargain, and close upon his heels came the prince of Waldeck. Their own letters, mostly in bad French, remain to this day in the English archives, to bear witness to their degradation. I will give a specimen of their English, which is every way worthy of their French.

"My Lord" (writes the Hereditary Prince of Hesse to Lord Suffolk), "the luck I have had to be able to show in some manner my utmost respect and gratitude to the best of kings, by offering my troops to his Majesty's service, gives me a very agreeable opportunity of thanking you, my lord, for all your kindness and friendship to me upon that occasion, and begging your pardon for all the trouble I may have provided you in this regard.

"My only wishes are that all the officers and soldiers of my regiment now to his Majesty's orders may be animated of the same respectful attachment and utmost zeal I shall ever bear for the king, my generous protector and magnanimous support. May the end they shall fight for answer to the king's upper contentment, and your laudable endeavors, my lord, be granted by the most happiest issue. The continuation of your friendship to me, sir, which I desire very much, assures your goodness and protection to my troops. I ask in their name this favor from you, and hope they will deserve it.

"Excuse me, sir, if I am not strong enough in the English language for to explain as I should the utmost consider-

ation and sincere esteem with which I am forever, my lord, your most humble and very obedient servant,

"WILLIAM H. P. OF HESSE."

The most important among these petty princes was the Duke of Brunswick, who paid thirty thousand thalers a year to the director of his opera and purveyor of his pleasures, and three hundred to his librarian, the great Lessing. His little territory of about sixty square miles had a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, and an income of a million and a half. His debts amounted to nearly twelve millions. A lover of pomp, capricious and reckless in his expenditure, he had been compelled to admit his son, the crown prince, to a partnership of authority, making the signatures of both essential to the validity of a document. Fortunately for the duke's creditors, the son was as parsimonious as the father was extravagant, and let no opportunity of raising money escape him. Such was the condition of the court of Brunswick when England sent Colonel William Fawcitt to ask for troops.

Had the English envoy been as well versed in the higher as in the lower arts of diplomacy, he would have obtained all that he asked without modification or delay. But, ignorant of the straits to which the duke was reduced for want of money, he began by asking for what he might have commanded, and involving himself in negotiations where a few firm words would have brought both father and son to his feet. The crown prince was not slow to turn to account the advantage which the slow-witted Englishman had given him, and using artfully and skillfully the name and coequal authority of his father, presently gained virtual control of the negotiation, which in itself was little more than a higgling over details. Fawcitt boasts of the perseverance with which he has beat down the German's prices, and the persistence with which he has resisted some of his claims. The main object of the transaction won, England got her soldiers, — four thousand infantry and three hun-

dred light dragoons, — Brunswick her money, her duke and minister their special pickings, and the English envoy a diamond ring worth one hundred pounds as a reward for his good offices.

The first division was to start at once for the seat of war. On examination by the British commissioner, it was found to contain too many old men. The duke's zeal for the king's service did not prevent him from palming off upon him men altogether unfit to bear arms. "The front and rear," wrote Fawcitt to Lord Suffolk, "are composed of sound and strong men, but the centre is worthless. It is composed of raw recruits, who not only are too small, but also imperfectly grown, and in part too young." Nor did the trickery end here. This same duke, who lived surrounded by expensive mistresses, and paid the purveyor of his pleasures thirty thousand thalers a year, sent off his soldiers upon a late spring voyage with uniforms unfit for service, and no overcoats or cloaks. It was not till they got to Portsmouth that they obtained their first supply of shoes and stockings. Their commander, Baron Riedesel, was compelled to borrow five thousand pounds from the English government in order to procure for his starving and freezing men the simplest articles of necessity.

Thus far they had had the rapacity of their own sovereign to contend with. They now came into contact with the rapacity of English tradesmen. When they got to sea and opened the boxes of dragoon shoes, they found them to be thin ladies' shoes, utterly unfit for the purpose for which they were designed. Such are some of the fruits of that great demoralizer — war. We need not go far back for the parallel.

Towards the end of May the second division was mustered into service. They were nearly all recruits, levied especially for service in America; many of them, as in the first, too old or too young, or imperfectly grown and too feeble to carry a musket. But the blame called forth by the condition of the first division was not altogether vain, and the



arms and uniforms were good. The officers did not escape without their share of suffering. The cabins were so small that their occupants were compelled to lie on one another in heaps. The Bristol merchants, who had supplied the transports with bedding, had made the most of their bargain. The pillows were five inches long and seven broad, the size of a common pincushion; and the mattresses so thin that with a coarse woolen blanket and coverlid they hardly weighed seven pounds. Their food was prepared upon the same honest scale. The ham was worm-eaten, the water dirty, and the ship's stores had been ripened by lying in the English magazines ever since the Seven Years' War. Thus the powerful King of England and the petty sovereigns of Germany leagued together to buy and sell the blood of the unprotected German peasant.

Let us carry this study a little further. Elated with the success of his first negotiation, Fawcitt turned his face towards Hesse-Cassel. Germany "was all before him where to choose," and he chose, or rather Lord Suffolk chose for him, the brilliant court of Hesse-Cassel for the next scene of his labors. The Duke of Hesse-Cassel, like his brother of Brunswick, felt no Christian scruples, no humane misgivings, no paternal doubts about trafficking in the blood of his subjects. Landgrave Charles I. had set the example, and his successors had followed it. He let out his soldiers to Venice, and it might have been accepted as a mitigation of his crime, that it was to serve against the Turks, the deadly enemies of Christian civilization. But it was not to the Venetians as the defenders of Christianity that he let them, but as the best paymasters in the market. From 1687, when Charles I. sent one thousand men to fight for the Venetians, till the end of the Seven Years' War, Hessians were found in one or the other of the contending armies, and always among the best disciplined and bravest of its soldiers. With the proceeds of their blood Charles I. built barracks and churches,

the water-works of the Weissenstein, and set up the statue of Hercules. His successors followed close in his footsteps, holding at one time twenty-four thousand men under arms, and always commanding the highest prices. Marble palaces, galleries rich with paintings and statues, spacious villas, and all the luxuries of the most advanced civilization bore witness to the wealth of the sovereign; their homes, and the boys, old men and women doing the work of ripe manhood, attested the oppression of the subject. There was a deep-set melancholy on the faces of the women. "When we are dead we are done with it," was a common saying with the men. When a father asked for his son, whom the conscription had torn from him, he was sent to the mines. If a mother besought that he to whom she had looked for the support of her age might be restored to her, she was sent to the workhouse. Some of the barbarous punishments by which soldiers were terrified into obedience were inflicted in the streets. "Never," says Weber, in his *Travels of a German in Germany*, "did I see so many poor wretches chased through the streets as in Cassel. It is less injurious to the health than running the gauntlet," the officers told him; and well it might be, for that gauntlet was run through a narrow lane of men, each provided with a stout cane and bound to apply it with full force to the backs of the delinquents. In cases of desertion, the greatest of crimes, the offender was made to run this gauntlet two days in succession, and twelve times each day. Can we wonder that the terrible punishment often ended in death?

The poet tells us that—

*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores nec sinit spe feros.*

I could wish that this were always true, but I fear that history will not bear us out in the belief. Landgrave Frederick II., whose reign from 1760 to 1785 covers the whole period in which we are most interested, can hardly be regarded as an illustration of the rule. His mixed character will repay a more attentive study.

He had inherited from his father a territory of one hundred and fifty-six German square miles, with a population of three hundred thousand souls. Over this population he exercised an absolute control, and by his wealth, his connections, and the favorable position of his territories, he was counted among the most powerful of his brother princes. From his ancestors he had inherited business talent, indiscreet selfishness, coarse sensuality, and obstinate self-will. He had found Protestantism too rigorous, and became a Catholic in order to enjoy greater religious freedom, though he was not only indifferent to religion, but prided himself in playing the part of an illuminator, a protector of the arts and sciences, and a correspondent of Voltaire. He founded schools of a higher order, and even made some humane laws; but his culture was all on the surface, and his life was defiled by an indecent libertinism. French manners, French literature, and, above all, French licentiousness, reigned at his court, and to form some idea of its corrupting power we have only to remember that at the beginning of his career he was a contemporary of Louis XV. If he spent freely upon churches and museums, he spent more freely for the gratification of his voluptuousness. Yet with all this love of pleasure and display, he left at his death sixty million thalers in ready money. Where did he get it? A skillfully managed lottery furnished part; but the traffic in soldiers the greater part.

For him also the American war was a godsend, awakening new hopes for himself, and, as with his brother princes, new zeal and grateful attachment to "the best of kings." We have seen how Fawcitt had been outwitted in his negotiations with the prime minister of Brunswick. He was still less able to cope with Von Schlieffen, the prime minister of Hesse-Cassel; a man of both military and civil experience, a skillful negotiator, profoundly versed in the practical study of human nature, and thoroughly familiar with the aims and wishes of his sovereign. Fortunately for that sover-

eign, his minister was entirely devoted to his interests.

The negotiation began by a master stroke, which represented the landgrave as sensitive and nervous, and therefore in a state of mind that required delicate management. The English envoy bit eagerly at the bait, and made no secret of the dependence of his sovereign upon foreign aid. "How many men does he want?" was the first question. From ten thousand to twelve thousand, answered Fawcitt, little dreaming that the small state could furnish so many. He was told in reply that the Hessian troops were on the best footing, and the king could have all that he asked for. Fawcitt was very happy, for the main object of his mission seemed secure. The troops promised, all the rest was merely a discussion of details. But in the skillful diplomacy of his opponent these details became concessions, cunningly interwoven, and leading by subtle interpretations from one admission to another. First came a claim for hospital expenses during the last war—a claim the envoy had never heard of before, and concerning which he was therefore obliged to write home for instructions.

Meanwhile he urged on the preparation of the contract, which to the wonder of diplomatists and the disgust of thoughtful Englishmen, took the form, not of a convention for hiring soldiers, as in the case of Brunswick, but of a treaty on equal terms between the mistress of the seas and a petty German landgrave, as high contracting powers. We need not, however, look far for the cause of the unwonted pliability of the English government. The margrave had money, and could wait. The king had no troops, and could not wait.

I will not follow the details of this negotiation any further. Both parties obtained their object. England got the men; the landgrave got his money. The time for the embarkation was fixed, and when it came the first division of 8397 was mustered into the English service by Fawcitt, who seemed at a loss for words to express his admiration of their soldierly appearance. On the 12th of

August, 1776, they entered New York Bay. On the 27th they took a brilliant part in the battle of Long Island under De Heister. A gale of wind, a persistent calm, any of the common chances of the ocean, and they would have been too late, and Howe would not have dared to fight the battle which won him his knighthood; Washington would have had time to strengthen his works on both islands; Greene, who of all the American officers was the only one perfectly familiar with the ground, would have recovered sufficiently from his untimely fever to resume his command, and the whole aspect of the campaign of 1776 would have been altered. So much, in great enterprises, often depends upon a happy concurrence of incidents. Henceforth let it be borne in mind that in every battle of the War of Independence, hired men of Germany play an important part.

On the 2d of June the second division was mustered into service. On the 18th of October it landed at New Rochelle. It consisted of 3997 men, not the trained men of well-knit sinews who formed the first division, but chiefly young men of seventeen or eighteen, who had been raised to serve in America. As general of division we find Knyphausen, whose name soon became familiar to both armies. Among the colonels of the first division we find Rahl, who commanded at Trenton when Washington came upon it by surprise in the cold gray of a morning after Christmas; and Donop, who fell mortally wounded, as he led his men to the attack of Redbank, and died exclaiming, "I die the victim of my own ambition and the avarice of my sovereign." Did those bitter words ever reach the ears of that sovereign? Not if we may judge by the cold, business-like method with which he bargained that three wounded men should count as one killed, and one killed as one newly levied, or thirty crowns banco.

But this second division was not so easily raised as the first. The alarm had spread rapidly among a people still suffering from the wounds of the Seven

Years' War. The only refuge was desertion, and although the frontiers were closely guarded, deserters passed daily into the neighboring territories, where, from the people at least, they found a ready reception. To check this the king, as Elector of Hanover, put forth all his authority to restore these poor wretches to their sovereign; and the sovereign, to prove his paternal tenderness, reduced the war taxes by half; taking good care to secure for himself an ample compensation from England. "The treasury," to borrow the energetic language of a German historian, "was filled with blood and tears." Yet in spite of all the efforts both of the king and the landgrave, the desertion continued; the difficulty of finding recruits increased; native Hessians able to bear arms disappeared from the towns and fields; and it was only by stealing men wherever they could be found that the landgrave could fulfill his promises. Meanwhile he went to Italy to enjoy his money and form new plans of embellishment.

From Cassel Fawcitt hastened to Hanau, where he found the Crown Prince of Hesse-Cassel, and following up his negotiations, had a new convention all ready in the course of the first twenty-four hours. He was delighted with the "impetuous zeal" of the prince. But the difficulty of his task was increasing; not from any hesitation on the part of the sovereign, who thought only of his gains, but because the subject had conceived a strong aversion for service beyond the sea. Excellent soldiers as the Germans were, they shrank with repugnance and terror from a voyage across the Atlantic. Those of you who have walked through a steerage crowded with emigrants will readily conceive what the sufferings of those poor soldiers must have been, badly fed, badly lodged, and worse than crowded. Draw the picture as you may, you cannot color it too highly. Little thought did either the king or the prince take of this. Each had his immediate object, and cared little for anything besides.

The Waldeckers came next; and



Fawcitt pressing them on through new difficulties, they were ready in November to take a decided part in the assault of Fort Washington. For they fought gallantly, it will be remembered, on the north side, where both attack and defense were bloodiest and hottest. German writers tell us how the wounded cursed and swore, bewailing their lot: but if the prince was to be trusted, they only "longed for an opportunity to sacrifice themselves for the best of kings."

The avarice of the German princes grew with success. All longed to come in for a share of this abundant harvest. Bavaria asked to put in her little sickle, but was refused. England might have raised her tone, for every applicant wrote as if all Germany were at her feet. But in truth the aversion to the service grew daily, and the difficulty of conveying troops to the place of muster caused serious embarrassments, which if England had been less in need might have led to the renunciation of the contract. But as has been already said, England wanted men and the princes wanted money, and thus the evil work went on, till there were no longer men to be bought or stolen.

There is a painful monotony in this story of inhumanity and crime, of the avarice of money and the avarice of power. It is common to speak of George III. as a man of a narrow mind, but of an excellent heart; a moral king while so many of his contemporary kings disgraced the thrones on which they sat. This is too light a view of so grave a subject. Superiority of power carries with it superiority of moral obligation, and the man from whose will good or evil flows, compelling millions to go with it, must be held to a sterner reckoning than his fellow-men. Let us not pass lightly over this grave subject. The balancing of responsibilities, the just meting out of judgment to the strong and to the weak, is one of the most serious duties of the historian. The man who accepts a post of responsibility is bound to do whatever this responsibility imposes. Weigh the Brit-

ish king in this balance and grievously will he be found wanting.

And what shall we say of the German princes? Their lives speak for them. The pervading character of their relations to their subjects was cold-hearted selfishness, a wanton sacrifice of the labor and lives of their subjects to their own caprice and pleasure. Compare their spacious palaces with the comfortless cottages of the peasant; their sumptuous tables, covered with the delicate inventions of French cookery, with the coarse bread, almost the peasant's only meal; see their splendid theatres, maintained by taxes that rob the laborer of half the fruits of his toil; see how desolate the fields look, how deserted the highways, how silent the streets; see what sadness sits upon the brows of the women, what despair on the faces of the men: and think what manner of man he must be who reigns over subjects like these!

It has been said that the convention with the crown prince at Hanau was discussed and signed in twenty-four hours. The Prince of Waldeck followed, and soon the name of Waldeckers — first written in blood on the northern ridge of Fort Washington — became a name of fear and hatred to Americans. It would be useless — rather, disgusting — to dwell upon the monotonous record of this buying and selling of human blood. I will give a few incidents only to complete the picture.

A spirit of rivalry had grown up among these dukes and landgraves and princes, such rivalry as only avarice could awaken. They crowded around Fawcitt, and, while protesting that devotion to the majesty of England was their only motive, took good care to drive keen bargains and insist upon the uttermost farthing. They intrigued against each other in all the tortuous ways familiar to petty princes, bringing even religion to their aid, reminding Fawcitt how dangerous an element so large a proportion of Catholics would be in an English army. England wanted an army of twenty thousand men, with which she hoped to bring the war to a

close in the course of another year; for till the Christmas of 1776 the campaign had gone all in her favor, and her hired troops had borne themselves bravely. She might have spoken in a more commanding tone. But the surprise of Trenton had thrown nearly nine hundred of these valiant mercenaries into the hands of the Americans and changed the whole aspect of the war. New troops were more needed than ever. She was again obliged to ask urgently and accept the hardest conditions.

The American service was now better understood, but not better liked. The Margrave of Anspach encountered serious obstacles in sending his troops to the place of embarkation. At Ochsenfurt they revolted and refused to embark. A skillful leader might have opposed a formidable resistance, but their officers were not with them in heart, and information of the untoward event was immediately sent to the margrave. He instantly mounted his horse, not stopping long enough to take a change of linen or even his watch, and followed by only two or three attendants rode at full speed to the scene of the revolt. At the sight of their master the hearts of these bold men, so daring in the face of the enemy, misgave them, and they penitently returned to their allegiance.

Other difficulties awaited other corps on their march. The electors of Mainz and Trier stopped them as they passed through their territories, and claimed some of them as deserters. At Coblenz seventeen Hessians were taken out of the boats at the suggestion of the imperial minister, Metternich. Another element of dissension was introduced, and deep menaces were uttered for the insult to the Hessian flag. But this, also, was presently forgotten; the work went on, and the new band of mercenaries reached New York in safety.

Among the mistakes of the English government, the greatest, perhaps, of all was the failure to understand the spirit and resources of the colonies, and the consequent prolongation of the war. The surprise of Trenton was, both by the actual loss of men, and the still

more fatal loss of prestige, a heavy blow. The loss of such troops under such circumstances imposed the necessity of immediate reinforcements. The only market in which they could be found was Germany, and that market was nearly drained. But as long as a man was to be found, his sovereign was eager to sell him and England to buy.

As early as December, 1776, the Duke of Würtemberg had offered four thousand men, and Fawcitt had been instructed to enter into negotiations with him. But upon a closer examination it was found that he was bankrupt. He had no arms and no uniforms. To prevent the men from deserting they were kept without pay. The officers' tents had been cut up to eke out the decorations of the duke's rural festivals. The prospect was gloomy. Sir Joseph Yorke was called into council, but he had no new market to recommend. Saxe-Gotha and Darmstadt might furnish a few. The Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst was willing to furnish two battalions. He was a brother of Catherine II., and a hearty hater of the great Frederick. His territories were wretchedly poor. His eagerness to get money embarrassed his negotiations, which were broken off by Suffolk, but resumed in the autumn of 1777 on the recommendation of Sir Joseph Yorke. But England wanted more men. Then adventurers began to come forward with propositions more or less feasible, but all aiming at the fathomless purse of England. A Baron Eichberg offered to open a recruiting office in Minorca; then a regiment of Slavonians, who were also good sailors, and after the war were to found a colony for holding the Americans in check. The offer was not accepted. Other offers were made, but by impoverished men, who, when the time came, failed to meet their engagements. And thus was it till the end of the war; the only contracts that held were the first six: the contracts, namely, with Brunswick, Cassel, Hanau, Waldeck, Anspach, and Zerbst. The history of these six contracts covers the whole ground to the spring of 1777, when the difficulty of finding recruits

increased. All that follows is in the main but a repetition of the original negotiations. For a year the disgraceful work prospered. But early in 1777 the market was nearly drained, and though new engagements continued to be made, they were seldom fulfilled. The story was still sad and humiliating; I shall follow its details no further.<sup>1</sup> Here I must pause a moment to call attention to the heartless betrayal of his own soldiers by the Duke of Brunswick. Two thousand of these wretches had been made prisoners at Saratoga; and the duke, fearing that to exchange them would interfere with his profit and diffuse a general dissatisfaction with the service, when so many witnesses against it were scattered through the country, urged the English government to delay their exchange till the war was ended.

Frederick of Prussia and the emperor were opposed to the selling of men for foreign service, not from any feeling for the misery which it caused, but because their own political horizon was overcast and they might soon need them for their own service. It has been said that Frederick was moved by sentiments of humanity, and that with a bitter practical satire he imposed the same tax upon the passage of these men through his territories that he had been accustomed to impose upon cattle. But we have very little reason to count humanity among Frederick's virtues. He hated England for her desertion of him when Bute became minister and Chamham was forced to retire. In November, 1777, he refused the Anspachers and Hanauers a passage through his territories; sorely embarrassing the German sovereigns and their English customers. They knew not which way to turn. If they should attempt to pass through Holland and the Netherlands, the discontented and ill-provided men would desert by hundreds. When at last the march began, three hundred and thirty-four men did desert in ten days. The disgraceful drama closed in 1778 with the embarkation of the levies of the

Prince of Zerbst. And thus Frederick was our involuntary ally.

There was another ordeal to pass before the bargain was brought to a close. Would Parliament approve this degradation? The debates were long and bitter, and brought out the thinkers and orators of both houses. In the Commons Burke characterized the bargain as shameful and dear. In the Lords, Camden branded it as a sale of cattle for the shambles. Even the butcher of Culloden condemned it as an attempt to suppress constitutional liberty in America. But the ministry prevailed by large majorities in both houses. England had not yet opened her eyes to the inhumanity and bad statesmanship of the war.

But England was not alone. The moral sense of Europe had not yet awakened. The old spirit of feudalism had not yet lost its hold upon the nobles nor upon the people. The noble still felt that the commoner was infinitely below him. The commoner and day-laborer could not but believe that the noble was really far above them. A few voices were raised in the defense of human rights. The most powerful of these in France was the voice of Mirabeau, who, though a noble himself, had also been the victim of tyranny. And in Germany it is pleasant to find Schiller on the side of humanity, stigmatizing the trade in men in his *Kabale und Liebe*; while the great Kant went still further, and embraced the cause of the American colonists with all the energy of his vast intellect. Klopstock and Lessing spoke in low tones, and we listen in vain for the voice of Goethe.

It is impossible to give with perfect accuracy the numbers of the Germans employed by England in this fatal war. The English archives contain one part of the story, and that the most important—the numbers actually mustered into service. But the various German archives, which contain the record of all who were put on the rolls, are not all accessible to the historical inquirer. This part

<sup>1</sup> The reader who wishes to study this subject more fully should read *Der Soldatenhandel deutscher*

*Fürsten nach Amerika (1775 bis 1783)*, von Friedrich Kapp, Berlin, 1864.

of the subject has been carefully studied by Schlozer, and the result compared by Mr. Kapp with the statements in the English state paper office. Mr. Kapp's figures are as follows:—

|                         | No. Men<br>furnished. | No. returned<br>home. |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Brunswick . . . . .     | 5,723                 | 2,708                 |
| Hesse-Cassel . . . . .  | 16,992                | 10,492                |
| Hesse-Hanau . . . . .   | 2,422                 | 1,441                 |
| Waldeck . . . . .       | 1,225                 | 505                   |
| Anspach . . . . .       | 1,644                 | 1,183                 |
| Anhalt-Zerbst . . . . . | 1,160                 | 984                   |
| Total . . . . .         | 29,166                | 17,313                |

Thus the total loss was 11,853.

It is difficult to establish with certainty the sums which this army of foreigners took from the tax-payers of England. Strongly supported as they were in Parliament, ministers did not dare to tell the whole story openly, but put many things under false titles. They did not dare frankly to say, Every man that is killed puts so many thalers into the sovereign's pocket, every three wounded men count for one dead man. Even the

Parliament of Lord North might have shrunk from the contemplation of figures thus stained with tears and blood. As near as it can be established by a careful comparison of the English authorities, the sums paid under various names by the English treasury amounted in round numbers to seven million pounds sterling, or, at the present standard, fourteen million pounds sterling. Had these fourteen millions been used for the good of the people by whose sweat and blood they were won, we might still find some grounds for consolation in the reflection that the good thus done to one would, by a common law of humanity, sooner or later extend to all. But this fruit of the blood of the people went to satisfy the vain ambitions of display and the unbounded sensuality of the sovereign. Men whose names might have stood high in the annals of war, if they had fought for their country, are known in history as fighters for hire.

*George Washington Greene.*

## RESIDUE.

MEMORY, what wilt thou,  
 Troubled and forlorn?  
 When the year gives roses  
 Wherefore choose the thorn?  
 'T is for thee I suffer,"  
 Memory sighed apart;  
 "Thou hast had the sweetness,  
 I must bear the smart!"

Memory, what wilt thou,  
 Restless, ill at ease?  
 When the new wine sparkles  
 Wherefore drink the lees?  
 "'T is for thee I suffer,"  
 Memory sighed again;  
 "Thou hast had the sweetness,  
 I the dregs must drain!"

*Kate Putnam Osgood.*

## RODERICK HUDSON.

## II.

## RODERICK.

EARLY on the morrow Rowland received a visit from his new friend. Roderick was in a state of extreme exhilaration, tempered, however, by a certain amount of righteous wrath. He had had a domestic struggle, but he had remained master of the situation. He had shaken the dust of Mr. Striker's office from his feet.

"I had it out last night with my mother," he said. "I dreaded the scene, for she takes things terribly hard. She does n't scold nor storm, and she does n't argue nor insist. She sits with her eyes full of tears that never fall, and looks at me, when I displease her, as if I were a perfect monster of depravity. And the trouble is that I was born to displease her. She does n't trust me; she never has and she never will. I don't know what I have done to set her against me, but ever since I can remember I have been looked at with tears. The trouble is," he went on, giving a twist to his mustache, "I've been too absurdly docile. I've been sprawling all my days by the maternal fireside, and my dear mother has grown used to bullying me. I've made myself cheap! If I'm not in bed by eleven o'clock, the girl is sent out to explore with a lantern. When I think of it, I fairly despise my amiability. It's rather a hard fate, to live like a saint and to pass for a sinner! I should like for six months to lead Mrs. Hudson the life some fellows lead their mothers!"

"Allow me to believe," said Rowland, "that you would like nothing of the sort. If you have been a good boy, don't spoil it by pretending you don't like it. You have been very happy, I suspect, in spite of your virtues, and there are worse fates in the world than being loved too well. I have not had

the pleasure of seeing your mother, but I'd lay you a wager that that's the trouble. She's passionately fond of you, and her hopes, like all intense hopes, keep trembling into fears." Rowland, as he spoke, had an instinctive vision of how such a beautiful young fellow must be loved by his female relatives.

Roderick frowned, and with an impatient gesture, "I do her justice," he cried. "May she never do me less!" Then after a moment's hesitation, "I'll tell you the perfect truth," he went on. "I have to fill a double place. I have to be my brother, as well as myself. It's a good deal to ask of a man, especially when he has so little talent as I for being what he is not. When we were both young together, I was the curled darling. I had the silver mug and the biggest piece of pudding, and I stayed in-doors to be kissed by the ladies while he made mud-pies in the garden and was never missed, of course. Really, he was worth fifty of me! When he was brought home from Vicksburg with a piece of shell in his skull, my poor mother began to think she had n't loved him enough. I remember, as she hung round my neck sobbing, before his coffin, she told me that I must be to her everything that he would have been. I swore in tears and in perfect good faith that I would, but naturally I have not kept my promise. I have been utterly different. I have been idle, restless, egotistical, discontented. I've done no harm, I believe, but I've done no good. My brother, if he had lived, would have made fifty thousand dollars and put gas and water into the house. My mother, brooding night and day on her bereavement, has come to fix her ideal in offices of that sort. Judged by that standard I'm nowhere!"

Rowland was at loss how to receive this account of his friend's domestic circumstances; it was plaintive, and yet the manner seemed to him over-trenchant.

"You must lose no time in making a masterpiece," he answered; "then with the proceeds you can give her gas from golden burners."

"So I have told her, but she only half believes either in masterpiece or in proceeds. She can see no good in my making statues; they seem to her a snare of the enemy. She would fain see me all my life tethered to the law, like a browsing goat to a stake. In that way I'm in sight. 'It's a more regular occupation!' that's all I can get out of her. A more regular damnation! Is it a fact that artists, in general, are such wicked men? I never had the pleasure of knowing one, so I could n't confute her with an example. She had the advantage of me, because she formerly knew a portrait-painter at Richmond, who did her miniature in black lace mittens (you may see it on the parlor table), who used to drink raw brandy and beat his wife. I promised her that whatever I might do to my wife, I would never beat my mother, and that as for brandy, raw or diluted, I detested it. She sat silently crying for an hour, during which I expended treasures of eloquence. It's a good thing to have to reckon up one's intentions, and I assure you, as I pleaded my cause, I was most agreeably impressed with the elevated character of my own. I kissed her solemnly at last, and told her that I had said everything and that she must make the best of it. This morning she has dried her eyes, but I warrant you it isn't a cheerful house. I long to be out of it!"

"I'm extremely sorry," said Rowland, "to have been the prime cause of so much suffering. I owe your mother some amends; will it be possible for me to see her?"

"If you'll see her, it will smooth matters vastly; though to tell the truth she'll need all her courage to face you, for she considers you an agent of the foul fiend. She doesn't see why you should have come here and set me by the ears: you are made to ruin ingenuous youths and afflict doting mothers. I leave it to you, personally, to answer these charges. You see, what she can't

forgive — what she'll not really ever forgive — is your taking me off to Rome. Rome is an evil word, in my mother's vocabulary, to be said in a whisper, as you'd say 'damnation.' Northampton is in the centre of the earth and Rome far away in outlying dusk, into which it can do no Christian any good to penetrate. And there was I but yesterday a doomed *habitué* of that repository of every virtue, Mr. Striker's office."

"And does Mr. Striker know of your decision?" asked Rowland.

"To a certainty! Mr. Striker, you must know, is not simply a good-natured attorney, who lets me dog's-ear his law-books. He's a particular friend and general adviser. He looks after my mother's property and kindly consents to regard me as part of it. Our opinions have always been painfully divergent, but I freely forgive him his zealous attempts to unscrew my head-piece and set it on hind part before. He never understood me, and it was useless to try to make him. We speak a different language — we're made of a different clay. I had a fit of rage yesterday when I smashed his bust, at the thought of all the bad blood he had stirred up in me; it did me good, and it's all over now. I don't hate him any more; I'm rather sorry for him. See how you've improved me! I must have seemed to him willfully, wickedly stupid, and I'm sure he only tolerated me on account of his great regard for my mother. This morning I grasped the bull by the horns. I took an armful of law-books that have been gathering the dust in my room for the last year and a half, and presented myself at the office. 'Allow me to put these back in their places,' I said. 'I shall never have need for them more — never more, never more, never more!' 'So you've learned everything they contain?' asked Striker, leering over his spectacles. 'Better late than never.' 'I've learned nothing that you can teach me,' I cried. 'But I shall tax your patience no longer. I'm going to be a sculptor. I'm going to Rome. I won't bid you good-by just yet; I shall see you again. But I bid good-by here,



with rapture, to these four detested walls — to this living tomb! I did n't know till now how I hated it! My compliments to Mr. Spooner, and my thanks for all you have n't made of me!"

"I'm glad to know you are to see Mr. Striker again," Rowland answered, correcting a primary inclination to smile. "You certainly owe him a respectful farewell, even if he has not understood you. I confess you rather puzzle me. There's another person," he presently added, "whose opinion as to your new career I should like to know. What does Miss Garland think?"

Hudson looked at him keenly, with a slight blush. Then, with a conscious smile, "What makes you suppose she thinks anything?" he asked.

"Because, though I saw her but for a moment yesterday, she struck me as a very intelligent person, and I am sure she has opinions."

The smile on Roderick's mobile face passed rapidly into a frown. "Oh, she thinks what I think!" he answered.

Before the two young men separated Rowland attempted to give as harmonious a shape as possible to his companion's scheme. "I've launched you, as I may say," he said, "and I feel as if I ought to see you into port. I'm older than you and know the world better, and it seems well that we should voyage a while together. It's on my conscience that I ought to take you to Rome, walk you through the Vatican, and then lock you up with a heap of clay. I sail on the fifth of September; can you make your preparations to start with me?"

Roderick assented to all this with an air of candid confidence in his friend's wisdom that outshone the virtue of pledges. "I have no preparations to make," he said with a smile, raising his arms and letting them fall, as if to indicate his unencumbered condition. "What I'm to take with me I carry here!" and he tapped his forehead.

"Happy man!" murmured Rowland, with a sigh, thinking of the light stowage, in his own organism, in the region indicated by Roderick, and of the heavy

one in deposit at his banker's, of bags and boxes.

When his companion had left him he went in search of Cecilia. She was sitting at work at a shady window, and welcomed him to a low chintz-covered chair. He sat some time, thoughtfully snipping tape with her scissors; he expected criticism and he was preparing a rejoinder. At last he told her of Roderick's decision and of his own influence in it. Cecilia, besides an extreme surprise, exhibited a certain fine displeasure at his not having asked her advice.

"What would you have said, if I had?" he demanded.

"I would have said in the first place, 'Oh for pity's sake don't carry off the person in all Northampton who amuses me most!' I would have said in the second place, 'Nonsense! the boy is doing very well. Let well alone!'"

"That in the first five minutes. What would you have said later?"

"That for an habitually unofficial person, you were rather thrusting in your oar."

Rowland's countenance fell. He frowned in silence. Cecilia looked at him askance; gradually the spark of irritation faded from her eye.

"Excuse my sharpness," she resumed at last. "But I'm literally in despair at losing Roderick Hudson. His visits in the evening, for the past year, have kept me alive. They've given a silver tip to leaden days. I don't say he is of a more useful metal than other people, but he is of a different one. Of course, however, that I shall miss him sadly is not a reason for his not going to seek his fortune. Men must work and women must weep!"

"Decidedly not!" said Rowland, with a good deal of emphasis. He had suspected from the first hour of his stay that Cecilia had treated herself to a private social luxury; he had then discovered that she found it in Hudson's lounging visits and boyish chatter, and he had felt himself wondering at last whether, judiciously viewed, her gain

in the matter was not the young man's loss. It was evident that Cecilia was not judicious, and that her good sense, habitually rigid under the demands of domestic economy, indulged itself with a certain agreeable laxity on this particular point. She liked her young friend just as he was; she humored him, flattered him, laughed at him, caressed him — did everything but advise him. It was a flirtation without the benefits of a flirtation. She was too old to let him fall in love with her, which might have done him good; and her inclination was to keep him young, so that the nonsense he talked might never transgress a certain line. It was quite conceivable that poor Cecilia should relish a pastime; but if one had philanthropically embraced the idea that something considerable might be made of Roderick, it was impossible not to see that her friendship was not what might be called tonic. So Rowland reflected, in the glow of his new-born sympathy. There was a later time when he would have been grateful if Hudson's susceptibility to the relaxing influence of lovely woman might have been limited to such inexpensive tribute as he rendered the excellent Cecilia.

"I only desire to remind you," she pursued, "that you are likely to have your hands full."

"I've thought of that, and I rather like the idea; liking, as I do, the man. I told you the other day, you know, that I longed to have something on my hands. When it first occurred to me that I might start our young friend on the path of glory, I felt as if I had an unimpeachable inspiration. Then I remembered there were dangers and difficulties, and asked myself whether I had a right to step in between him and his obscurity. My sense of his really having the divine flame answered the question. He is made to do the things that humanity is the happier for! I can't do such things myself, but when I see a young man of genius standing helpless and hopeless for want of capital, I feel — and it's no affectation of humility, I assure you — as if it would

give at least a reflected usefulness to my own life to offer him his opportunity."

"In the name of humanity, I suppose, I ought to thank you. But I want, first of all, to be happy myself. You guarantee us at any rate, I hope, the masterpieces."

"A masterpiece a year," said Rowland smiling, "for the next quarter of a century."

"It seems to me that we have a right to ask more: to demand that you guarantee us not only the development of the artist, but the security of the man."

Rowland became grave again. "His security?"

"His moral, his sentimental security. Here, you see, it's perfect. We are all under a tacit compact to preserve it. Perhaps you believe in the necessary turbulence of genius, and you intend to enjoin upon your *protégé* the importance of cultivating his passions."

"On the contrary, I believe that a man of genius owes as much deference to his passions as any other man, but not a particle more, and I confess I have a strong conviction that the artist is better for leading a quiet life. That is what I shall preach to my *protégé*, as you call him, by example as well as by precept. You evidently believe," he added in a moment, "that he'll lead me a dance."

"Nay, I prophesy nothing. I only think that circumstances, with our young man, have a great influence, as is proved by the fact that although he has been fuming and fretting here for the last five years, he has nevertheless managed to make the best of it, and found it easy, on the whole, to vegetate. Transplanted to Rome, I fancy he'll put forth a denser leafage. I should like vastly to see the change. You must write me about it, from stage to stage. I hope with all my heart that the fruit will be proportionate to the foliage. Don't think me a bird of ill omen; only remember that you will be held to a strict account."

"A man should make the most of himself, and be helped if he needs help," Rowland answered, after a long pause.

"Of course when a body begins to expand, there comes in the possibility of bursting; but I nevertheless approve of a certain tension of one's being. It's what a man is meant for. And then I believe in the essential salubrity of genius — true genius."

"Very good," said Cecilia, with an air of resignation which made Rowland, for the moment, seem to himself culpably eager. "We'll drink then to-day at dinner to the health of our friend."

Having it much at heart to convince Mrs. Hudson of the purity of his intentions, Rowland waited upon her that evening. He was ushered into a large parlor, which, by the light of a couple of candles, he perceived to be very meagrely furnished and very tenderly and sparingly used. The windows were open to the air of the summer night, and a circle of three persons was temporarily awed into silence by his appearance. One of these was Mrs. Hudson, who was sitting at one of the windows, empty-handed save for the pocket-handkerchief in her lap, which was held with an air of familiarity with its sadder uses. Near her, on the sofa, half sitting, half lounging, in the attitude of a visitor outstaying ceremony, with one long leg flung over the other and a large foot in a clumsy boot swinging to and fro continually, was a lean, sandy-haired gentleman whom Rowland recognized as the original of the portrait of Mr. Barnaby Striker. At the table, near the candles, busy with a substantial piece of needle-work, sat the young girl of whom he had had a moment's quickened glimpse in Roderick's studio, and whom he had learned to be Miss Garland, his companion's kinswoman. This young lady's limpid, wide-eyed gaze was the most effective greeting he received. Mrs. Hudson rose with a soft, vague sound of distress, and stood looking at him shrinkingly and waveringly, as if she were sorely tempted to retreat through the open window. Mr. Striker swung his long leg a trifle defiantly. No one, evi-

dently, was used to offering hollow welcomes or telling polite fibs. Rowland introduced himself; he had come, he might say, upon business.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hudson tremulously; "I know — my son has told me. I suppose it is better I should see you. Perhaps you'll take a seat."

With this invitation Rowland prepared to comply, and, turning, grasped the first chair that offered itself.

"Not that one," said a full, grave voice; whereupon he perceived that a quantity of sewing-silk had been suspended and entangled over the back, preparatory to being wound on reels. He felt the least bit irritated at the curtness of the warning, coming as it did from a young woman whose countenance he had mentally pronounced interesting, and with regard to whom he was conscious of the germ of the inevitable desire to produce a responsive interest. And then he thought it would break the ice to say something playfully urbane.

"Oh, you should let me take the chair," he answered, "and have the pleasure of holding the skeins myself!"

For all reply to this sally he received a stare of undisguised amazement from Miss Garland, who then looked across at Mrs. Hudson with a glance which plainly said: "You see he's quite the insidious personage we feared." The elder lady, however, sat with her eyes fixed on the ground and her two hands tightly clasped. But touching her Rowland felt much more compassion than resentment; her attitude was not coldness, it was a kind of dread, almost a terror. She was a small, eager woman, with a pale, troubled face, which added to her apparent age. After looking at her for some minutes Rowland saw that she was still young, and that she must have been a very girlish bride. She had been a pretty one, too, though she probably had looked terribly frightened at the altar. She was very delicately made, and Roderick had come honestly by his physical slimness and elegance. She wore no cap, and her flaxen hair, which was of extraordinary fineness,

was smoothed and confined with Puritanic primness. She was excessively shy, and evidently very humble-minded; it was singular to see a woman to whom the experience of life had conveyed so little reassurance as to her own resources or the chances of things turning out well. Rowland began immediately to like her, and to feel impatient to persuade her that there was no harm in him and that, twenty to one, her son would make her a well-pleased woman yet. He foresaw that she would be easy to persuade, and that a benevolent conversational tone would probably make her pass, fluttering, from distrust into an oppressive extreme of confidence. But he had an indefinable sense that the person who was testing that strong young eyesight of hers in the dim candlelight was less readily beguiled from her mysterious feminine preconceptions. Miss Garland, according to Cecilia's judgment, as Rowland remembered, had not a countenance to inspire a sculptor; but it seemed to Rowland that her countenance might fairly inspire a man who was far from being a sculptor. She was not pretty, as the eye of habit judges prettiness, but when you made the observation you somehow failed to set it down against her, for you had already passed from measuring contours to tracing meanings. In Mary Garland's face there were many possible ones, and they gave you the more to think about that it was not—like Roderick Hudson's, for instance—a quick and mobile face, over which expression flickered like a candle in a wind. They followed each other slowly, distinctly, gravely, sincerely, and you might almost have fancied that, as they came and went, they gave her a sort of pain. She was tall and slender, and had an air of maidenly strength and decision. She had a broad forehead and dark eyebrows, a trifle thicker than those of classic beauties; her gray eye was clear but not brilliant, and her features were perfectly irregular. Her mouth was large, fortunately, for the principal grace of her physiognomy was her smile, which displayed itself with magnificent amplitude. Row-

land, indeed, had not yet seen her smile, but something assured him that her rigid gravity had a radiant counterpart. She wore a scanty white dress, and had a nameless rustic air which would have led one to speak of her less as a young lady than as a young woman. She was evidently a girl of a great personal force, but she lacked pliancy. She was hemming a kitchen towel with the aid of a large brass thimble. She bent her serious eyes at last on her work again, and let Rowland explain himself.

"I have become suddenly so very intimate with your son," he said at last, addressing himself to Mrs. Hudson, "that it seems just I should make your acquaintance."

"Very just," murmured the poor lady, and after a moment's hesitation was on the point of adding something more; but Mr. Striker here interposed, after a prefatory clearance of the throat.

"I should like to take the liberty," he said, "of addressing you a simple question. For how long a period of time have you been acquainted with our young friend?" He continued to kick the air, but his head was thrown back and his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, as if in aversion to the spectacle of Rowland's inevitable confusion.

"A very short time, I confess. Hardly three days."

"And yet you call yourself intimate, eh? I have been seeing Mr. Roderick daily these three years, and yet it was only this morning that I felt as if I had at last the right to say that I knew him. We had a few moments' conversation in my office which supplied the missing links in the evidence. So that now I do venture to say I'm acquainted with Mr. Roderick! But wait three years, sir, like me!" and Mr. Striker laughed, with a closed mouth and a noiseless shake of all his long person.

Mrs. Hudson smiled confusedly, at hazard; Miss Garland kept her eyes on her stitches. But it seemed to Rowland that the latter colored a little. "Oh, in three years, of course," he said, "we shall know each other better. Before many years are over, madam,"

he pursued, "I expect the world to know him. I expect him to be a great man!"

Mrs. Hudson looked at first as if this could be but an insidious device for increasing her distress by the assistance of irony. Then reassured, little by little, by Rowland's benevolent visage, she gave him an appealing glance and a timorous "Really?"

But before Rowland could respond, Mr. Striker again intervened. "Do I fully apprehend your expression?" he asked. "Our young friend is to become a *great man*?"

"A great artist, I hope," said Rowland.

"This is a new and interesting view," said Mr. Striker, with an assumption of judicial calmness. "We have had hopes for Mr. Roderick, but I confess, if I have rightly understood them, they stopped short of greatness. We should n't have taken the responsibility of claiming it for him. What do you say, ladies? We all feel about him here — his mother, Miss Garland, and myself — as if his merits were rather in the line of the" — and Mr. Striker waved his hand with a series of fantastic flourishes in the air — "of the light ornamental!" Mr. Striker bore his recalcitrant pupil a grudge, but he was evidently trying both to be fair and to respect the susceptibilities of his companions. But he was unversed in the mysterious processes of feminine emotion. Ten minutes before, there had been a general harmony of sombre views; but on hearing Roderick's limitations thus distinctly formulated to a stranger, the two ladies mutely protested. Mrs. Hudson uttered a short, faint sigh, and Miss Garland raised her eyes toward their advocate and visited him with a short, cold glance.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Hudson," Rowland pursued, evading the discussion of Roderick's possible greatness, "that you don't at all thank me for stirring up your son's ambition on a line which leads him so far from home. I suspect I have made you my enemy."

Mrs. Hudson covered her mouth with

her finger-tips and looked painfully perplexed between the desire to confess the truth and the fear of being impolite.

"My cousin is no one's enemy," Miss Garland hereupon declared, gently, but with that same fine deliberateness with which she had made Rowland relax his grasp of the chair.

"Does she leave that to you?" Rowland ventured to ask, with a smile.

"We are inspired with none but Christian sentiments," said Mr. Striker; "Miss Garland perhaps most of all. Miss Garland," and Mr. Striker waved his hand again as if to perform an introduction which had been regretably omitted, "is the daughter of a minister, the granddaughter of a minister, the sister of a minister." Rowland bowed deferentially, and the young girl went on with her sewing, with nothing, apparently, either of embarrassment or elation at the promulgation of these facts. Mr. Striker continued: "Mrs. Hudson, I see, is too deeply agitated to converse with you freely. She will allow me to address you a few questions. Would you kindly inform her, as exactly as possible, just what you propose to do with her son?"

The poor lady fixed her eyes appealingly on Rowland's face and seemed to say that Mr. Striker had spoken her desire, though she herself would have expressed it less defiantly. But Rowland saw in Mr. Striker's many-wrinkled light blue eye, shrewd at once and good-natured, that he had no intention of defiance, and that he was simply pompous and conceited and sarcastically compassionate of any view of things in which Roderick Hudson was regarded in a serious light.

"Do, my dear madam?" demanded Rowland. "I don't propose to do anything. He must do for himself. I simply offer him the chance. He's to study, to work — hard, I hope."

"Not too hard, please," murmured Mrs. Hudson, pleadingly, wheeling about from recent visions of dangerous leisure. "He's not very strong, and I'm afraid the climate of Europe is very relaxing."

"Ah, study?" repeated Mr. Striker. "To what line of study is he to direct his attention?" Then suddenly, with an impulse of disinterested curiosity on his own account, "How do you study sculpture, anyhow?"

"By looking at models and imitating them."

"At models, eh? To what kind of models do you refer?"

"To the antique, in the first place."

"Ah, the antique," repeated Mr. Striker, with a jocose intonation. "Do you hear, madam? Roderick is going off to Europe to learn to imitate the antique."

"I suppose it's all right," said Mrs. Hudson, twisting herself in a sort of delicate anguish.

"An antique, as I understand it," the lawyer continued, "is an image of a pagan deity, with considerable dirt sticking to it, and no arms, no nose, and no clothing. A precious model, certainly!"

"That's a very good description of many," said Rowland, with a laugh.

"Mercy! Truly?" asked Mrs. Hudson, borrowing courage from his urbanity.

"But a sculptor's studies, you intimate, are not confined to the antique," Mr. Striker resumed. "After he has been looking three or four years at the objects I describe" —

"He studies the living model," said Rowland.

"Does it take three or four years?" asked Mrs. Hudson, imploringly.

"That depends upon the artist's aptitude. After twenty years a real artist is still studying."

"Oh, my poor boy!" moaned Mrs. Hudson, finding the prospect, under every light, still terrible.

"Now this study of the living model," Mr. Striker pursued. "Inform Mrs. Hudson about that."

"Oh dear, no!" cried Mrs. Hudson, shrinkingly.

"That too," said Rowland, "is one of the reasons for studying in Rome. It's a handsome race, you know, and you find very well-made people."

"I suppose they're no better made than a good tough Yankee," objected Mr. Striker, transposing his interminable legs. "The same God made us."

"Surely," sighed Mrs. Hudson, but with a questioning glance at her visitor which showed that she had already begun to concede much weight to his opinion. Rowland hastened to express his assent to Mr. Striker's proposition.

Miss Garland looked up, and, after a moment's hesitation: "Are the Roman women very beautiful?" she asked.

Rowland too, in answering, hesitated; he was looking straight at the young girl. "On the whole, I prefer ours," he said.

She had dropped her work in her lap; her hands were crossed upon it, her head thrown a little back. She had evidently expected a more impersonal answer, and she was dissatisfied. For an instant she seemed inclined to make a rejoinder, but she slowly picked up her work in silence and drew her stitches again.

Rowland had for the second time the feeling that she judged him to be a person of a disagreeably sophisticated tone. He noticed too that the kitchen towel she was hemming was terribly coarse. And yet his answer had a resonant inward echo, and he repeated to himself, "Yes, on the whole, I prefer ours."

"Well, these models," began Mr. Striker. "You put them into an attitude, I suppose."

"An attitude, exactly."

"And then you sit down and look at them."

"You must not sit too long. You must go at your clay and try to build up something that looks like them."

"Well, there you are with your model in an attitude on one side, yourself, in an attitude too, I suppose, on the other, and your pile of clay in the middle, building up, as you say. So you pass the morning. After that I hope you go out and take a walk, and rest from your exertions."

"Unquestionably. But to a sculptor who loves his work there is no time lost. Everything he looks at teaches or suggests something."



"That's a tempting doctrine to young men with a taste for sitting by the hour with the page unturned, watching the flies buzz, or the frost melt on the window-pane. Our young friend, in this way, must have laid up stores of information which I never suspected!"

"Very likely," said Rowland, with an unresentful smile, "he will prove some day the completer artist for some of those lazy reveries."

This theory was apparently very grateful to Mrs. Hudson, who had never had the case put for her son with such ingenious hopefulness, and found herself disrelishing the singular situation of seeming to side against her own flesh and blood with a lawyer whose conversational tone betrayed the habit of cross-questioning.

"My son, then," she ventured to ask, "my son has really great — what you'd call great powers?"

"To my sense, very great powers."

Poor Mrs. Hudson actually smiled, broadly, gleefully, and glanced at Miss Garland, as if to invite her to do likewise. But the young girl's face remained serious, like the eastern sky when the opposite sunset is too feeble to make it glow. "Do you really know?" she asked, looking at Rowland.

"One cannot *know* in such a matter save after proof, and proof takes time. But one can believe."

"And you believe?"

"I believe."

But even then Miss Garland vouchsafed no smile. Her face became graver than before.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Hudson, "we must hope that it is all for the best."

Mr. Striker eyed his old friend for a moment with a look of some displeasure; he saw that this was but a cunning feminine imitation of resignation, and that, through some untraceable process of transition, she was now taking more comfort in the opinions of this insinuating stranger than in his own tough dogmas. He rose to his feet, without pulling down his waistcoat, but with a wrinkled grin at the inconsistency of

women. "Well, sir, Mr. Roderick's powers are nothing to me," he said, "nor no use he makes of them. Good or bad, he's no son of mine. But, in a friendly way, I'm glad to hear so fine an account of him. I'm glad, madam, you're so satisfied with the prospect. Affection, sir, you see, must have its guarantees!" He paused a moment, stroking his beard, with his head inclined and one eye half-closed, looking at Rowland. The look was grotesque, but it was significant, and it puzzled Rowland more than it amused him. "I suppose you're a very brilliant young man," he went on, "very enlightened, very cultivated, quite up to the mark in the fine arts and all that sort of thing. I'm a plain, practical old boy, content to follow an honorable profession in a free country. I did n't go off to the Old World to learn my business; no one took me by the hand; I had to grease my wheels myself, and, such as I am, I'm a self-made man, every inch of me! Well, if our young friend is booked for fame and fortune, I don't suppose his going to Rome will stop him. But, mind you, it won't help him such a long way, either. If you have undertaken to put him through, there's a thing or two you'd better remember. The crop we gather depends upon the seed we sow. He may be the biggest genius of the age: his potatoes won't come up without his hoeing them. If he takes things so almighty easy as — well, as one or two young fellows of genius I've had under my eye — his produce will never gain the prize. Take the word for it of a man who has made his way inch by inch, and does n't believe that we'll wake up to find our work done because we've lain all night a-dreaming of it; anything worth doing is devilish hard to do! If your young protajay finds things easy and has a good time and says he likes the life, it's a sign that — as I may say — you had better step round to the office and look at the books. That's all I desire to remark. No offense intended. I hope you'll have a first-rate time."

Rowland could honestly reply that

this seemed pregnant sense, and he offered Mr. Striker a friendly hand-shake as the latter withdrew. But Mr. Striker's rather grim view of matters cast a momentary shadow on his companions, and Mrs. Hudson seemed to feel that it necessitated between them some little friendly compact not to be overawed.

Rowland sat for some time longer, partly because he wished to please the two women and partly because he was strangely pleased himself. There was something touching in their unworldly fears and diffident hopes, something almost terrible in the way poor little Mrs. Hudson seemed to flutter and quiver with intense maternal passion. She put forth one timid conversational venture after another, and asked Rowland a number of questions about himself, his age, his family, his occupations, his tastes, his religious opinions. Rowland had an odd feeling at last that she had begun to consider him very exemplary, and that she might, make, later, some perturbing discovery. He tried, therefore, to invent something that would prepare her to find him fallible. But he could think of nothing. It only seemed to him that Miss Garland secretly mistrusted him, and that he must leave her to render him the service, after he had gone, of making him the object of a little firm derogation. Mrs. Hudson talked with low-voiced eagerness about her son.

"He's very lovable, sir, I assure you. When you come to know him you'll find him very lovable. He's a little spoiled, of course; he has always done with me as he pleased; but he's a good boy, I'm sure he's a good boy. And every one thinks him very attractive: I'm sure he'd be noticed, anywhere. Don't you think he's very handsome, sir? He features his poor father. I had another — perhaps you've been told. He was killed." And the poor little lady bravely smiled, for fear of doing worse. "He was a very fine boy, but very different from Roderick. Roderick is a little strange; he has never been an easy boy. Sometimes I feel like the goose, — was n't it a goose,

dear?" and startled by the audacity of her comparison she appealed to Miss Garland, — "the goose, or the hen, who hatched a swan's egg. I have never been able to give him what he needs. I have always thought that in more — in more brilliant circumstances he might find his place and be happy. But at the same time I was afraid of the world for him; it was so large and dangerous and dreadful. No doubt I know very little about it. I never suspected, I confess, that it contained persons of such liberality as yours."

Rowland replied that, evidently, she had done the world but scanty justice. "No," objected Miss Garland, after a pause, "it's like something in a fairy tale."

"What, pray?"

"Your coming here all unknown, so rich and so polite, and carrying off my cousin in a golden cloud."

If this was badinage Miss Garland had the best of it, for Rowland almost fell a-musing silently, over the question whether there was a possibility of irony in that clear, direct gaze. Before he withdrew, Mrs. Hudson made him tell her again that Roderick's powers were extraordinary. He had inspired her with a kind of clinging faith in his wisdom. "He will really do great things," she asked, "the very greatest?"

"I see no reason in his talent itself why he should not."

"Well, we'll think of that as we sit here alone," she rejoined. "Mary and I will sit here and talk about it. So I give him up," she went on, as he was going. "I'm sure you'll be the best of friends to him, but if you should ever forget him, or grow tired of him, or lose your interest in him, and he should come to any harm or any trouble, please, sir, remember" — And she paused, with a tremulous voice.

"Remember, my dear madam?"

"That he's all I have — that he's everything — and that it would be very terrible."

"In so far as I can help him, he shall succeed," was all Rowland could say. He turned to Miss Garland, to bid her

good night, and she rose and put out her hand. She was very straightforward, but he could see that if she was too modest to be bold, she was much too simple to be shy. "Have you no charge to lay upon me?" he asked—to ask her something.

She looked at him a moment and then, although she was not shy, she blushed. "Make him do his best," she said.

Rowland noted the slow intensity with which the words were uttered. "Do you take a great interest in him?" he demanded.

"Certainly."

"Then, if he'll not do his best for you, he'll not do it for me." She turned away with another blush, and Rowland took his leave.

He walked homeward, thinking of many things. The great Northampton elms interarched far above in the darkness, but the moon had risen and through scattered apertures was hanging the dusky vault with silver lamps. There seemed to Rowland something intensely serious in the scene in which he had just taken part. He had laughed and talked and braved it out in self-defense; but when he reflected that he was really meddling with the simple stillness of this little New England home, and that he had ventured to disturb so much living security in the interest of a far-away, fantastic hypothesis, he paused, amazed at his temerity. It was true, as Cecilia had said, that for an unofficial man it was a singular position. There stirred in his mind an odd feeling of annoyance with Roderick for having thus peremptorily enlisted his sympathies. As he looked up and down the long vista, and saw the clear white houses glancing here and there in the broken moonshine, he could have almost believed that the happiest lot for any man was to make the most of life in some such tranquil spot as that. Here were kindness, comfort, safety, the warning voice of duty, the perfect hush of temptation. And as Rowland looked along the arch of silvered shadow and out into the lucid air of the American night, which seemed so doubly vast, somehow, and strange and

nocturnal, he felt like declaring that here was beauty too—beauty enough for an artist not to starve upon it. As he stood, lost in the darkness, he presently heard a rapid tread on the other side of the road, accompanied by a loud, jubilant whistle, and in a moment a figure emerged into an open gap of moonshine. He had no difficulty in recognizing Hudson, who was presumably returning from a visit to Cecilia. Roderick stopped suddenly and stared up at the moon, with his face vividly illumined. He broke out into a snatch of song:—

"The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story!"

And with a great, musical roll of his voice he went swinging off into the darkness again, as if his thoughts had lent him wings. He was dreaming of the inspiration of foreign lands,—of castled crags and historic landscapes. What a pity, after all, thought Rowland, as he went his own way, that he should n't have a taste of it!

It had been a very just remark of Cecilia's that Roderick would change with a change in his circumstances. Rowland had telegraphed to New York for another berth on his steamer, and from the hour the answer came, Hudson's spirits rose to incalculable heights. He was radiant with good-humor, and his kindly jollity seemed the pledge of a brilliant future. He had forgiven his old enemies and forgotten his old grievances, and seemed every way reconciled to a world in which he was going to count as an active force. He was inexhaustibly loquacious and fantastic, and as Cecilia said, he had suddenly become so good that it was only to be feared he was going to start not for Europe but for heaven. He took long walks with Rowland, who felt more and more the fascination of what he would have called his giftedness. Rowland returned several times to Mrs. Hudson's, and found the two ladies doing their best to be happy in their companion's happiness. Miss Garland, he thought, was succeeding better than her demeanor on his first visit had promised. He tried to have some especial talk with her,

but her extreme reserve forced him to content himself with such response to his rather urgent overtures as might be extracted from a keenly attentive smile. It must be confessed, however, that if the response was vague, the satisfaction was great, and that Rowland, after his second visit, kept seeing a lurking reflection of this smile in the most unexpected places. It seemed strange that she should please him so well at so slender a cost, but please him she did, prodigiously, and his pleasure had a quality altogether new to him. It made him restless and a trifle melancholy; he walked about absently, wondering and wishing. He wondered, among other things, why fate should have condemned him to make the acquaintance of a girl whom he would make a sacrifice to know better, just as he was leaving the country for years. It seemed to him that he was turning his back on a chance of happiness — happiness of a sort of which the slenderest germ should be cultivated. He asked himself whether, feeling as he did, if he had only himself to please, he would give up his journey and — wait. He had Roderick to please now, for whom disappointment would be cruel; but he said to himself that certainly, if there were no Roderick in the case, the ship should sail without him. He asked Hudson several questions about his cousin, but Roderick, confidential on most points, seemed to have reasons of his own for being reticent on this one. His measured answers quickened Rowland's curiosity, for Miss Garland, with her own irritating half-suggestions, had only to be a subject of guarded allusion in others to become intolerably interesting. He learned from Roderick that she was the daughter of a country minister, a far-away cousin of his mother, settled in another part of the State; that she was one of a half-a-dozen daughters, that the family was very poor, and that she had come a couple of months before to pay his mother a long visit. "It's to be a very long one now," he said, "for it's settled that she is to remain while I'm away."

The fermentation of contentment in

Roderick's soul reached its climax a few days before the young men were to make their farewells. He had been sitting with his friends on Cecilia's veranda, but for half an hour past he had said nothing. Lounging back against a vine-wreathed column and gazing idly at the stars, he kept caroling softly to himself with that indifference to ceremony for which he always found allowance, and which in him had a sort of pleading grace. At last, springing up: "I want to strike out, hard!" he exclaimed. "I want to do something violent, to let off steam!"

"I'll tell you what to do, this lovely weather," said Cecilia. "Give a picnic. It can be as violent as you please, and it will have the merit of leading off our emotion into a safe channel, as well as yours."

Roderick laughed uproariously at Cecilia's very practical remedy for his sentimental need, but a couple of days later, nevertheless, the picnic was given. It was to be a family party, but Roderick, in his magnanimous geniality, insisted on inviting Mr. Striker, a decision which Rowland mentally applauded. "And we'll have Mrs. Striker, too," he said, "if she'll come, to keep my mother in countenance; and at any rate we'll have Miss Striker — the divine Petronilla." The young lady thus denominated formed, with Mrs. Hudson, Miss Garland, and Cecilia, the feminine half of the company. Mr. Striker presented himself, sacrificing a morning's work, with a magnanimity greater even than Roderick's, and foreign support was further secured in the person of Mr. Whitefoot, the young Orthodox minister. Roderick had chosen the feasting-place; he knew it well and had passed many a summer afternoon there, lying at his length on the grass and gazing at the blue undulations of the horizon. It was a meadow on the edge of a wood, with mossy rocks protruding through the grass and a little lake on the other side. It was a cloudless August day; Rowland always remembered it, and the scene, and everything that was said and done, with

extraordinary distinctness. Roderick surpassed himself in friendly jollity, and at one moment, when exhilaration was at the highest, was seen in Mr. Striker's high white hat, drinking champagne from a broken tea-cup to Mr. Striker's health. Miss Striker had her father's pale blue eye; she was dressed as if she were going to sit for her ambrotype, and remained for a long time with Roderick on a little promontory overhanging the lake. Mrs. Hudson sat all day with a little meek, apprehensive smile. She was afraid of an "accident," though unless Miss Striker (who indeed was a little of a romp) should push Roderick into the lake, it was hard to see the motive of her fears. Mrs. Hudson was as neat and crisp and uncrumpled at the end of the festival as at the beginning. Mr. Whitefoot, who but a twelve-month later became a convert to episcopacy and was already cultivating a certain conversational sonority, devoted himself to Cecilia. He had a little book in his pocket, out of which he read to her at intervals, lying stretched at her feet, and it was a lasting joke with Cecilia, afterwards, that she would never tell what Mr. Whitefoot's little book had been. Rowland had placed himself near Miss Garland, while the feasting went forward on the grass. She wore a so-called gypsy hat — a little straw hat, tied down over her ears, so as to cast her eyes into shadow, by a ribbon passing outside of it. When the company dispersed, after lunch, he proposed to her to take a stroll in the wood. She hesitated a moment and looked toward Mrs. Hudson, as if for permission to leave her. But Mrs. Hudson was listening to Mr. Striker, who sat gossiping to her with relaxed magniloquence, his waistcoat unbuttoned and his hat on his nose.

"You can give your cousin your society at any time," said Rowland. "But me, perhaps, you'll never see again."

"Why then should we wish to be friends, if nothing is to come of it?" she asked, with homely logic. But by this time she had consented, and they were treading the fallen pine needles.

"Oh, one must take all one can get," said Rowland. "If we can be friends for half an hour, it's so much gained."

"Do you expect never to come back to Northampton again?"

"'Never' is a good deal to say. But I go to Europe for a long stay."

"Do you prefer it so much to your own country?"

"I won't say that. But I have the misfortune to be a rather idle man, and in Europe the burden of idleness is less heavy than here."

She was silent for a few minutes; then at last, "In that, then, we are better than Europe," she said. To a certain point Rowland agreed with her, but he demurred, to make her say more.

"Would n't it be better," she asked, "to work to get reconciled to America, than to go to Europe to get reconciled to idleness?"

"Doubtless; but you know work is hard to find."

"I come from a little place where every one has plenty," said Miss Garland. "We all work; every one I know works. And really," she added presently, "I look at you with curiosity; you are the first unoccupied man I ever saw."

"Don't look at me too hard," said Rowland, smiling. "I shall sink into the earth. What is the name of your little place?"

"West Nazareth," said Miss Garland, with her usual sobriety. "It is not so very little, though it's smaller than Northampton."

"I wonder whether I could find any work at West Nazareth," Rowland said.

"You would not like it," Miss Garland declared reflectively. "Though there are far finer woods there than this. We have miles and miles of woods."

"I might chop down trees," said Rowland. "That is, if you allow it."

"Allow it? Why, where should we get our fire-wood?" Then, noticing that he had spoken jestingly, she glanced at him askance, though with no visible diminution of her gravity. "Don't you know how to do anything? Have you no profession?"

Rowland shook his head. "Absolutely none."

"What do you do all day?"

"Nothing worth relating. That's why I am going to Europe. There, at least, if I do nothing, I shall see a great deal; and if I'm not a producer, I shall at any rate be an observer."

"Can't we observe everywhere?"

"Certainly; and I really think that in that way I make the most of my opportunities. Though I confess," he continued, "that I often remember there are things to be seen here to which I probably have n't done justice. I should like, for instance, to see West Nazareth."

She looked round at him, open-eyed; not, apparently, that she exactly supposed he was jesting, for the expression of such a desire was not necessarily facetious; but as if he must have spoken with an ulterior motive. In fact, he had spoken from the simplest of motives. The girl beside him pleased him unspeakably, and, suspecting that her charm was essentially her own and not reflected from social circumstance, he wished to give himself the satisfaction of contrasting her with the meagre influence of her education. Miss Garland's second movement was to take him at his word. "Since you are free to do as you please, why don't you go there?"

"I'm not free to do as I please now. I have offered your cousin to bear him company to Europe, he has accepted with enthusiasm, and I can't retract."

"Are you going to Europe simply for his sake?"

Rowland hesitated a moment. "I think I may almost say so."

Miss Garland walked along in silence. "Do you mean to do a great deal for him?" she asked at last.

"What I can. But my power of helping him is very small beside his power of helping himself."

For a moment she was silent again. "You are very generous," she said, almost solemnly.

"No, I'm simply very shrewd. Roderick will repay me. It's an invest-

ment. At first, I think," he added shortly afterwards, "you would n't have paid me that compliment. You distrusted me."

She made no attempt to deny it. "I did n't see why you should wish to make Roderick discontented. I thought you were rather frivolous."

"You did me injustice. I don't think I'm that."

"It was because you are unlike other men — those, at least, whom I've seen."

"In what way?"

"Why, as you describe yourself. You have no duties, no profession, no home. You live for your pleasure."

"That's all very true. And yet I maintain I'm not frivolous."

"I hope not," said Miss Garland, simply. They had reached a point where the wood-path forked and put forth two divergent tracks which lost themselves in a verdurous tangle. Miss Garland seemed to think that the difficulty of choice between them was a reason for giving them up and turning back. Rowland thought otherwise, and detected agreeable grounds for preference in the left-hand path. As a compromise, they sat down on a fallen log. Looking about him, Rowland espied a curious wild shrub, with a spotted crimson leaf; he went and plucked a spray of it and brought it to Miss Garland. He had never observed it before, but she immediately called it by its name. She expressed surprise at his not knowing it; it was extremely common. He presently brought her a specimen of another delicate plant, with a little blue-streaked flower. "I suppose that's common, too," he said, "but I have never seen it — or noticed it, at least." She answered that this one was rare, and meditated a moment before she could remember its name. At last she recalled it, and expressed surprise at his having found the plant in the woods; she supposed it grew only in open marshes. Rowland complimented her on her fund of useful information.

"It's not especially useful," she answered; "but I like to know the names of plants as I do those of my



acquaintances. When we walk in the woods at home—which we do so much—it seems as unnatural not to know what to call the flowers as it would be to see some one in the town with whom we were not on speaking terms.”

“Apropos of frivolity,” Rowland said, “I’m sure you have very little of it, unless at West Nazareth it is considered frivolous to walk in the woods and nod to the nodding flowers. Do kindly tell me a little about yourself.” And to compel her to begin, “I know you come of a race of theologians,” he went on.

“No,” she replied, deliberating; “they are not theologians, though they are ministers. We don’t take a very firm stand upon doctrine; we are practical, rather. We write sermons and preach them, but we do a great deal of hard work beside.”

“And of this hard work what has your share been?”

“The hardest part: doing nothing.”

“What do you call nothing?”

“I taught school a while: I must make the most of that. But I confess I did n’t like it. Otherwise, I have only done little things at home, as they turned up.”

“What kind of things?”

“Oh, every kind. If you had seen my home, you would understand.”

Rowland would have liked to make her specify; but he felt a more urgent need to respect her simplicity than he had ever felt to defer to the complex circumstance of various other women. “To be happy, I imagine,” he contented himself with saying, “you need to be occupied. You need to have something to expend yourself upon.”

“That is not so true as it once was; now that I’m older, I’m sure I’m less impatient of leisure. Certainly, for these two months that I have been with Mrs. Hudson, I have had a terrible amount of it. And yet I have liked it! And now that I am probably to be with her all the while that her son is away, I look forward to more with a resignation that I don’t quite know what to make of.”

“It is settled, then, that you are to remain with your cousin?”

“It depends upon their writing from home that I may stay. But that is probable. Only I must not forget,” she said, rising, “that the ground for my doing so is that she be not left alone.”

“I am glad to know,” said Rowland, “that I shall probably often hear about you. I assure you I shall often think about you!” These words were half impulsive, half deliberate. They were the simple truth, and he had asked himself why he should not tell her the truth. And yet they were not all of it; her hearing the rest would depend upon the way she received this. She received it not only, as Rowland foresaw, without a shadow of coquetry, of any apparent thought of listening to it gracefully, but with a slight movement of nervous deprecation, which seemed to betray itself in the quickening of her step. Evidently, if Rowland was to take pleasure in hearing about her, it would have to be a highly disinterested pleasure. She answered nothing, and Rowland too, as he walked beside her, was silent; but as he looked along the shadow-woven wood-path, what he was really facing was a level three years of disinterestedness. He ushered them in by talking composed civility until he had brought Miss Garland back to her companions.

He saw her but once again. He was obliged to be in New York a couple of days before sailing, and it was arranged that Roderick should overtake him at the last moment. The evening before he left Northampton he went to say farewell to Mrs. Hudson. The ceremony was brief. Rowland soon perceived that the poor little lady was in the melting mood, and, as he dreaded her tears, he compressed a multitude of solemn promises into a silent hand-shake and took his leave. Miss Garland, she had told him, was in the back-garden with Roderick: he might go out to them. He did so, and as he drew near he heard Roderick’s high-pitched voice ringing behind the shrubbery. In a moment, emerging, he found Miss Garland lean-

ing against a tree, with her cousin before her talking with great emphasis. He asked pardon for interrupting them, and said he wished only to bid her good-by. She gave him her hand and he made her his bow in silence. "Don't forget," he said to Roderick, as he turned away. "And don't, in this company, repent of your bargain."

"I shall not let him," said Miss Garland, with something very like gayety. "I shall see that he is punctual. He must go! I owe you an apology for having doubted that he ought to." And in spite of the dusk Rowland could see that she had an even finer smile than he had supposed.

Roderick was punctual, eagerly punctual, and they went. Rowland for several days was occupied with material cares and lost sight of his sentimental perplexities. But they only slumbered, and they were sharply awakened. The weather was fine, and the two young men always sat together upon deck late into the evening. One night, toward the last, they were at the stern of the great ship, watching her grind the solid blackness of the ocean into phosphorescent foam. They talked on these occasions of everything conceivable, and had the air of having no secrets from each other. But it was on Roderick's conscience that this air belied him, and he was too frank by nature, moreover, for permanent reticence on any point.

"I must tell you something," he said at last. "I should like you to know it, and you will be so glad to know it. Besides, it's only a question of time; three months hence, probably, you would have guessed it. I'm engaged to Mary Garland."

Rowland sat staring; though the sea was calm, it seemed to him that the ship gave a great dizzying lurch. But in a moment he contrived to answer coherently: "Engaged to Miss Garland! I never supposed — I never imagined —"

"That I was in love with her?" Roderick interrupted. "Neither did I, until this last fortnight. But you

came and put me into such terrible good-humor that I felt an extraordinary desire to tell some woman that I adored her. Miss Garland is a magnificent girl; you know her too little to do her justice. I have been quietly learning to know her, these past three months, and have been falling in love with her without being conscious of it. It appeared, when I spoke to her, that she had a kindness for me. So the thing was settled. I must of course make some money before we can marry. It's rather droll, certainly, to engage one's self to a girl whom one is going to leave the next day, for years. We shall be condemned, for some time to come, to do a terrible deal of abstract thinking about each other. But I wanted her blessing on my career and I could n't help asking for it. Unless a man is unnaturally selfish he needs to work for some one else than himself, and I'm sure I shall run a smoother and swifter course for knowing that that fine creature is waiting, at Northampton, for news of my greatness. If ever I'm a dull companion and over-addicted to moping, remember in justice to me that I'm in love and that my sweetheart is five thousand miles away."

Rowland listened to all this with a sort of feeling that fortune had played him an elaborately-devised trick. It had lured him out into mid-ocean and smoothed the sea and stilled the winds and given him a singularly sympathetic comrade, and then it had turned and delivered him a thumping blow in mid-chest. "Yes," he said, after an attempt at the usual formal congratulation, "you certainly ought to do better — with Miss Garland waiting for you at Northampton."

Roderick, now that he had broken ground, was eloquent and rung a hundred changes on the assurance that he was a very happy man. Then at last, suddenly, his climax was a yawn, and he declared that he must go to bed. Rowland let him go alone, and sat there late, between sea and sky.

H. James, Jr.

## MONTE CASSINO.

BEAUTIFUL valley, through whose verdant meads  
Unheard the Garigliano glides along, —  
The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,  
The river taciturn of classic song!

The Land of Labor, and the Land of Rest,  
Where mediæval towns are white on all  
The hill-sides, and where every mountain crest  
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall!

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface  
Was dragged with contumely from his throne,  
Sciarra Colonna, was that day's disgrace  
The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade  
Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,  
When Manfred, by his men-at-arms betrayed,  
Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

There is Aquinum, the old Volscian town  
Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light  
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown  
Of splendor over cities seen at night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets  
The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,  
And dreamed perhaps the dreams that he repeats  
In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted like a passing cloud  
That pauses on a mountain summit high,  
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud  
And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed  
The stony pathway leading to its gate:  
Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed;  
Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,  
The court-yard with its well, the terrace wide,  
From which, far down, diminished to a park,  
The valley veiled in mist was dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands  
Caressed the mountain-tops; the vales between  
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands  
Sheathed itself as a sword and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,  
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread  
Was a reverberation from the deep  
Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For more than thirteen centuries ago  
Benedict, fleeing from the gates of Rome,  
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,  
Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule  
Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer.  
His pen became a clarion, and his school  
Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way  
Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deplores  
The illuminated manuscripts that lay  
Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child  
Of fancy and of fiction at the best;  
This the urbane librarian said, and smiled  
Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these with one young friar  
I sat conversing late into the night,  
Till in its cavernous chimney the wood fire  
Had burnt its heart out like an anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell,  
Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay;  
And as a monk who hears the matin bell,  
Started from sleep; — already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene  
On which Saint Benedict so oft had gazed;  
The mountains and the valley in the sheen  
Of the bright sun, and stood as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing;  
The woodlands glistened with their jeweled crowns;  
Far off the mellow bells began to ring  
For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,  
The ideal and the actual in our life,  
As on a field of battle held me fast,  
Where this world and the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,  
I saw the iron horses of the steam  
Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,  
And woke as one awaketh from a dream.

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

## BANCROFT'S NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES.

It is well for the science of history that it ceased to be the mere picturing of fragments of yesterday, and rose to contemplate the phenomena and laws of all human progress, while primitive man still existed upon the earth.

A knowledge of the departure man has made from the archaic to the present time, a definite realization of what human culture is and is to be, require two points of comparison: the story of mediæval or even classic living and thinking, so fascinatingly revealed to us by modern historians, fails to push far enough back from the motives of the nineteenth century to furnish those broad, fundamental differences from which progressional laws may be most clearly seen. Primitive man, or man as remote as we may find him, furnishes us the desired datum point to bring into contrast with to-day.

Providentially for future knowledge, the vital need of this comparison of the beginnings of man with his after development has become fully apparent, and everywhere students are putting our ancestor on the witness stand.

They creep into his caves and lairs, and come out to the light of day laden with his flints, the *débris* of his primeval *entrées* and *rôlis*, the club which served for the chase or for defense, and sometimes settled inevitable domestic incompatibilities with the partner of his prehistoric joys. No restful grave, fathoms under Danish peat, is secure; no damp sub-lacustrine Swiss relic safe. Whenever and wherever an extinct race yields up, be it ever so faint a clew, instantly the sleep of ages is broken, and science never stays until it has collected the uttermost material and had its wrangle over the cranium of the long buried brother. No mystic island of the Columbia so loved for the centuries' sleep of its Indian dead, but an enterprising professor steps ashore from his canoe and twists off a complete suite of the venerated skulls.

Man and his belongings are inexorably dug from the earth wherever accident or pious care has consigned him, measured, classified, figured, and fitted into his proper nook in the great mosaic which God has designed and science is slowly, atom by atom, filling up — the mosaic of the origin and progress of man.

Invaluable and interesting as are the already gathered facts which enable us partially to share the life of extinct human families, to know their habits and trace their rude half-beginning of art, there is of necessity a limit all too readily reached in our realization of the character of the man himself. Beyond the baldest outlines of his physical life, howsoever we plead or question, extinct man is forever silent.

Science therefore turns with a keener interest, a more fascinated eagerness, to study living man in all the infinite gradation of his wild and aboriginal conditions.

There one may come into sympathetic understanding of primitive culture, enter tribal and family life, feel the sorrow and the dark struggle of the savage's soul toward God, or share the picturesque hours of his joy.

Every resource, every phase of his battle with nature, each custom and habit, primitive instincts, art, love, ethics; all the round of savage being lies open to the sympathetic student, whose good fellowship may unlock all those reserves which secretive savage nature closes against scientific curiosity.

Each research into the origin or culture of living savages is a service to knowledge which cannot long be made; for everywhere the vaporous vitality of primitive man melts and vanishes before the light of modern progress. However complex and subtle the cause of this strange, swift extinction, however guilty enlightened society may be, the fact remains. Civilization, flashing around

the world like the advancing sun, discovers a savage tribe, only that we may see it stagger under the blinding focus, fall to the earth, and perish.

Mr. Tylor, in his excellent *Primitive Culture*, and doubtless in the forthcoming *Flint Period*, has rendered signal service in this field of research; and now, with a fullness of conception and admirable breadth of method only to be realized by true students of his book, Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, of San Francisco, has completed a study of the native races of western North America. It is fifteen years since Mr. Bancroft conceived a plan of this great work and began the exhaustive collection of his literary materials. He visited and ransacked Europe, and was able to bring together a library of sixteen thousand volumes, of which many are in original manuscripts. Written in a half dozen languages, good and bad material woven intricately together, and the whole almost unindexed, he had first out of this chaos of authorities to create an order. Organizing a corps of expert assistants, he made a complete index of the library as if it were one book. With this elaborate, this indispensable key, he is now able to enter the maze of material and assemble an encyclopedic collection of facts upon any subject in the natural and human history of the Pacific States. Having accomplished with enormous labor this unique index, the first task Mr. Bancroft has set for himself is a complete survey of the Native Races of the Pacific States. The first volume of this remarkable work is just given to the public, and the other four, now passing through the press, will all be issued within 1875. The subjects of these volumes are as follows:—

Vol. I. Wild Tribes; their Manners and Customs.

Vol. II. Civilized Nations of Mexico and Central America.

Vol. III. Mythology and Languages of both Savage and Civilized Nations.

Vol. IV. Antiquities and Architectural Remains.

Vol. V. Aboriginal History and Migrations. Index to Entire Work.

We propose to examine in this article the first of the series.

Twelve hundred authorities are used in the preparation of this book; their various works and the edition examined are given in an alphabetical list at the beginning.

In his preface Mr. Bancroft says: "To the immense territory bordering on the western ocean from Alaska to Darien, and including the whole of Mexico and Central America, I give arbitrarily, for the want of a better, the name Pacific States. . . . A word as to the nations of which this work is a description. . . . Aboriginally, for a savage wilderness, there was here a dense population; particularly south of the thirtieth parallel and along the border of the ocean north of that line.

"Before the advent of Europeans this domain counted its aborigines by millions, ranked among its people every phase of primitive humanity, from the reptile-eating cave-dweller of the Great Basin to the Aztec and Maya-Queché civilization of the Southern table-land; a civilization, if we may credit Dr. Draper, 'that might have instructed Europe,' a culture wantonly crushed by Spain, who therein 'destroyed races more civilized than herself.'

"Differing among themselves in minor particulars only, and bearing a general resemblance to the nations of eastern and southern America; differing again, the whole, in character and cast of feature from every other people of the world, we have here presented hundreds of nations and tongues, with thousands of beliefs and customs, wonderfully dissimilar for so segregated a humanity, yet wonderfully alike for the inhabitants of a land that comprises within its limits nearly every phase of climate on the globe.

"At the touch of European civilization, whether Latin or Teutonic, these nations vanished, and their unwritten history, reaching back for thousands of ages, ended. . . . Their strange destiny fulfilled, in an instant they disappear, and all we have of them beside



their material relics is the glance caught in their hasty flight, which gives us a few customs and traditions, and a little mythological history. To gather and arrange in systematic, compact form all that is known of these people, to rescue some facts, perhaps, from oblivion, to bring others from inaccessible nooks, to render all available to science and to the general reader, is the object of this work."

For the purposes of description, the tribes inhabiting this long strip bordering on the Pacific are divided into six groups: I. Hyperboreans; II. Columbians; III. Californians; IV. New Mexicans; V. Wild Tribes of Mexico; VI. Wild Tribes of Central America.

"It is my purpose," writes Mr. Bancroft, "without any attempt at ethnological classification or further comment concerning races and stocks, plainly to portray such customs and characteristics as were peculiar to each people at the time of its first intercourse with European strangers."

I. Hyperboreans. The first or Arctic group is divided into a chain of four littoral tribes: the Eskimo, who occupy the Arctic shore of North America from the mouth of the Mackenzie River to Kotzebue Sound; the Koniagas, who live from Kotzebue Sound across the Kaviak Peninsula, border on Behring Sea from Norton Sound southward, and stretch over the Alaskan Peninsula and Koniagan Islands to the mouth of the Atna River; the Aleuts, or people of the Aleutian Archipelago; the Thlinkets, who follow the coast from the Atna to the Nass River. These four tribes, all often classed as Eskimo, are nearly related to each other.

Inland from this littoral chain of tribes, whose habitation rarely extends more than a hundred miles from the seashore, throughout the whole interior are scattered divisions of the great Tinné or Athabaskan Indian tribe. The picture drawn of these two families by Mr. Bancroft is full and interesting. It is beyond imagination to figure the conditions for a narrower or more gloomy life than the northmen must lead. A

long, blazing day, under whose constant light and heat sudden Arctic vegetation crowds into being, an abundant animal life on sea and land, a season of gluttonous fullness, a harvest of winter supplies; then slowly gathers that mysterious darkness of northern night, when the earth seems to radiate her last wave of warmth into a vault of polar stars, when the very winds are frozen, and the motionless air is dumb with cold; a long reign of silent darkness relieved now and then by the icy flash of auroras. This shore-inhabiting Eskimo tribe is held by many authorities to be the only American people directly connected with the races of another continent. Behring's Strait offers to the inhabitants of both the Asiatic and the American coasts an easy canoe transit, nor can certain evident ethnological affinities be denied.

This strange northern man, whose cheerless life seems clinging to forbidding nature against such awful odds, is he not oppressed, saddened, and forever cast down by the bitter rigors of his environment? Can he have an instant's thought beyond food and warmth? Is it not all with him battle and sleep? Behold him, on the contrary, a sleek, fat, oleaginous fellow, with plenty of good nature, developing, beside the ordinary human courage and ingenuity in capturing his daily food, a few customs we are wont to deem the privileges of civilization. Eskimo government is patriarchal, and men become venerated as they distinguish themselves in bold pursuit of the whale. Blubber, as in New Bedford, lubricates the avenue to greatness.

To religion and marriage we may ever turn as to final expressions of the inner nature of man. His attitude toward the God whose unseen presence he can but feel, and his treatment of the mother of his children, at once fix his place in the scale of manhood and nobility.

The Eskimo and their littoral brothers to the south peer through their enveloping atmosphere of fatty content only a little way into the infinite and unknown. The southern members of this shore-

family delegate their moral and medical responsibility to a priestly personage called the Shamán, whose privileges and rites are revolting beyond description. The aged are neglected; the dead put in a box raised upon posts, howled and danced around, and abandoned forever. The wife is practically a slave, although treated with adipose good nature. Actual slavery, of both males and females, with its ordinary cruelties mitigated by the race's sluggish mildness, everywhere exists. Skill and patience in fashioning their boats, sleds, and implements; boldness and power in the chase, are everywhere shown by this singular tribe, but their life centres in the love of feasting and repose.

Of the Tinneh, the great division of Indians lying within this shore chain of tribes, Mr. Bancroft gives an equally full and valuable account. Food and raiment are chiefly derived from game, among which the reindeer furnishes the most important supply. Widely scattered and surrounded by extremely varied conditions as the Tinneh are, it is to be expected that great diversity of social and personal habits should obtain; accordingly we find the many subdivisions of the main tribe developing interesting local peculiarities. In general, religion rises no higher than dances and incantations addressed to certain birds and beasts. The dead are burned with weird ceremony, and here for the first time we find a reminder of East Indian suttee, in the forced grief of widows upon the cremation of their husbands. The brief account given by Mr. Bancroft illustrating this shocking barbarity we quote:—

“When the funeral pile of a Tacully is fired, the wives of the deceased, if there are more than one, are placed at the head and foot of the body. Their duty there is to publicly demonstrate their affection for the departed; which they do by resting their heads upon the dead bosom, by striking in frenzied love the body, nursing and battling the fire meanwhile. And there they remain until the hair is burned from their heads, until, suffocated and almost senseless,

they stagger off to a little distance, then recovering, attack the corpse with new vigor, striking it first with one hand then with the other, until the form of the beloved is reduced to ashes. Finally these ashes are gathered up, placed in sacks, and distributed, one sack to each wife, whose duty it is to carry upon her person the remains of the departed for the space of two years.

“During this period of mourning the women are clothed in rags, kept in a kind of slavery, and not allowed to marry. Not unfrequently these poor creatures avoid their term of servitude by suicide. At the expiration of the time a feast is given them, and they are again free.”

Among the Chipewyans, who in many respects represent the lowest members of the Tinneh tribe, the dead are left exposed where life forsakes them, without respect, care, or ceremonial. The Kenai, at the end of a year after cremation, hold a feast in honor of the memory of the deceased, after which his name may never be mentioned. Oblivion, rather than affectionate memory, seems to be the desire of the Tinneh, and this more than all else gives a clew to the indefiniteness of their conception of a future state.

Man rules supreme, woman is the obedient creature of his wants; yet here and there are to be found instances of respect, even tenderness, toward the gentler sex, and once over the Nehan-nes, a warlike and turbulent tribe, there ruled a woman of whom Mr. Bancroft writes: “Her influence over her fiery people, it is said, was perfect; while her warriors, the terror and scourge of the surrounding country, quailed before her eye. Her word was law, and was obeyed with marvelous alacrity. Through her influence the women of her tribe were greatly raised.” It would be interesting to know if this queen were comely; whether she reigned as a Cleopatra or a Boadicea.

Courtship, involving a higher idea than abduction or barter, here and there makes its appearance. Among the arts the rudiments of pottery are practiced.

The Hyperboreans are numerous, because of a profuse natural food and clothing supply. The littoral family, steeped in fat, show an absence of warlike or even personally quarrelsome disposition. Religion and the family life are unspeakably low. Cunning, ingenuity, and the hungry boldness of the whale captor are their chief redeeming qualities. Hospitality is indeed a general virtue, and the Eskimo one and all possess a love of evening parties.

To the many who in civilized society consider a ball not only an *ennui* but a barbarity, it will communicate a thrill of satisfaction to find its exact counterpart in Arctic savage life. Each village has a *casino*, at once bath-house, rendezvous, and ball-room. Here, by the smoky light of train-oil lamps, gather the brave and the fair, decked in their best. Madame has her raven locks reinforced by false hair, the whole soaked in fat, and her complexion made hideous by cosmetics. Indigenous delicacies, such as fish fat and berries, are served, and the guests dance like maniacs to execrable music until improper hours. Civilization has substituted better theatrical properties, but the motive is painfully identical.

II. The Columbians. Following the southerly sweep of the Pacific coast from latitude 55° to the parallel of 43°, or nearly to the present northern boundary of California, the Columbians occupy a zone from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles wide, with an extreme length of quite a thousand miles.

South of the Fraser River this territory widens inland almost as far east as the head waters of the Missouri. Nature has here relaxed her boreal austerity. The great Japan current, or Pacific Gulf Stream, of tropically warmed water impinges along nearly this entire coast, and rolls over the land its aerial companion-river of mild, fog-laden air. Extremes of cold or dryness are hence unknown, and under these constantly tempered conditions a superb and richly varied forest is sustained. Deep fjords indent the coast, in whose still, sea-green depths are mirrored towering crag,

dark forest, and the flashing snow-crest of far granite peaks. Southward opens Puget Sound, margined with woodland, gemmed with green islands, and watched over by the lofty white cones of Baker and Tachoma; and still southward flows the Columbia, interesting alike to savage and civilized man. Thence to their lower boundary the Columbians possessed fair Oregon, with its wealth of fertile valley, oak-clad hill, and piny mountain. Gayety and color have become everywhere woven into the landscape. Climate is friend, not foe. Food is still plentiful and far more varied than in the chilly north. Man expands, his new condition begetting new faculties; freed from blubber and zero, his intelligence, as it were, thaws out, and more elevated feelings animate his career.

According to Mr. Bancroft's classification the division of Haidahs occupy Queen Charlotte's Island and the adjacent coast from 55° to 52° latitude; the Nootkas inhabit Vancouver's Island and the labyrinth of islets from the 52d parallel to the 49th; thence to the southern boundary of the division extend the Chinooks, while east of the Cascade Mountains, on the elevated cool plateau of the upper branches of the Columbia, dwell a series of families grouped under the name of Interior Tribes.

Among the Haidahs bordering on the northern division is still to be seen the revolting use of labrets, nose ornaments, and tattooing, and here also the whale is an object of pursuit; but otherwise a marked improvement has taken place. Dwellings, either for single families or built upon a communistic plan for the accommodation of several hundred souls, show improved construction, and are more or less artistically decorated with carved and painted figures of grotesque men and animals. Religious buildings, with elaborately carved, inlaid, and painted posts forty or fifty feet high, are described. Treaties solemnized with pomp and ceremonial are made between neighboring clans. Rank, nominally hereditary and usually derived from the mother's side, is in truth only held by men of eminence and individual

power, the imbecile or inactive noble lapsing into peasantry. They manage this more craftily in Europe. Large works of general value are accomplished by voluntarily associated labor. Marriage has often a ceremonial, and although the relation still possesses the elements of brutal tyranny on the one side and devoted submission on the other, the wife is usually shielded from the worst features of Eskimo dishonor. Death is no longer forgotten with vacant stupidity till the hour of its coming, but forms a subject of earnest contemplation and gives birth to a belief in infernal spirits, who, strange to say, are not feared for the after-life, but for their power to harm the living. The dead are reverently cared for, either laid in state in a canoe and lashed to the overhanging branches of a tree above a river, or burned.

Among the Nootkas and Chinooks still more progress may be noted. The idea of clan is developed and symbolized by the adoption of a crest, which is carved or painted upon all belongings, from canoe to coffin; moreover it is strictly forbidden for two persons bearing the same crest to marry. Such startling examples of highly developed intelligence, of enlightened forethought, are constantly discovering themselves to us in savage life, springing up as a sporadic growth, one plant at a time, as if latent in the very substrata of humanity were the seeds of all good, lacking only the coming of a moral summer to flower and bear fruit. Totems, dreams, endless superstition and myth-making, sorceries and incantations darken and confuse the poor soul, that straining and striving into the unknown finds itself met only by silence and darkness. To its wildest and loudest questionings comes only the spiritual echo whispering vaguely back again the problems of its own asking. Among the Chinooks the most noteworthy custom is the flattening of the head, a practice having its origin about the mouth of the Columbia River, and spreading more or less throughout the whole Columbia division. The compression of cranium, although

grossly disfiguring, exercises no appreciable effect upon the mental faculties; no characteristic differences being observable between the flattened and the normal individuals.

The coast Columbians are of rather full, rounded physique, but of middle height. In their arts, all centring as they do upon physical wants, are observed certain elements of novelty, as the invention of a rude loom for weaving of blankets, and a basket-work of exquisite finish, artistically ornamented with geometrical patterns in color. Music has progressed from a monotonous chant to rather agreeable choral melodies.

East of the Cascades, the Interior Tribes are a taller, hardier, more elevated type. Possessed of horses and skin-lodges, they are nomadic, and of necessity warlike. Here vengeance sometimes rises into justice. Marriage, ordinarily a mere barter, is among the Flatheads a grave ceremony. The domestic life throughout all these Interior Tribes is often rendered admirable by scrupulous cleanliness and a sacred regard for the marriage-vow. Even in divorce, their superiority is shown in the equitable division of family property and the cession of the children to their mother.

The Columbians, then, have carried all their arts and ornaments higher than their northern neighbors; introduced the loom; invented cleanliness; made the pipe a symbol of peace and deliberation; expressed the idea of clan by a crest, and placed woman in a neat dwelling, guarding her against insult and wrong; yet, with all these phenomena of uplift and development, all this enlivening promise, the savages have actually stooped to the custom of after-dinner speeches. We have no right to criticise or blame them for the brutal practice of skull-flattening, so long as the ladies of our better civilization persist in deforming and lacing a far more vital part of the body.

III. Californians. Next in order of description Mr. Bancroft treats of the Californians, comprising, besides actual

dwellers within the political outlines of that State, the Shoshone family, who spread over a vast portion of the Great Basin, and push eastward for a thousand miles.

In California proper are found the finest physical conditions united in one spot upon the continent, unless, indeed, we must except the Mexican plateau.

Nature, in the scale and character of her manifestations, here culminates. The perfection of climate, together with a prodigal supply for all bodily wants, seems to prepare the way for human elevation. Here, one would say, with an animating air, with ample leisure, with freedom from hunger and cold, the Indian must expand, must burst the fetters of savagery. On the contrary, we find him sunk deeper in torpor and animalism than his northern neighbors. The Californian is perhaps most remarkable for his lacks, and the pointed manner in which his whole culture deviates from the general law that a singularly favorable *habitat* will produce correspondingly fine human development. Mr. Bancroft clearly points out that ease of life and absence of enforced struggle are not enough to account for the lowered type we find. We incline to believe that in recent local geology may possibly be traced the causes of this singular interruption of a regular progress of improvement traced from the Arctic Sea to Mexico. Since the Indian occupation of California (as Whitney has proved by the discovery of man and his implements in the pliocene beds), volcanoes, glaciers, and floods have wrought a far more general and terrible work than has been traced to the north or south. Development might well be arrested, if not destroyed, by such impressive catastrophes. It is enough to say of the Californians that they are repetitions of the Columbians, sunken a little lower in selfishness, and lacking those few culminating points of true character which, like snow-peaks, reflect a higher light and give distinction to the moral topography.

Peculiarities of savage law often obtain in single localities only, like the

Modoc statute that a man may kill his mother-in-law with impunity. Elsewhere, the woman who has reared and nurtured the queen of a man's affections is only punished for it by being made to serve as the target for sneer and gibe in polite fiction.

Among the Californians are seen a characteristic Indian love of elaborate finery, delicate art in ornamenting, the old fondness for annual feasting and dancing sprees, with riotous excesses, melodramatic oratory, and pantomime; but in no one stroke of experimental intelligence, no single effort of moral perception, do they betray the presence of that divine unrest which is the motor of all true progress. Polygamy, slavery, and a burden of shadowy myth-born fears rob daily life of all dignity. With some the belief in a material heaven is firmly fixed; and an idea of vicarious propitiation finds expression in the penances of the medicine-man. This personage still unites the offices of physician and high-priest, belief in whose pretensions varies in different places, some tribes retaining full faith in a divine responsibility behind his tricks and incantations, while others, like the Mojaves of the Colorado, sharpen professional wits by decreeing that when a medicine-man makes his tenth mistake in prognosis, off goes his head.

Not many years since, Eagle-Sky, a venerable Mojave doctor, having made, during a long professional career, his nine allowable mistakes, became deeply concerned when a virulent form of measles fell like a scourge upon his tribe. With what Matthew Arnold humorously calls a "blood-thirsty clinging to life," this crafty practitioner examined each patient whom he was called to attend, and invariably informed the family that the sick man could not possibly recover. Obedience from the patient is rigid etiquette on the Colorado as well as elsewhere: when the measles reached a critical point, Eagle-Sky ordered his patients to plunge into the chilly river; his dark prognosis invariably came true, and the sly fellow avoided his fatal tenth mistake.



Thus brutal savages limit the man whom they intrust with their dearest possession, life, to but ten fatal examples of malpractice. What if the actual knowledge of our civilized doctors were thus put to the crucial test? Charity distinguishes enlightened peoples, and we of the higher culture, while permitting the barbaric mystery to enshroud our medicine-men, concede them the high privilege of blundering to their hearts' content.

IV. The New Mexicans. Here Mr. Bancroft has pictured a region and unveiled a phase of savage life of peculiar interest. A desert dotted now and then with natural or artificial oases, its dreary monotony interrupted (wherever the topography lifts itself into the higher strata of moist air) by stretches of forest-clad upland; a climate always dry, yet subject to annual extremes of intense heat and cold.

Valleys, cañons, and lacustrine basins are either dry as tinder, or possess in their few springs and shrunken rivulets the mere echoing reminder of a powerful and abundant water supply. You ride down great cañon beds once brimming with affluent rivers, and only the arid sand whispers under the footsteps of your thirsty horse.

Strange, garish-colored rock walls, like remnants of a huge architecture, rise above the plateaux, and afar are summits with perpetual snow. Excepting the healthful purity of air, all conditions would seem combined to repress, even to extinguish, human advancement; yet here, in this forbidding desert, are found rudiments of a civilization, a true, creative start into higher life.

Here occur two totally distinct savage types: a brave, pitiless, carnivorous family of nomadic tribes, embracing the Apaches, Navajoes, and Comanches; and the mild, tranquil group of agricultural people called Pueblo Indians from their remarkably constructed pueblos or towns. In their arts, beliefs, and whole mode of living the latter are notably superior to their bolder enemies. The nomads have but one passion in life — assassination; one bequest from father

to son — the tiger love of human blood; one mental activity — treachery. As observed by early Spanish students, the Apache differs in no wise from the astonishing devil whose lodge is to-day decked with the bloody scalps of last year's pioneers. He is the same whom we have lately seen in the person of Cachoise, demurely drawing down the grin of hell into the oily counterfeit of a brotherly smile, and "swapping" platitudes with a certain child-like general, while his picked warriors only a few miles away danced a veritable *can-can d'enfer* around a writhing soldier whom they grilled for pastime. Strategy, which, shorn of its martial halo, is only a craftily acted lie, seems their dominant faculty, as murder is the single *idée fixe*. The Comanches, it is true, bear a reputation for superiority, which only means that their cruel energies are not so brilliantly developed as the Apaches', and that a certain Arab dignity and dim idea of hospitality gloss over their brutishness, just as beaded and brilliantly-wrought garments cover the dirty hide.

Among the mild and bucolic Pueblos may be observed certain civilized arts which have grown up under the fostering influence of clean, comfortable, fixed abodes, and even such graces of character as are caused to bud and bloom by that humble but irresistible civilizer, a pumpkin factor in diet. The pueblos or communistic buildings of residence are large structures counting as many as seven stories of firmly mortared stone, built by the joint labor of men and women, and so planned in terraces, so flanked by mural defenses, as to give each family a sunny outlook, combining at the same time the advantages of a stronghold impregnable against their perpetual enemies, the Navajoes.

Living in unique structures, with flocks and gardens outspread beneath their watch, with an intelligent system of artificial irrigation, with a providence in laying up annual supplies, these Indians have found time to reach considerable proficiency in ornamented pottery and in the weaving of tasteful fabrics.



The estufa, or sweat-house, which exists as a sacred or medical institute everywhere down from the Arctic regions, here plays the double rôle of Russian bath and temple, uniting the ideas of cleanliness and godliness. Among a people who wash and pray we need not be surprised to find the sentiment of love rising higher than with previously noted tribes. Here, too, for the first time, we observe a solicitous care for the morals of the young and habits of family decorum. But, as if tacitly admitting man's fallibility and his inexorable need of a safety-valve spree, an annual festival is given, in which religion is dragged down to riot with baser emotions, as sometimes occurs in civilization.

Among the amenities of Pueblo life is this: a maiden falling a victim to the tender passion has here the coveted privilege of making the *premier pas*; her father negotiates with the parents of the unconscious youth, and often leads a coy bridegroom to his expectant daughter's home.

So, with the pumpkin diet, with fields and flocks, it seems in keeping to find a love-sick swain serenading with a reed flute. With characteristic savage patience he toots forth his love for hours and even days, till the dear girl is glad to buy a little silence at the price of marriage.

The Indians of the peninsula of Lower California are degraded below all other tribes, presenting but the one redeeming trait of love of country.

Comprised within this subdivision are also the tribes of extreme Northern Mexico.

V. Wild Tribes of Mexico. Within limits marked by the twenty-third and eighteenth parallels of latitude and the two oceans, Mr. Bancroft groups and describes aboriginal Mexicans who at the time of the Spanish Conquest were still savages, who, if possessing any affinity with the civilized Aztec, showed only traces of that powerful reflex action which higher advancement always sheds around it.

The configuration of the country produces three types of climatic region: a

highland, or *tierra fria*; those lower mountain slopes and sierras embraced under the term *tierra templada*; and hot lowlands bordering the two oceans, known as *tierras calientes*. Humanity shows this diversity; warlike, cruel, active Indians occupying the *tierra fria*, and a race of gentler, more sensuous, and gayer people living under tropical palms in the lowlands. The arts and manufactures are far higher than among northern nations, great skill being shown in modeling clay figures and in the ornamentation of pottery, textile fabrics, and gold jewelry. Weaving and embroidery especially are carried to artistic excellence, and the use of colors in dress is effected with positive success. It is interesting to find coast tribes obtaining from a *murex* the same royal purple dye for which Tyre was once famous.

Superstitions are more tinged with terror: black spirits, battle gods, and evil genii crowd upon the savage imagination and lend a sombre view to life, beside stimulating excess of intemperance and other vices. Mysteries in divine providence, all the tangled web of trials and disappointments, all the thousand cruel blows of fate,—of which human life everywhere, in all time, in whatever status, is so largely made up,—seem to the Mexican savage the work of malignant spirits. Death is met bravely, as it is by all Indians, and the departed is speeded on his journey by covering the grave with garlands of fragrant flowers and repasts of savory viands. Not a few such suggestions of Mongolian customs are observed.

In sickness certain tribes consult a sacred crystal, whose clear light is supposed to influence the patient for good.

The Mexican gave his whole mind to the subject of drinks, and certainly succeeded in inventing many delicious compounds. Cookery also rose into the realm of a domestic art, where it surely belongs. Omelets, delicate maize tortillas, cups of refined chocolate, and *ragôût* of game piquantly enlivened with fragrant pepper, were, strange to say, not enough to elevate the lives of this

benighted people. Perhaps they even smothered the higher sensibilities with such demoralizing delicacies as *sauce à la chile*. In New England, where the noblest average type of morality obtains, there is nothing in the prevalent *cuisine* to allure the Pilgrim mind from its most ascetic moods.

VI. Wild Tribes of Central America. The Mexican plateaux and sierras narrow and concentrate to the southward into a single water divide, which is prolonged throughout all Central America, following closely the Pacific coast and leaving a broad area of tropical lowlands between the Cordilleras and the Atlantic. Mountain or templada country occupies less and less area toward the Isthmus. Warm savannas alternate with luxuriant forests. Vegetation is at once varied and magnificent. Splendid flowers wreath and drape the trees with veils of viny growth; enormous leafage lines the river banks; blazing orchids, stately palms, bend toward the sea. In this primeval forest, tropic night broods with a deep, impressive silence; the heavy air soothes brain and nerve, and sleep is the deepest, the most dreamless oblivion. Here, when the Indian lies down at night, it is to rest as the northman with his high nerve tension never can. Every atom sleeps, every fibre relaxes; each morning finds him full of *verve*, yet calm and reposeful as the Sphinx. Men and women are often models of symmetry and grace. Whoever has strolled at dusk where palm groves lean to the shore, and watched the Indian women sauntering in the cool of evening with a gait in which a ripple of grace undulates—whoever has seen their soft, dark eyes, and read the expression of tenderness and pathos which is habitual on their faces, can but feel that here simple nature has done all she can for woman. Mr. Bancroft describes a marvelous richness of customs, an all but endless variety of social phenomena.

The Central Americans are supplied with ample food, the minimum of labor providing for all their wants. The arts, especially pottery, are carried to a high

finish; decorated vases and jars, rivaling the finer Etruscan, are frequently met. The hammock, the palm-leaf mats woven in elegant patterns, carved calabashes, rich and tasteful use of colors, mark a certainty and spontaneity of taste which belong, we believe, to people who have not yet wholly emerged from primitive culture. A Greek temple and a Guatemalan vase are creations. A modern picture, however fine, is only a more or less successful plagiarism from nature.

Lyric poetry, founded on heroic deed or mythical idea, is a phase of the artistic impulse in the Central Americans; and a sort of archaic *opera bouffe*, satirical of governments and leaders, exists in spite of the general veneration for constituted authority. Complicated wooden musical instruments are used for accompaniments, with fair artistic effect, during their character dances and choruses.

Incense of fragrant gums is burned in solemn conclave of warriors before setting out for battle. Caste and hereditary rights find place among nearly all tribes. Man here is not always lord of the family life, whole tribes and clans being subject to petticoat rule. Polygamy and slavery are the darkest phases of society, as myth-terror is of individual life. The old merging of the offices of priest and doctor is observed, with the added barbarity of enforcing celibacy upon the priesthood. Infallibility seems not to have been promulgated here. Head-flattening is effected as among the Columbians. Gold jewelry, with pearls and gems, is highly valued, and from prehistoric times has been prominent in their arts.

With all the marvels of diversity Mr. Bancroft has traced from Eskimo to Isthmian, with all the shadings of development, all the sporadic and isolated upspringings of progressive impulse, there is a marked community of general type. An Indian, whether he sits down to make his breakfast of a banana or of a whale, is still never more nor less than an Indian.

In the most vague and sketchy man-

ner, we have followed Mr. Bancroft's fertile research into these interesting tribes, the narrow limits of a review absolutely preventing more than a hint at the wealth of material he has brought together. Scholarly in method, sagacious in the balancing of oft-conflicting authorities, conscientious in keeping the data of science pure and unvitiated by the special pleading of theorists, he has achieved a conspicuous success.

In this, the least fascinating of the series, students will find a museum of human facts, all ticketed and classified upon a geographical basis. In the following volumes, as we know from advance sheets, may be studied for the first time with full material the most absorbingly interesting problems of primitive America.

Beside a certain scientific generalship in the command of his army of authors, and beyond all the patient labor in marshaling details, Mr. Bancroft shows also a sound, healthy literary judgment. Possessing a cool, clear style, he adapts it with excellent taste to the uses of a book for the most part simple, direct, and low-toned; there are, however, passages of singularly happy description, where a few vivid touches, made with

the decision of a master's sketch, bring out the aspect of a region in admirable distinctness. Excellent also are the rare passages where he cannot help a philosophic reflection, or prevent a ray of thoughtful wit.

Perhaps a true literary workman is known as well by his foot-notes as by the page; a frankness in citing arguments or opinions contrary to his own conclusion, and a well-considered abundance of data for the special uses of certain classes of scholars, are among the good qualities of the ample notes of this work.

Whether we judge his work by comparison with the finest investigation into aboriginal culture, or from the point of view of personal acquaintance with Indians, or whether we estimate it by the constantly expressed wants of modern scholars, Mr. Bancroft has assuredly compelled our respect and even our gratitude.

It is not a little noteworthy that so monumental a literary labor should have been accomplished in a new country, far from all scholastic atmosphere, remote from the daily association with fellow-investigators, by the perseverance of one courageous student.

*Clarence King.*

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## THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

PLUMED ranks of tall wild-cherry  
And birch surround  
The half-hid, solitary  
Old burying-ground.

All the low wall is crumbled  
And overgrown,  
And in the turf lies tumbled  
Stone upon stone.

Only the school-boy, scrambling  
After his arrow  
Or lost ball, — searching, trampling  
The tufts of yarrow,

Of milkweed and slim mullein, —  
The place disturbs;  
Or bowed wise-woman, culling  
Her magic herbs.

No more the melancholy  
Dark trains draw near;  
The dead possess it wholly  
This many a year.

The head-stones lean, winds whistle,  
The long grass waves,  
Rank grow the dock and thistle  
Over the graves;

And all is waste, deserted,  
And drear, as though  
Even the ghosts departed  
Long years ago!

The squirrels start forth and chatter  
To see me pass;  
Grasshoppers leap and patter  
In the dry grass.

I hear the drowsy drumming  
Of woodpeckers,  
And suddenly at my coming  
The quick grouse whirs.

Untouched through all mutation  
Of times and skies,  
A by-gone generation  
Around me lies:

Of high and low condition,  
Just and unjust,  
The patient and physician,  
All turned to dust.

Suns, snows, drouth, cold, birds, blossoms,  
Visit the spot;  
Rains drench the quiet bosoms  
Which heed them not.

Under an aged willow,  
The earth my bed,  
A mossy mound my pillow,  
I lean my head.

Babe of this mother, dying  
A fresh young bride,  
That old, old man is lying  
Here by her side!

I muse: above me hovers  
A haze of dreams:  
Bright maids and laughing lovers,  
Life's morning gleams;

The past with all its passions,  
Its toils and wiles,  
Its ancient follies, fashions,  
And tears and smiles;

With thirsts and fever-rages,  
And ceaseless pains,  
Hoarding as for the ages  
Its little gains!

Fair lives that bloom and wither,  
Their summer done;  
Loved forms with heart-break hither  
Borne one by one.

Wife, husband, child and mother,  
Now reck no more  
Which mourned on earth the other,  
Or went before.

The soul, risen from its embers,  
In its blest state  
Perchance not even remembers  
Its earthly fate;

Nor heeds, in the duration  
Of spheres sublime,  
This pebble of creation,  
This wave of time.

For a swift moment only  
Such dreams arise;  
Then, turning from this lonely,  
Tossed field, my eyes

Through clumps of whortleberry  
And brier look down  
Toward yonder cemetery,  
And modern town,

Where still men build, and marry,  
And strive, and mourn,  
And now the dark pall carry,  
And now are borne.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

## A CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

THE Honorable Mrs. Harrington was thirty-two years old, and had been a widow for ten years. Her chief characteristic was romance; therein lay the source of her principal merits and defects; thence had arisen the decisive mistakes of her life; thereon rests the groundwork of the following story. As Laura Winton, only child and heiress of a rich fox-hunting squire, the master of the Tintara hounds, she had been noted for nothing but her silence, her shyness, and her horsemanship. She had been brought up with unusual strictness even for an English girl; she was the last of many children, who had all died in infancy, and at her birth her mother died. Her training was confided to a maiden sister of Mr. Winton's, older than himself, an epitome of all the old-fashioned principles and prejudices of half a century ago. The Wintons were genuine country people of the by-gone sort: they never had a house "in town" (*i. e.*, London); they never crossed the Channel; to the squire and his two sisters, one of whom, rather late in life, had married a clergyman, a Frenchman was a synonym for levity of manners, depravity of morals, insanity in politics, and uncleanness in personal habits; Italians and Spaniards were confusedly regarded as a distant and improbable race who wore round cloaks and played on the guitar; if they thought of Americans at all, it was as of a semi-civilized nation of fourth-rate importance, who all carried bowie-knives down their backs, picked their teeth with a fork, and were constantly fighting Indians and flogging negroes. Miss Winton provided a governess after her own heart for her niece, and Laura's education was all of a piece, and flawless, unless the squire's one point of difference from his sister on the subject of female education may be said to have caused a flaw: he approved of his daughter's riding, nay, of her hunting, and took

her with him after the hounds on her pony, to the grave annoyance of Miss Winton, who was sure that harm would come of it. And harm did come of it, to her melancholy satisfaction. Riding was the one vent this romantic and solitary young girl found to whatever of youthful longing and repressed inner life stirred unquietly in her nature. The exhilarating exercise; the occasional glimpses of wild and open country, captivating by contrast with the trim formality amid which lay her daily walks; the striking groups which dogs, horses, and men in scarlet sometimes formed against a background of russet wood or blue moorland or gray sky, ministering to an unconscious love of the picturesque; and the presence of a number of good-looking young men, made the hunting-field a realm of delight to Laura, and hunting-days the red-letter days of her life.

Laura liked good-looking young men extremely, though she gave no outward sign and was inwardly ashamed of it. Even the vainest of the Tintara hunt never suspected the flutter which arose in Miss Laura Winton's innocent breast when he reined up his horse to say a few words to her at the meet or the death, or rode beside her for a mile or two on the long run. Laura was not one of those women for whom every man has a certain attraction, nor was she a coquette; but all good-looking young men who rode well were to her possible heroes of a romance of which she naturally was the heroine, and for which what fitter scene could there be than the hunting-field with its perilous pleasures? But beyond the hearty admiration which her perfect riding never failed to excite, the young men found her most uninteresting, and wondered whether there was another girl in the United Kingdom whose presence would add so little charm to the hunt. Not that she was plain; she had a kind



and degree of good looks very common in her class and country: a well-shaped, well-set head, a fresh complexion, clear eyes, with dark brows and lashes, sunny fair hair, of which she had a great wealth peculiar to herself; her straight, slender figure and sloping shoulders looked very well in her dark habit. But there was nothing striking in this, and it was impossible to get more than a monosyllable from her. In short, she had no interest for them except as the richest heiress of the county, and that was neutralized by the well-known understanding between her father and the Earl of Westover that she should marry Lord Foxhaugh, the earl's eldest son. The squire was neither a snob nor a worldly man, and his blood was as good as the earl's, if not better; but he had an orthodox English respect for rank, and a sound English faith in the benefits of settling one's children well in life, especially the girls; he had no intention of forcing Laura to marry against her inclinations, but no idea that her inclinations would not dutifully take the path he chose for them when the proper time should come, which was not yet, as she was not seventeen. The future husband, indeed, was thirty-five, but a year or two would not make him less fit for such a marriage, while it might make her fitter.

Not a word had ever been said to Laura by her natural guardians on this subject, yet she was as well instructed about it as if it had been part of her catechism. Neither Miss Winton nor the governess, Miss Wright, would have so transgressed the rules of propriety as to touch upon such a topic with a girl not out of the school-room. Possibly Laura's old nurse or one of the maid-servants might have told her that she was to be a countess some day; perhaps there is a subtle instinct which warns the simplest girl when schemes of this sort are in the air; at any rate she knew all about it as well as the gentleman did, and he and his father had talked the matter over long before, in that plain, practical way which does honor to English common-sense. Lord

Foxhaugh had frankly come into the plan, sowing his wild oats in season, and afterwards going into Parliament in a satisfactory way, while waiting until his future bride should be of age to be wooed. Now the bridegroom elect was thick-set and red of face, with blunt features and buff hair and whiskers; he looked ten years older than he was, being one of those men who become middle-aged very early. The second brother was in orders and had the family living; the third was in the navy; the youngest in the guards. This last, Ralph Harrington, was as handsome as man can be; tall, slender, and perfectly proportioned, with large, limpid blue eyes full of calm, patrician insolence, chestnut curls, chiseled features, and an infrequent smile of singular sweetness, which showed a set of even, narrow teeth, as unlike his eldest brother's double row of ivory squares as possible. He was twenty-three, not boyish, but with a grace as of perpetual youth about him; he would not seem as old at fifty as Lord Foxhaugh did at thirty-five. Nobody rode better than his lordship, but he sat his horse like a bag of beans, as the farmers said, and grew redder every minute. Ralph seldom came to the Tintara hunt, but he rode like a knight at a tournament, Laura thought. In short, — for it is not with this part of her history that we are concerned save by way of needful introduction, — just when the squire, the earl, and his heir began to think that it would soon be time to open the matrimonial discussion, while Miss Winton protested against anticipating Laura's seventeenth birthday and her coming out at the county ball, the young lady herself was falling so violently in love with the guardsman that even Ralph, with his head full of gambling-debts and other women, could not help being struck by it. He suddenly perceived a way out of many difficulties, and without loss of time persuaded her to run away with him. Without loss of time, but not without trouble, for he had to conquer first her shyness and then her conscience; she did not feel bound to marry

Lord Foxhaugh to please her father, but she did feel herself to be a wicked and undutiful girl to marry against his will, without his knowledge, when he had always been so good to her, and she loved him better than anybody in the world save one; it was shameful, shocking, and she wept many hot tears on the sleepless night which decided her fate. The next morning, however, she rode to the meet with a beating heart but her mind made up, and galloped off with her handsome lover in the confusion of the first run.

There was a great row, of course, but the squire forgave her, and Lord Foxhaugh married the daughter of a man who had a patent for shoe-blackening, three times as rich as Laura; Ralph's father-in-law paid his debts, and the young fellow kept clear of entanglements thenceforward, and was rather fond of his wife, especially when she gave him a boy, although one might suppose that a younger son would take no more pride in a boy than a girl; and for five years all went well enough. Then the child fell ill and died of scarlet fever, and the father caught it from him and died also. Laura went home to her father's, where, indeed, she had spent much of her married life; but in a year or two the squire died, and she was left alone with her aunt.

The days which followed were so like one another that in looking back to the few events which occurred in her neighbors' lives, — in her own there were none, — Laura found it impossible to remember in what year one had married, another sold his house, a third succeeded to a title. She had few resources to fill the time; the ordinary old-school education knew nothing of music, painting, or modeling; she had been taught French and Italian, but had no knowledge of either literature beyond the dreary selection known to drawing-room culture of fifty years ago as "the classics;" her reading in English had been exceedingly restricted in her girlhood, and during her married life it had been desultory and without thought; once more in her old home, she

was out of the way of new books altogether. Her husband had objected to her hunting, and their unsettled life had broken up the habit of riding; during her early widowhood she had resumed it with her father, but after his death the association became painful and she gave it up. She looked after the place, she visited the parish-school, read to poor old sick women, saw her bailiff and gamekeeper, received letters from her agent and solicitor, went to county dinners where she always met the same people, exchanged an annual visit of about a week with her aunt, the clergyman's widow, and paid one apiece of about the same length to her married brothers-in-law, Lord Foxhaugh, — now Earl of Westover, — and the Hon. and Rev. Smythe Harrington, in different parts of England. All this was done in regular routine, by the hour of day or the day of the week or the time of year; for Miss Winton's authority, though tacit, was still active, and the habit was too strong on both sides to be broken. In Laura's many and long visits to her early home during her married life, she had always come as a guest; when she returned thither as a widow, she was too broken by recent grief to assume the charge of it; after her father's death, when she became mistress, she was still too passive to make changes, and the old order continued unquestioned, the pressure of her aunt's influence inducting her into the duties of lady of the manor as it had formerly regulated her study and exercises. She had no pleasure or interest in any of it, but she had nothing else to do, and felt a need of occupation consequent on the life-long habit of being occupied. During this period she received more than one offer of marriage, for a rich young widow with no child, well-born and well-favored, is more attractive to a cold-blooded man than a young girl. All Mrs. Harrington's admirers were cold-blooded, and moreover commonplace, so that their addresses only gave her annoyance without the pleasing disturbance of refusing an agreeable man. Everybody had predicted that she would remarry;

her father had taken it for granted and worded his will accordingly, and her aunt was in quiet but constant expectation of seeing her niece relax towards some one of the worthy gentlemen who wished to bestow their tediousness upon her; in fact, they all took it as a matter of course, as people do everywhere, especially in England. But Laura was protected by many outworks. She was as shy as ever, and quite as silent; she was incased in passive indifference and a morbid melancholy, resulting from her peculiar life and sudden and repeated losses. Marriage had brought her disappointment and disillusion, for her husband had never been in love with her for a quarter of an hour, which she had not been very long in discovering. Also, though more slowly, she found out how very different the man she had married was from the paladin of her imagination. Her unworldliness saved her from suspecting his real motives in marrying her; she sadly and with shame set it down to compassion, as she had heard of men marrying women for pity, which was credible, while marrying for money was not. How much she had felt his death she did not know, for it was merged and identified with the profound grief she had suffered for her child, and she had mourned them as one loss which had destroyed her life. Withal she was as romantic as ever, and had sentimental notions about first love and second marriages which only events could put to rout. If she had only known it, she had a better chance of happiness in any of the later matches which presented themselves than in her first wild venture; not one of the men who sought her hand but was more interested in her than Ralph Harrington had been, and for herself, where there was no giddy height there could be no fall. But even had she been capable of such considerations, she was incapable of acting upon them.

Thus many years went by. But Laura's thirtieth birthday, a serious occasion with most women, marked a new epoch. She began to think over her life, how incomplete and fragmentary it

had been; how she had married from the school-room without even enjoying the fullness of girlhood; how her married life had been a series of unpleasant surprises, and how she had hardly reached the calm and consciousness of womanhood before the loss of husband and child had seemed to end everything forever; for what was left? But the truth was she had begun to live again. Her sorrows had come so early and so close together that they had taken the first fruits but not the prime of her affections and powers, while the seclusion and monotony of her subsequent existence had kept in her a wonderful freshness and youth of feeling. She had drunk deep once of excitement and emotion, but the draught had left her unsatisfied, and now that she was reviving, and to a condition of completeness which she had never known before, a feverish thirst for the same springs made her restless, though she did not understand the cause. Yes, everything was ended, she said to herself many times; she was thirty, she was an old woman, but still with a great many years to live, probably, and were they all to be as dull, as monotonous, as dreary, as the last seven or eight? She did not see very well how she could change the order of things in which she moved, or make them better, but she gradually came to that state of mind when a change for the worse would be a relief. But the force of habit and of deference to her aunt was second nature; she had taken but one decisive step for herself in her life; she had none of what is called initiative. So she endured the growing disquiet and disgust for a long time before they became intolerable, and then the only thing she could think of to do was to take a house in London for the season.

In London she exchanged the quiet routine of her country home for the distracting whirl of town, which is routine too, after all. She had neither taste nor talent for society; she went to dinners where she did not speak a word, and to balls where nobody spoke to her; she was frightened to death daily when

she had to present herself alone amid a room full of gay folk, at five o'clock tea; after three months she was jaded and depressed, and glad to go back to the country. But she was not more contented than before, and having played her only card she did not know what to do next. She became moody and irritable for the first time in her life, lost her appetite, and could not sleep. Her aunt, in some distress of mind, persuaded her to send for a doctor. The doctor, not finding much amiss, ordered her to Brighton, whither she disconsolately went. Brighton answered no better than London; the symptoms increased, and Miss Winton, in real anxiety, urged their consulting a London physician of great fame. Accordingly they went up to town and saw Sir George T——, who ordered Mrs. Harrington abroad for six months. Whether he understood the case, or whether his prescription was the aristocratic equivalent for a country apothecary's bread pills, we cannot say; Laura was instantly aware that the remedy had been found. The bustle, the alarm, which such a move occasioned, brought a host of active emotions with them, and the very trepidation she felt was agreeable. All sorts of necessary arrangements, which other people would have thought a bore and a nuisance, were delightful to her from their novelty. In short, she improved so rapidly before the time came to set out that Miss Winton suggested that the journey seemed unnecessary; but her niece had had a little foretaste of liberty, and, remembering that she was her own mistress, adhered to the scheme. Laura's elopement had destroyed Miss Winton's confidence in her once for all, and the idea of a journey in foreign lands where people do not speak English seemed fraught with risk for a young woman whose discretion could not be depended upon. That she should accompany her niece was unhappily not to be thought of; after seventy years of an orderly, decorous life, the unfitness of abandoning all her practices and proprieties to go to strange countries, where the English tongue and Protestant faith are un-

known, was greater than that of allowing Laura to go without her. But neither was it to be thought of that the Hon. Mrs. Harrington should go abroad alone; the courier and two servants counted for nothing, and Miss Winton recommended her niece to take her former governess, Miss Wright. Laura was ready enough to consent to this arrangement, into which the poor old spinster, who was getting past her work, gladly entered. So, early in the autumn of 186—, she set out with a maid, a man-servant, a courier, and a companion, as ladies of quality used to take the "grand tour" after the downfall of Bony.

They were to spend the winter in Venice, whither by slow stages they repaired. Laura was full of wonder, enjoyment, excitement, and an indefinite sense of expectation. She had none of the difficulty in asserting herself against Miss Wright which she felt with her aunt. She was rather hampered and hindered in her sight-seeing by her ignorance of what was to be seen and her constant fears of doing something that she ought not to do; but they did not make her unhappy, and she looked forward in a vague way to greater freedom when she should be settled at Venice.

They reached their journey's end after a long, dusty day in the railway, which had been warm, despite the lateness of the season. Issuing from the station they found themselves on the broad marble steps which descend to the wide canal, where a black squadron of gondolas lay waiting, and an army of beggars made pretense of being useful by keeping them moored with hooked sticks. A fresh salt breath rose from the clear, green water; the topmost towers burned in the ruby glow of the invisible sunset, while all below was slightly veiled in a pale lilac obscurity. The travelers stepped into a gondola, which was soon gliding through the narrow canals under overhanging balconies, beneath the dark arcs of numberless bridges, by mysterious archways, round sharp corners, where the boatman erect in the stern gave a strange, melancholy

call of warning like the cry of a sea-bird (sometimes answered by another, and then the black form of a gondola would pass them close but noiselessly); then out again into broader ways where the silent stroke of the oar sent the tiny reflections of lights, that were already twinkling here and there, dancing along the glassy surface of the water. At length they arrived at one of the hotels on the south side of the Grand Canal, and saw opposite to them the domes and volutes of the church of the Salute, dark against the still red sky. As in a dream Laura stepped upon the little quay, and the old sense of romantic possibility of the hunting-field took instant and entire possession of her. A little later, when all light had vanished except the stars in the clear night-sky and the star-like gleams which glided or darted by on the darker heaven of the water, she opened one of the long windows of her drawing-room and went out upon the stone balcony. At that moment a chorus of men's voices broke into song just below: leaning over, she saw several figures standing in an open boat, whose dark outline was decorated with strings of bright-colored lanterns like big, semi-lucent bubbles. The melody had a rocking rhythm which took the ear; the only words she could distinguish were *voga, onda, bella, sospiri*, and other sweet syllables; it was a cradle-song of the sea. And this was her first hearing of Italian from Italian lips.

The few following days all passed under the same spell; in thinking of those days she always remembered the trembling golden chain-work on her ceiling, thrown there by the sun from the water below, the first thing she saw on waking. Then Miss Wright suggested that they should see Venice systematically. So they set forth every morning with guide-books, and opera-glasses, and a courier, and broke their necks in trying to see the ceilings of the Doge's palæce, put their eyes out in looking at pictures in the darkest corners of dark churches, and fell victims to all the sextons, *custodes*, and *cicerones*; and their prudery suffered agonies. They also

went to the Piazza San Marco, and saw the fluttering battalions of pigeons come flocking to be fed at the first stroke of the great clock, and hovering eagerly above the hand which any stranger held out full of corn; and Mrs. Harrington bought armfuls of trash at the little shell and jewelry and coral shops under the colonnades, and was stared out of countenance by the loungers smoking before the *cafés*. The sight-seeing soon became rather tiresome, for Miss Wright knew as little of art as her former pupil did, and although she had the requisite acquaintance with historical facts and dates, she could tell her nothing about Bianca Cappello or the Brides of Venice. Then came a week of rainy weather; the gorgeous colors vanished, and left poor, patched, ragged, bedrabbled Venice looking as shabby as Cinderella after twelve o'clock on the night of the ball. It is not to be denied that in bad weather the canals look muddy and the gondolas hearse-like, and that there is an excess of wet everywhere. Laura beheld this dismal metamorphose from her windows, and began to be as melancholy as though she were in Wiltshire. Miss Wright suggested that Mrs. Harrington felt the want of regular occupation and proposed her taking Italian lessons, to which she agreed rather despondently.

Just then the Countess of Westover came to Venice, on an autumn run through Europe. Nobody enjoyed playing the countess more than this lady; she also took so much satisfaction in patronizing, that she never went anywhere or did anything except with a touch of condescension, and for somebody's alleged benefit. Thus, she was going to Venice "to see Ralph's widow, you know, poor thing, who won't have done moping about him." She had likewise a mania for knowing everybody, and appeared to travel with a circular letter of credit to all the noble houses on the Continent. The two propensities led her to the studios of the principal artists wherever she went: "Gives him a lift, you know," she said, whether she ordered anything or not; and she would



have said it of Schwanthaler and Meissonier.

Laura, dull and solitary, was not sorry to see her sister-in-law, and willingly abandoned herself to be dragged the round of the churches and galleries and shops again. These exhausted, Lady Westover announced that she was going to the studio of Arnould, a French painter of great promise, who she heard was in Venice. They started as usual in great state in Mrs. Harrington's gondola, with the courier and two gondoliers, for whom the countess had persuaded their passive mistress to order a smart sailor's dress, such as no real Venetians ever wear; the gondoliers and all the hotel people called her *Miladi*, which she secretly liked, not because it was a title but because it had a strange, unaccustomed sound, which suited her life in this strange place. They wound in and out among a labyrinth of narrow canals which might be called the slums of Venice, stopped at a door in a moldy wall, which let them into a dark, damp little court, and sending the courier on to announce them, began to grope and clamber up a steep and narrow staircase. Laura had rather rebelled at having her name scratched on Lady Westover's card, but no heed was paid to her remonstrances. As they were breathlessly toiling up the fourth flight the courier came stumbling back to say that Monsieur Arnould had nothing to show and begged to be excused. "Stuff!" said her ladyship, and finding herself upon the right landing she knocked sharply at the first door. It opened, and in the bright light streaming from within stood a man of singular and striking appearance: he was below middle height and strongly, squarely built, with unusual breadth and depth of chest; his features were rather small, but irregular and marked, the eyes very dark, deep-set, and overhung with thick, black brows; a mass of tangled black locks fell forward over his low forehead, and the lower part of his square, sallow face was almost hidden in a dark confusion of beard and mustache; he was dressed in a loose brown velvet suit, with a blood-

colored scarf of soft silk twisted carelessly round his throat below the limp roll of shirt collar. He stood with his palette and brushes in one hand and the other on the latch of the door, and bowed gravely.

"There is a mistake, ladies, I fear," he said quietly, in a low but deep-toned voice.

"Mistake? oh, no!" replied Lady Westover, who was not deterred from speaking French by her very bad accent. "You are Monsieur Arnould."

"That is my name; I sent word by the courier that I was desolate to be unable to receive the honor of Madame la Comtesse's visit, but that I have nothing to show her." All this was said in the same voice, grave, quiet, cold, and he stood in the same attitude, as though expecting his unwelcome visitors to withdraw.

"Monsieur," replied the countess, undaunted, "don't tell fibs! I see charming things everywhere;" and she brushed by into the studio towards the easel at which he was working.

Up to this point Laura had enjoyed the novelty and smack of adventure of such a visit; now her impulse was to retreat, but she was incapable of making the move herself, and mechanically followed her companion, until she stood for the first time amidst the captivating confusion of a studio. Wherever she turned her eyes she saw rich hangings of gold-brocaded stuff or mellow old Gobelin tapestry, bits of armor, curious old weapons and musical instruments, such as she had seen in pictures, flower-shaped vases of Murano glass, great majolica dishes with splashes of warm color and pearly shell-like reflections, Eastern cushions and rugs, antique furniture with elaborate carving and worm-eaten padding, and scattered everywhere the appurtenances of the artist's craft, a litter of brushes, and oil-color flasks, rags, half-finished studies, fresh canvases, empty frames. Her eye rested finally upon a picture standing on another easel, a little aside, and she felt a sudden shock of pleasure such as music sometimes gives; her nerves



thrilled, and the blood rose to her temples. The canvas contained three figures about half the size of life: one a woman, sitting on a rock beside the sea as on a throne, naked but for some loose folds of drapery drawn from beneath her carelessly across her lap; her beautiful body, in the shapely fullness of womanhood, nearly confronting the spectator, but the head, with its wavy golden locks wound in heavy plaits, turned away and giving the face in profile only: up from the waves rises a form of immortal, youthful beauty, crowned and cinctured with thickly-woven vine-leaves, in one hand a heavy bunch of grapes, in the other a ring which he holds towards the woman; as he bends forward, his beardless face, shadowed by clustering curls and leafage, glows with ardor, languor, and the passion of a god: floating above them a female figure of celestial lightness and grace, girt with a transparent, sheeny scarf, leans to place a circlet of stars on the nymph's head. The ease, grace, and power of the figures, the wonderful, transparent warmth of the flesh-tints, subdued by the brown of leaves, branches, rock, shadow, and the cool glimpses of the sea, above all the expression of divine enthusiasm in the vine-wreathed countenance, filled Laura's perception like the birth of a new sense; she was entranced in the revelation of beauty, joy, and the poetry of Pagan myth; all the calm, happy irresponsibility of the immortals stole over her, unanalyzed, but pervading her semi-consciousness like a magic potion. Until this moment she had looked at paintings with the indifference of ignorance; none had given her the slightest pleasure: now she was in a glow and tremor of delight; she gazed as one watches and listens to running water, until she could not tell whether she had stood there minutes or hours.

Meanwhile Lady Westover was chatting with great glibness to the painter, who stood beside her, replying courteously but briefly and a little dryly. Not being to the manner born, her ladyship with all her assumption of ease was

sometimes worsted in her attempts to get the upper hand, and this now befell her; she found herself growing uncomfortable, and to carry it off raised her eye-glass and walked over to where Mrs. Harrington stood rapt.

"What has gorgonized you now, Laura? Oh! the Bacchus and Ariadne; what a charming copy! Dear me, that is capital, really, you know; I should like to have it myself; what will you let me have it for?"

The countess's first words had recalled Laura to herself. She started as if awaking; a crowd of confused sensations came upon her with such a rush as she had never known before; she felt that the man who had painted that picture had a power over her that no one had ever possessed; she looked at him with a quick, poignant interest, which was almost pain. His eyes were fixed on Lady Westover, and Laura could note the repressed force and fire in his steady but burning glance, and the lines of his rugged face, which looked as if they might be hardened lava. At the last question she thought that a dark gleam shot from under the shaggy brows, but he still answered coldly and composedly:—

"The picture is not for sale."

Lady Westover insisted.

"It is sold," he said, abruptly this time. Her ladyship was more uncomfortable than before, and though loath to beat a retreat, saw nothing else to do. "Well, Laura, we must be off, we've a thousand things to do; do come and see us; we're at the Albergo della Salute, of course; good day." The artist bowed; she held out her hand English fashion and shook his heartily. Laura, from mere inability to do differently, gave hers, for which, being the second, he was ready; she felt it tremble within his; the blood rushed to her face and the tears to her eyes; she dropped her eyelids, courtesied slightly, and followed her companion out as she had followed her in. She had not opened her lips during the whole interview. The painter looked after her with a little passing curiosity: "*Tiens*,

*c'est drôle*," said he to himself. "She was trembling." Then with an anathema on visitors, and women, and English people, he shut the door and went back to his interrupted work.

The picture and the man possessed Laura's imagination. Certainly a wonderful change had been wrought in her, for it was as if scales had fallen from her eyes, and she looked at all paintings as if she had been blind before. But none spoke to her as that had done; she was beset with the desire to see again the picture and the man who in a moment had unwittingly gained such hold upon her. But although she devised a thousand plans for returning to the studio, she did not believe that she should ever see either again. He left two cards at the hotel the day after their visit, and that she supposed was the end of it. Lady Westover, however, was an involuntary ally; she could not bear to sit down under defeat; she had a private disinclination to leave Venice until she had in some way got the better of the man who had routed her. Accordingly she proposed a second descent upon the studio, alleging as her excuse that she wished him to make a copy of a Paul Veronese to which she had taken a fancy. Mrs. Harrington was eager to go, but she felt so little mistress of herself that she tied a veil of heavy Spanish lace over her bonnet as a screen. Lady Westover would not send up her card this time, but presented herself boldly at the studio door, while Laura shrank behind her veil. Arnault opened with an exclamation of: "Ah! here you are, at last."

"Yes, here I am again," said her ladyship, entering; the painter fell back a step in evident surprise, and a look of extreme annoyance crossed his sedulously composed face. "A thousand pardons," he said; "I am expecting a sitter."

"Then we are in luck to come first, for I want to have a little talk with you."

"I should be too happy and too much honored, but my sitter is already late and will be here in a moment."

"Very well, I'll go when she comes," said Lady Westover, throwing herself into a chair. Laura was looking timidly for her picture. It was not to be seen, but in its place was another: a single figure this time, life size, seated in a high-backed, carved chair, a woman dressed in white satin, herself as white as ivory, with faint touches of color like a blush camellia; heavy bands of ebony black hair lay waving slightly across her forehead; large, dark, inscrutable eyes looked tranquilly forth from below slender penciled dark brows, and the chiseled mouth was close shut, telling no secret; from the transparent white lace of the sleeves the slight wrists and slender hands rested upon the knees in listless grace; a collar of great pearls was clasped loosely round the slim white throat; from a jeweled coronet a veil of silvery gauze floated round the shoulders. The attitude and expression were of supreme repose; the face said nothing; the various whiteness of the different textures accorded marvelously, like many-toned voices singing in unison; the picture seemed all made up of mists and moonlight. Laura looked at it until it swam before her eyes; sometimes the face seemed vanishing, then it waxed clearer again; the evanescent rose-tints flushed and paled under her gaze; it was like a woman seen in a dream, yet she knew instinctively that it was a real woman. Nearly a quarter of an hour went by while she heard not a word of what the others were saying; at length Lady Westover rose with an angry rustle and Laura again awoke.

"I really congratulate you on being so very busy," her ladyship began in a tone of irritation; but at the same moment the white lady of the picture caught her eye. "Dear me! what is that?" she exclaimed, going up to it.

"A portrait."

A sickening, jealous pang shot through Laura's heart, though she had known it before; that beautiful vision was a real woman, and had sat to him.

"Who is it?" she asked before she knew what she was saying; it was the first time she had spoken.

"The Princess Ca' Doro."

Lady Westover eyed it for a moment, and then returned to the charge with an air of good-humored condescension. "Well, then, since you will not sell me a picture, nor make me a copy, you shall paint me."

"Too much honor; I neither paint pictures to sell nor to show, and I do not make portraits *to order*," replied Arnauld with a slight emphasis on the last words. Lady Westover reddened and left the room with a motion of the head which was as much a toss as a bow; the painter held the door open for them to pass; Laura made a slight inclination, which he gravely and silently returned.

Lady Westover's letters of introduction had not been of much use, as the season had not begun, and but few of the great Venetians had come back to town. One invitation only had been the result, and that was for a *conversazione*, on the evening of their second visit to the studio. Her ladyship, very much out of humor, declared her intention of leaving Venice the next day, but would not miss the party. Laura, whose cards the countess had sent with her own, despite all protests, for the mere pleasure of having somebody in tow, had also received an invitation, which she was not allowed to decline. The incidents of the morning had depressed her, but as she stepped into the gondola between the two little crimson lamps, and lay back on the great cushions, her spirits rose a little with the unwonted charm of going to a party in such a strange fashion; the excitement increased as they swept up the broad marble staircase of the grand old Palazzo Dandolo, clinging to the massive balustrade. As the English servant announced "The Countess of Westover and the Hon. Mrs. Harrington," their handsome hostess came forward with eager cordiality, as if they were the very people she had been waiting for; with a profusion of expressions of pleasure at seeing them, she took each by the hand and led them to the upper end of the magnificent saloon, where she installed them in arm-chairs and left them.

Laura looked about with curiosity. The many-colored, inlaid marble floor was uncovered, although it was December; only a Turkish carpet was thrown over the end where they sat. Wherever she looked she saw marble, glass, and gilding; columns of porphyry and *verde antique* supported the gilt and sculptured beams and rosettes of the lofty ceiling; the frescoed walls were paneled with mirrors set in heavy elaborate frames, where gilded Cupids struggled with knots and fillets, and chaplets of fruit and flowers; tables of malachite and *lapis lazuli*, resting on graceful golden monsters of the Renaissance, stood in formal array between the columns; a row of chandeliers of old Venetian glass hung down the middle of the room, filled with wax candles, the light broken and reflected by every beautiful, fanciful form of flower, shell, or crystal chain in all the vivid, delicate tints of that early lost art.

"Ugh! makes one all goose-flesh," said Lady Westover. "Fancy five o'clock tea in such a place!"

But Laura, whose latent feeling for beauty had developed rapidly of late, thought that it was like an enchanted hall in the Arabian Nights, and continued to look about with satisfaction. As her eyes were measuring the length of the vast apartment, she saw advancing from the other end the most strangely beautiful woman she had ever beheld: she was dressed in black velvet, with no ornament but a diamond comb and a diamond clasp in the black velvet band round her throat, yet Laura instantly recognized the white lady of the picture; there was the same heavy ebony hair, the same creamy skin, the same elongated oval face, with its set, chiseled features and enigmatical eyes, the same slender, stately form. The hostess was not so near the door as when the English ladies had entered, and the newcomer walked slowly up the saloon trailing her train after her with negligent grace, her willowy yet commanding figure reflected by the mirrors on either side as she passed. Laura's heart sank lower at each step that the

beautiful woman made towards her; as she came nearer the lovely rose-tints were faintly visible; the dark eyes sought the hostess composedly. After their greetings the princess was moving towards a chair, when from an inner room, which Laura had not before perceived, but where she now saw a number of men, Arnauld came to meet the lady, pushed an ottoman a little out of the circle, and sat down beside her. Laura's heart beat so violently that she feared she should lose her self-command and burst into hysterical crying; she clasped her hand tightly on her closed fan and looked round for help, which came in the shape of a servant with ices. At the same moment a well-dressed young man emerged from the inner room and came up to Lady Westover. It was Arcy, a young diplomatist; he was delighted to find some one who could give him the last London gossip in exchange for ample information about everybody in the room. In the course of inquiry they came to the princess, whom her ladyship had not recognized in the black gown.

"That 's the Ca' Doro. Italian? Oh no, Pole, widow of the Austrian governor; her own people dropped her for marrying an Austrian, and the Venetians dropped her present lord for marrying *her*; but since 1866 that don't matter — too great a swell, too much tin, they can't stand it."

"Does she go in for the literary and artistic style of thing?"

"Lord, no; what made you think so?"

"That painter, Arnauld; they seem as thick as thieves."

Arcy laughed a little. "Quite so."

"Ow!" ejaculated her ladyship.

"It was a bargain, they say; he has painted her, you know; best thing he ever did, great hit, so he is paid in kind."

"Paid pretty openly," observed the countess.

"Yes, that 's the worst of it; that sort of thing is reduced to a system here, but there are ways of doing things: now Arnauld does *afficher* the affair so, —

regular bill-sticking; shocking low form, but that 's his itching French vanity. He 's monstrous clever, though; he 's been studying the Venetians to get at their color, and by way of test has made a copy of that Tintoret in the Anti-Collegio, as he thinks it looked when fresh; it 's a wonderful thing, really, you know."

"Yes; I saw it at his studio and wanted it, but he said it was sold."

"Sold! Yes, like his soul, poor beggar; he 's one of Goupil's men."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"Oh, don't you know? Goupil, the picture dealer, buys up all the clever fellows for a year, or three years, or ninety-nine; everything they do belongs to him; he pays them well, I hear; then all their pictures go to Paris and he sells them for twice as much."

"Really?" said the countess, somewhat mollified at finding the key to Arnauld's obduracy. "But how did he manage about painting the princess, then?"

"He calls that a present, you know."

"Ow!"

Mrs. Harrington had been eating her ice by small spoonfuls and listening to these disclosures; her composure had returned, save for a slight shiver, which might be due in part to the chilly compound she was swallowing so perseveringly. Arcy and Lady Westover went on talking about other people, and she ceased to listen, chewing the bitter cud of what she had heard. Suddenly she was addressed: —

"Laura, how can you freeze your insides with that stuff? it 's only fit for a Polar bear; I wish I had some toddy to thaw me, in the middle of all this stone and glass."

Mrs. Harrington looked round and smiled, and then looked back at the couple who were absorbing her attention. Certainly the Frenchman's manner was "shocking low form;" he leaned back on his ottoman with his head against a pillar, talking to the alabaster lady with an air of the utmost intimacy; she answered with rather an absent or indifferent expression, looking about the

room at the people assembled and arriving.

"Who 'is that?" asked Arcy in a low voice; he had not been aware before that Lady Westover had a companion.

"Ralph's widow, poor thing; ten years ago, you know, and she's not left off her weeds yet, you may say. She's here for the winter—health—and I stopped to cheer her a bit, it's so dull for her, you know."

Arcy surveyed the poor thing with some approbation; Laura was at her best as to looks at this period: her figure was still slight but had grown rounder; her sedentary habits had cost her the bright color of early days, but there remained a clear, fresh paleness in which her gray eyes were singularly telling, while her beautiful, sunny hair was as rich as ever; the secluded life which had left her heart so fresh and foolish had fixed the youthful expression upon her face; she looked ten years under her actual age, and her countenance and aspect were almost girlish. Ralph had been hypercritical as to women's dress and she had acquired the habit of paying great attention to her own; consequently she had far more elegance of appearance than is common in her countrywomen. She was too much taken up in watching the painter and his princess to know that she was herself being watched; Arcy's practiced eye noted her good points, and he recollected that Ralph Harrington had married money and left no child.

"She looks nice," he said.

"Oh, very nice, quite a dear, but nothing at all in her; so shy that whenever a man speaks to her I expect to see her suck her thumb."

"Do present me and see if she will," said Arcy, laughing. Accordingly the presentation was made, and he began talking to Laura, much to her distraction. Just at this moment a tall, striking man, covered with orders and decorations, but with a bald, blonde head no larger than a snipe's, advanced through the long, glittering room; after exchanging a few words with the hostess, he

fixed a glass in one of his eyes and looked round the room with his nose in the air; as soon as he perceived Madame Ca' Doro he went up to her with a profound bow, which embraced her companion. The Frenchman rose, almost started up, returned the salaam with a gravity which contrasted with the abruptness of his motions, and turned away.

"Who is that?" inquired Laura involuntarily, looking at the tall stranger.

"The Duke of Kieff, Russian ambassador at Vienna. The Ca' Doro has competitive examinations; the duke tried, but Arnauld's portrait got him the place." Lady Westover laughed, but Laura colored to the roots of her hair and dropped her eyes. Arcy thought it charming to see a woman of her age blush so easily. The Frenchman in passing exchanged a friendly nod with the diplomatist, then recognizing the women, made them a ceremonious bow; but her ladyship's interest in him had doubled since she knew him to be the hero of a high scandal, and she addressed him and forced him to stop. Laura in vain tried to hear what they said. Arcy's amusing chat was lost upon her save for the purpose of preventing her listening where she would. But the evening was over; Lady Westover remembered that she must start early the next day; indeed, the lateness of Venetian hours had left her but about four hours to sleep; so she departed. Arcy, who wished to keep near Mrs. Harrington, went away at the same time and put them into their gondola. The footman was waiting in the antechamber with their cloaks; but although the courier ran down the endless stairs to call the boatmen, it was some minutes before they could be reclaimed from the *osteria* where they were drinking, on the little quay at which the boat was moored. While Lady Westover was abusing them, and the English servants for allowing them to be out of the way, Arnauld came slowly down the palace stairs and called for his boat. The countess saw him and gave him one more challenge, which brought him un-

willingly to her side; when the gondola came up, Arcy stepped in after her, the better to receive Mrs. Harrington; but Arnauld, mistaking the action, instinctively offered his hand to her to help her into the unsteady bark; she had not put on her glove since taking it off to eat the ice, and her cold, trembling fingers again met his warm, firm palm, and gave him a slight shudder. So ended the evening which to Laura seemed so eventful.

Lady Westover left Venice the next day, but the good — or evil — she had done lived after her. Arcy felt entitled to pursue the acquaintance with Mrs. Harrington, which he followed up with assiduity; as the Venetians gradually returned to town and reopened their *salons*, the letters of introduction and cards which the countess had scattered about among Byzantine palaces or musty fourth-story apartments bore fruit in the shape of invitations, which Laura, to Miss Wright's unspoken amazement, accepted with alacrity. But this is anticipating, for the only immediate result of her ladyship's passage was the affair with Arnauld, if so it may be called, which Laura pursued in a peculiar manner. Her first step was to go back to the Doge's palace and look at the Bacchus and Ariadne; it had made no impression whatever upon her when she had been there before; now she thought it, with its faded and discolored hues, far inferior to the copy, as indeed an ignorant person might be forgiven for doing; nor did it strike her that the merit of the conception and composition must entitle it to greater praise than a copy. Arcy, whom by much innocent craft she led to speak of the painter, said that he was indefatigable in trying to fathom the secret of the Venetian coloring and atmosphere, and was constantly at work in the galleries or churches. As soon as she learned this she began her sight-seeing a third time, and as Arnauld was then copying a picture in the Academy of Fine Arts, she soon discovered where he had set up his easel, and began her own art studies at the same school. She was

horribly ashamed of herself, and afraid of his suspecting what brought her there, but comforted herself with the hope that among so many strangers she might not be noticed. He was at work in the great room where Titian's Presentation of the Virgin hangs, with so many other masterpieces; Murray's guide-book told her how much that was noteworthy was to be found there, and also recommended Ruskin and Crowe and Cavalcaselle as hand-books. So, muffled in her furs and velvet, and provided with a bulky volume, she stood on the stone floor of the vast chilly hall day by day, before one great canvas after another, consulting her authorities, while poor Miss Wright caught nips of rheumatism and ceaseless colds in the head. As the Academy is almost deserted at that season, Arnauld did remark them, with an inward sneer at the inartistic English as he observed the big book of reference and slow, systematic progress through the room; he described them and their proceedings to his friends until they became a standing joke, and he always spoke of them as *mes anglaises*. He soon recognized Laura as the companion of the woman who had made herself so odious to him. In her shyness and consciousness she never looked at him, and he set that down to British stiffness and superciliousness. Although she had begun her round in the very further corner of the room from that in which he was painting, she at length inevitably reached his neighborhood, until as she examined the picture before her she heard the light stroke of his brush on the palette and canvas. She was in great hope and fear that he would remember her and speak to her, which indeed came about, and in this wise. One day poor Miss Wright's cold was so very bad that Laura did not go to the Academy; she was restless and impatient all day, however, and at night felt that she had lost a day. On the morrow her companion was no better, and Laura boldly resolved to go alone. What terrors and tremors this cost her, nobody who is not naturally shy and accustomed to seclusion



can possibly guess. It was the middle of January. The air in the Academy was deadly cold, the stone floor was like solid ice beneath her feet; her frozen breath rose like a little column of cloud. There were two Germans in the room when she entered, bawling their æsthetic ideas to one another, and stamping to keep themselves warm; they soon loudly declared that they could stand it no longer, and stamped themselves off with steps that resounded far down the corridor, the bang of a door proclaiming their final exit. Then Laura found herself alone in the room, alone in the building with this stranger, this foreigner, who hardly knew her by sight, she supposed, and who was her one interest in life. She was standing very near him where he sat muffled to the chin in a fur coat, a round fur cap drawn down to his brows; a brazier of live charcoal stood beside the easel, and under his feet was one of those little *scaldini* which the Italians carry about with them like muffs.

He was surprised to see her there in such weather, and wondered for a moment if this Englishwoman with her buckram manners and hand like a frog could really care for art, but dismissed the idea with contempt, and set her coming down to routine. Laura was wondering how she could withdraw from this oppressive *tête-à-tête*, and whether it would be worse to cross that vast space alone, every step echoing through the stillness, or to stay until Arnauld should put up his painting and go away. Between cold and nervousness she shook so excessively that her dress rustled spasmodically, and attracted the painter's attention; he saw that the woman was almost frozen, and leaving his little stool he raised his cap and begged her courteously to warm herself at the brazier. She was grateful, for her teeth were chattering; she assented by a bow, and drawing her numb fingers from her muff held them over the coals. He begged her to sit down upon his stool and put her feet on the *scaldino*, but this she declined by a shake of the head. She was dying to talk to him, but she

could not open her lips. She hoped that he would speak to her, yet when presently he said, "Madame is very fond of painting, then?" she was more frightened than ever, and replied, "No," without knowing what she said. Arnauld was ready to laugh immoderately, and ask what brought her there; but as he ascribed her brevity to arrogance and resentment of the liberty he had taken in addressing her, he shrugged his shoulders undisguisedly and went back to his work with a mental imprecation on insular ill-breeding and ignorance of the world. Laura bit her lips with vexation, feeling that by her own stupidity she had made further words impossible; the tears rose to her eyes; she forced them back, and bowing to Arnauld moved away from the brazier. He lifted his little cap with almost military formality. She saw that he was offended, and biting her lips anew left the room. She did not return to the Academy until Miss Wright was well; by that time Arnauld had finished his copy and was no more to be seen.

Laura somehow drew from Arcy a fuller explanation of Arnauld's obligations to Goupil, which she had not understood from the few words he had dropped to Lady Westover; on finding how matters stood, not being as inexperienced in business as in other things, she saw that she might be the possessor of the beautiful copy from Tintoretto. She made her bankers write to Paris, and in the course of a few weeks Arnauld received a note by virtue of which the picture was transferred from his studio to Mrs. Harrington's rooms in the Albergo della Salute. She had made just sufficient impression upon him, with her stiff manner, her monosyllables, downcast eyes, and cold hands, for him to know who his purchaser was, when the order came. She was to him only one type of Englishwoman, the old-fashioned sort, prudish, cold, conventional, yet ignorant of the first principles of good-breeding; Lady Westover was his type of the new style. He smiled a little in his black beard at the idea of that frigid image of propriety being the possessor of

such a picture, and then sighed slightly at the thought of the thousands of francs which would go into Goupil's pocket instead of his own; then with an Italian "*Ci vuol pazienza*" went on with his work, and told his comrades at the café as a good joke that one of *mes anglaises* had bought the Tintoretto.

His *anglaise* was deeply distressed by the thought of his slavery to the picture-dealer; she did not know what proportion of the large sum she had paid for her fancy had gone to the painter, but from what Arcey said, she guessed that it was not much more than half. The diplomatist had seen the large canvas in her drawing-room not without surprise; Laura, flushing and conscious, felt as if he must see her secret at a glance; but so wild a notion did not enter his head.

"Such a pity you can't sit to him, you know," said he.

"I?" replied Laura. "I never sat in my life."

"All the more reason," returned her admirer, for such Arcey now distinctly was, in his own mind at least. "And this is just the nick of time; you never could have been such a good subject before. It's a horrid pity Arnauld can't do it."

Laura thought it must be very disagreeable to sit and be looked at steadily, but as it was impossible that she should sit to Arnauld, her thoughts revolved round the notion incessantly. His obligations to Goupil continued to be a still greater preoccupation, and the desire to find some way in which he might be freed from this engagement, that his fame and gains might be all his own, always haunted her.

Although she no longer saw him copying in the galleries, they sometimes met in society. Mrs. Harrington went whithersoever she was asked, for the chance of meeting him, although he never spoke to her, not choosing to expose himself to a rebuff, as he considered her conduct at the Academy. Very few people spoke to her except Arcey and another fellow-countryman, an old antiquarian, who thought her an unusually sensible and

agreeable young woman because she let him talk by the half-hour while she watched Arnauld or Madame Ca' Doro, who was always at these assemblies whether he were or not. As the winter wore on Laura noticed that the Duke of Kieff was oftener about the fair Pole, that she treated him with more affability, that when Arnauld was beside her she sometimes looked absent-minded and inattentive, sometimes annoyed and out of temper; the reflection of these moods on her proud, impassive face was as breath on a mirror; but Laura's eyes were keen under their white lids and long lashes. She felt that a drama was going on in which these three people were the actors, but she could not foresee the development. One evening the princess yawned twice while the Frenchman was talking to her; it was strange how much grace there was even in her way of doing that; she only half closed her eyes and rested her fan handle against her slightly parted lips for a second, yet it was a yawn. The second time a brown shadow spread over Arnauld's pale face; it was as though he had blushed bistre instead of red; he stopped short in what he was saying, made a low bow, and walked slowly away, leaving her alone. The princess's slender eyebrows arched and then contracted almost imperceptibly, while the delicate lines of her nostrils and upper lip took thinner curves. Laura had an instinct that this was a crisis; but how outside of the plot she was; how many scenes there must be that she did not see and could not guess at; how removed she was from them all! Yet the thought that a break between Madame Ca' Doro and Arnauld would overthrow one of the innumerable, insurmountable barriers between him and herself darted through her brain like fire.

It was March, and the Carnival had come; the poor, deadly-dull Carnival, a sort of blind Belisarius of a festival, going about in beggarly wise where it had once stalked in splendid state. To a stranger, however, the first sight of so many people in fancy-dress and masks, accosting everybody right and left, the

laughter, the pelting, the movements, are novel and amusing, and even exciting; and Laura, who had grown a little habituated to the charm of Venice, found all the ardor of her first days there reviving, and wished to spend the whole day on the Grand Canal in her gondola. She was rather afraid of the Piazza San Marco, with its crowd and contact, but in her floating castle she could go into the midst of the fray without anybody's coming too near her. Miss Wright mildly protested against their doing what she called "disguising themselves," but a mask and domino were found to be indispensable protections against the *confetti*. Mrs. Harrington, for simplicity's sake, ordered white ones, and of course the courier to whom the purchase was confided chose the most expensive that could be found. In society these ten days were the gayest of the winter, and there was a ball on every holiday night. Laura was invited to but one of these, for the eve of the *Martedì grasso*, or last day of the Carnival. It was a fancy-ball. She had never worn a costume or figured in a *tableau vivant*, or appeared in any but her natural character in her life, and the idea of seeing herself as somebody else was as strange and stimulating as an actress's first appearance on the boards. She chose the dress of Sophia Primrose, which was executed with some difficulty in Venice, chiefly by her own maid; it was very becoming, and as she surveyed herself in her glass she shyly thought herself looking very pretty, and hoped that Arnould might see her. The masks were not laid aside until the German cotillon began, her usual time for withdrawing; so she told Arcy, who had got into a way of hanging about her towards the end of the evening, that he might put her into her gondola, and she would stay a little longer and see them dance; she looked round eagerly for Arnould, but he was not there. Madame Ca' Doro was, however, dressed as Catarina Cornaro; not in the gorgeous robes of the Queen of Cyprus, but as she is seen in another picture by Titian, in a rich dress of white and lace and gold net. There could not

be a greater contrast than the ebony-haired, pallid, slender Polish beauty, and the golden-tressed, fresh, fair *embonpoint* of the famous Venetian; but the dress was singularly becoming to the princess, and recalled that of Arnould's portrait. The Duke of Kieff was there in a magnificent uniform, a striking, showy figure, very marked in his devotion to the princess; he did not dance, but drew a seat close behind her chair in the circle of the cotillon.

"Ha!" said Arcy to himself, in an "I-thought-as-much" tone, on perceiving this manœuvre. A young Frenchman standing near, hearing the exclamation, nodded and observed:—

"Oh, yes; *un fait accompli*; she has planted her painter."

"Let us hope that he will come up laurels and not a weeping-willow," responded Arcy, whose conversation in foreign languages was different from the style he affected in the vulgar tongue.

"He will console himself as soon as his vanity is healed," continued the Frenchman; "it has been an affair of vanity and not of the heart, on both sides."

"So I should think," returned Arcy. "The Ca' Doro must have done with affairs of the heart for some time past."

They were standing within ear-shot of Laura, who heard and understood; he was free, then, free from that beautiful woman; was he any nearer *her*? She rose like one in haste, and left the ball-room. She was wrapped in her ball-cloak, and descended the stairs so quickly that Arcy, who had some trouble in finding his hat and overcoat, did not overtake her until she was stepping into the gondola; he asked her in a low voice if he could see her the next day; past experience might have warned her what that meant, but absorbed in her own dreams she answered hurriedly that she expected to be out all day, and the boatmen pushed off. Something in her manner struck Arcy as strange, and he was in doubt for some time whether she had understood him and meant this as an answer; but he was too much bent upon marrying her to take it as such.

She, with but one idea, a new one, had felt guilty as she spoke, fancying as usual that he must have divined; but her idea was that somehow she would marry the painter.

Marry a man with whom she had not exchanged twenty words, who hardly knew her by sight, whose language she could scarcely speak, a foreigner, an artist, a nobody, a man who but yesterday was in love with another woman, — worse, that woman's lover: all these suggestions chased each other through her brain all that restless night; was not the notion mere insanity? But by morning she had a plan. She would go to Arnault and beg him to paint her portrait, to arrange it with Goupil; or failing that, she would ask him to give her drawing-lessons; perhaps in time he would fall in love with her; then they would be married and her fortune would enable him to paint when and what he liked; he would be his own man and could work his way to the highest honors of his art without calling any one master. Such in all its crudity was her scheme, and having formed it she was in a fever until she could take the first step towards carrying it out.

The last day of the Carnival was a summing up of whatever gayety had had birth since it began. The weather made a holiday of itself, and the Grand Canal was so stirred by rapid strokes that its smooth sheet was lashed into a little sea, in which the boats rocked so gayly that Miss Wright was made very uncomfortable, and Laura mercifully took her back to the hotel. The courier told her that there was to be an illumination in the evening, and what is called in Venice a *fresco*, or *promenade sur l'eau*: a boat with music goes up the Grand Canal from the Royal Gardens to the Rialto, or even higher, and then down again, while all the other gondolas follow to listen to the serenade. Nothing is so difficult as to ascertain in Venice whether a thing will be done or not; the procession of boats, if it came off, would take place at Laura's dinner-hour, and in the absence of positive information, when she set Miss Wright

down she bade her not to wait if she were not there to dine at the usual time; she would have a cup of chocolate at Florian's for lunch, and "high tea" whenever she should reach home. There was something so contrary to Mrs. Harrington's habits in eating at odd hours and going out without a definite intention of returning, that Miss Wright was seized by a vague presentiment of coming evil, and wondered for a moment if her former pupil could be going to elope again. Whatever her fears, however, she could not venture to remonstrate, and she was too seasick to remain at her post; so, with a "Do be careful of yourself, my dear," which sounded unnecessarily plaintive, she went in, wondering what Miss Winton would think if she knew that her niece was not coming home for luncheon or dinner. It is odd how often our formless fears point in the right direction, how we "burn," as the children say in their games, without knowing where to look for the hidden snare.

Laura drew a breath of relief as she felt herself for the first time in her life free and unaccountable for an entire day. She spent what remained of the fore-luncheon time amid the noise and movement, the shrill laughter and *falsetto* Carnival voices, the splash of water and collision of boats, and throwing of pellets and bouquets on the Grand Canal. She did not venture upon the Piazza, but sent her courier to Florian's to fetch her a cup of chocolate and some of the crisp, sweet biscuits called *bai-coli*, which she ate as she sat in her boat. But as the afternoon advanced she grew weary of the incessant clamor, and possessed by her idea she dismissed the courier and ordered her gondoliers to pull towards the lonely little church beyond the town, St. George in the Sea-weed, where one sees the sun set behind the Euganean Hills. It was very difficult to extricate themselves from the tangle of boats meeting and crossing in every direction, jamming the issues of the *rii* or small canals, locking the steel hatchets at the prow until the gondola would rise from the water like a rear-

ing horse, while the frantic gesticulations and oburgations of the gondoliers confounded confusion; by degrees, however, they made their way through narrower watery by-ways into the vast, deserted, lake-like canal of the Giudecca, where the cries and calls of the babel they had left behind reached them more faintly every moment, and gradually died into silence. The boat shot through the water with a smooth, swift progress. On the right was the Zattere, or old lumber men's quarter, with its row of little wine-shops and their vine-trellised porches opening on the wide sunny quay, broken by an occasional bit of blank garden wall, over which were seen the tender green of young fig leaves, the pink and white of almond and peach trees in bloom, mingled with the dark, burnished foliage of great magnolias and myrtles; and deep among their perfume and shade the pleasure-house of some doge or senator of centuries long past — houses built for delight, with flat, balustraded roofs and stucco fronts of pale pink, or blue, or yellow, fancifully frescoed, but discolored and peeling in great patches under generations of sun and storm, and given over to dilapidation and decay. On the left was the dreary and sordid Giudecca, or former Jews' quarter, with mean, moldy houses, and rags and potsherd and old iron lying wherever there was room for a rubbish heap, and clumsy, shabby boats moored to rotting piles, beyond the ignobler buildings. All was silent and deserted; neither the cheerful wine-shops of the Zattere nor their wretched neighbors across the wide canal showed any sign of life. Everybody was out keeping Carnival. As the gondola turned into a narrow canal which carried them into the Lagoon, Laura looked from her little window up and down the broad vista, and thought she had never seen Venice so beautiful. The afternoon sun streamed from a sky of the softest azure, and bathing the rough brick work and stained stucco, gave them magic hues of rose and ruby; a tattered red cloth, hanging from a window, took gorgeous tones like a kingly

mantle; far down towards the Molo clustered white domes, and slender, square bell-towers rose against the blue, and the saffron sails of a little fleet of Adriatic fishing-boats, drifting across below the custom-house, struck a new note in the marvelous, intricate harmony of color. It was but a glimpse, but it left an indelible picture on her memory. In a few minutes the city was left behind, and they were in the wide, melancholy Lagoon. The still waters were streaked with endless ropes of rich, bronze-brown sea-weed, matted together into floating islands here and there; the tall posts set to mark channels among the shoals threw long shadows, whose slight trembling heightened the dead calm. The marble causeway three miles long which joins Venice to the main land, with its broad parapets and hundreds of arches, looked like a bridge built for some royal progress to that city of palaces. Before them lay San Giorgio in Alga, a desolate church of a remote century, with its convent and cloisters and outer wall rising from the waters, sad and solitary as the temples of a forgotten faith; beyond, the Euganean Hills, like mountains of lapis-lazuli, closed the horizon with a serrate wall on whose peaks the snow still lay softly against the sky. There was not a sound, a breath, a ripple, a motion, save the faint quiver of the lengthening shadows across the languid ebb of the tide. The gondoliers, who knew their lady's custom, stopped rowing and let the gondola rest on the water, giving their oars a single turn from time to time, to prevent her from drifting. The sunlight had gathered such intensity that the blue was merged in the gold which seemed to flood heaven's utmost vault; flakes of transparent cloud like thin veils stole into the west and hung there, spreading insensibly, while the glow changed slowly into a flush which suffused heaven and earth, pervading the water, and deepening by degrees until sky and sea were fused into a sphere of glory in which the gondola floated like a dark bird in mid-air. The charm grew stronger every instant,



until the rafts of sea-weed, the lonely church, the marble viaduct, the violet, snow-powdered range, took the universal sunset splendor and toned it to the color in which each looked most lovely. The lustre would have been intolerable but for its surpassing softness. One felt as if silently and without warning the last great change had come, the birth of a new heaven and a new earth, and that this was no light that would fade, but the dawn of an everlasting day.

Laura lay back on the cushions in an ecstasy which until a few months before had never expanded her straitened being. The scene might well have absorbed all emotion except the rapture of adoration, but her pulses were beating with that intense personal life which is stronger than death itself, and the wonder and beauty around her only uplifted her into higher and more concentrated consciousness. Like many persons who are at once timid and determined, she had a practice of bringing her faltering purposes to bay by some artificial limit. She had said to herself that before the Carnival ended she would take some decisive step towards bringing Arnould and herself together. But what, what should it be? She lay back in her gondola and gazed and thought, while the sunset glowed around and above her.

Meanwhile the object of her thoughts, oblivious of her existence, was passing a stormy afternoon in his studio. He had not seen Madame Ca' Doro for several days; a thing of not infrequent occurrence, but which took a peculiar significance from their recent interviews, and from a note which he found on coming in from his midday breakfast. If handwriting be an indication of character, the fair lady's bore most unfriendly testimony against her; it was small, thin, crooked, and had something mean and cramped in its character; yet with the tinted note-paper, exhaling all the perfumes of Araby the blest, the fantastic monogram, and the coronet, it was an interesting-looking little document which rested on a ledge of the easel.

It was only a request, rather curtly worded, that Arnould would send her portrait home. She had never written him a love-letter; her notes had always been so phrased that no harm could come of them; but Arnould felt that this was quite unlike any other he had ever received from her. Perhaps it was because he had been aware of a coming change, that this now seemed like a straw showing which way the wind blew. He had never been in love with the princess, yet his connection with her had not been the result of mere vanity; apart from her singular beauty, she had ancient and noble lineage and high rank, both of which have an inexplicable charm for some imaginations, and everything which surrounded her heightened the effect, even to her hereditary jewels, her superb furs, and exquisite lace; she was the daughter of a nation which has contrived to inspire all other people with the romance it cherishes for itself. The best proof that his feeling for her had risen to enthusiasm was that she had inspired the finest picture he had produced. He could not think of giving her up without real emotion, and the idea of being supplanted roused a tempest of passion. He had been working on a large interior of the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, a new sort of subject for him, and had been out of the way of seeing or hearing what was going on for a couple of weeks. He had now brought the canvas home, meaning to put a group of figures into it, about which he was still undecided. He took a loose sheet and tried to sketch something that would answer—peasants and priests; but he could find nothing that satisfied him, and could not fix his mind to the work. If there was to be an end of everything, how would it come? A rupture, stormy scenes, or cold dignity and withering sarcasm? And afterwards? Venice would be very dull without this excitement, and his position there by no means so agreeable; the same houses would be open to him, it is true, but he would enter them on a very different footing. He would go to the East;



he would go to Spain; he would go to Paris. So he went on to himself like the Frenchman that he was, making futile strokes on his paper and working himself up into a fury, until the light faded away. He had been sitting in the dark for some time when a friend burst in, a fellow-countryman, full of the national notions on the point of honor. He came in a high state of indignation to tell Arnauld what half Venice knew, — that the princess and the Duke of Kieff were at that moment in the Piazza San Marco together. Instantaneously the tempest in Arnauld's breast rushed into a whirlwind; he caught up his slouch hat and flung himself down-stairs in his studio dress, and out to hail the nearest gondola. But it was not easy to find a gondola on the evening of Martedì Grasso; it was not till after dashing in and out of the narrow, paved passages, which even more than the canals make Venice a labyrinth to a stranger, and out upon a dozen gondola-stations, that he at last got a boat. His first flash of rage had burnt out, but his irritation had only increased in the vexation of delay; he was more master of himself, and therefore more fit for an encounter.

The Grand Canal showed a wonderful spectacle as his gondola emerged into it. The balconies and windows of the old Byzantine and Gothic palaces were outlined in light against the sombre mass of their *façades*, the fantastic and exquisite details of the architecture coming out as they never can by day; the arches of the gloomy bridges were traced in light, and there was an answering arc of trembling brightness on the blackness below. A great barge, gilded and decorated like the famous Bucentaur, and hung with garlands of little lamps, passed majestically down the stream with a gay chorus of maskers in old Venetian costume on the deck, singing joyously: "*Bella Venezia, sposa del mar!*" while in its wake a flotilla of gondolas blocked the broad water-way from side to side; from some the heavy awning had been removed, disclosing glimmering groups of dominoes; oth-

ers kept their hearse-like covers, but these had torches stuck at the prow, which flashed upon the steel prows and glared redly on the figure of the gondolier, like the light on the demons of the storm in Giorgione's famous picture. The surface of the water was shivered into a thousand glittering lines; the reflection of a wavering, golden net-work was thrown upon the black palace fronts and bridges; yet the solid darkness held its own against the broken array of light which assaulted it on every side. Arnauld paid no heed, as he chafed at the difficulty in getting on, but his eye took note unconsciously, and the scene suggested more than one picture which he wrought out in calmer moments. As they passed the Royal Gardens the long unbroken mass of the Libreria Vecchia was in heavy shadow, but far above it the symmetrical shaft of the campanile lifted its arched crown against the dark blue night sky, all roseate with the reflection of some invisible radiance.

"See, signore!" cried the gondolier, pointing to the tower: "the campanile shows like a beacon! The Piazza is illuminated *a giorno*." They reached the marble steps of the landing, and Arnauld, bidding his boatman wait for him, sprang ashore between the columns of St. Theodore and St. Mark, and strode through the Piazzetta, until the Piazza suddenly broke upon his sight, almost blinding him; it was illuminated "like day," as the gondolier had said, with gas, lamps, candles, and lanterns, until the whole vast area between the colonnades — themselves as light as day — was like a great ball-room, where gay crowds in domino or fancy-dress stood and sat and strolled, almost drowning the music of the military band with the merry din of their voices. The background of this brilliant scene was the magnificent, mosque-like, dusky front of St. Mark's, its gorgeous Oriental colors forced from their obscurity by the blaze which fell upon them, solemn depths of violet and tawny brown, relieved here and there by gleams of white and gold as the light struck a salient angle or

boss, while the shadows of the porches looked like the mouths of a cavern.

As soon as Arnauld appeared in this picturesque bedlam, he was beset by maskers with every imaginable jest and question and challenge. He pushed through them as rudely as if he had been an Englishman, those whom he jostled most roughly saying "*Scusi*" in a gentle voice, as if they were the aggressors. As fast as he got free from one set, another surrounded him, until he was exasperated to sheer frenzy; but he gradually worked his way down the Piazza until he espied a tall couple in black silk dominoes and masks, at sight of whom he started and paused; they were walking up and down arm-in-arm among the crowd, and he recognized the Princess Ca' Doro's peculiar gait, careless, graceful, commanding. He broke through those who separated him from the pair, and stood before them. "Two words with you, madame!" he cried, his deep voice guttural with passion: a curious circle closed round them instantly and shut them in. "You did me the honor to write me a note to-day telling me to send home your portrait. You remember that picture was not a purchase, but a bargain. I wish to keep it, and I will send you a check for it." Here the Duke of Kieff made a sudden step towards him; he was taller by a head than the Frenchman; a stiletto instantly flashed in Arnauld's hand, and the Russian recoiled. "I am at your orders always, Monsieur le Duc; you know where to find me. Madame, I have the honor to bid you farewell. First an Austrian, then a Russian; it needs but a Prussian, and the new partition of Poland will be complete."

He turned on his heel and burst through the by-standers, who, released from the amazement which had kept them silent, broke into a chorus of exclamations and ejaculations, like a tribe of musical monkeys. He elbowed his way back to the Piazzetta, and, not finding his boat at once among the fleet which lay there, sprang into the nearest and ordered the gondolier to row him home. He had given vent to his rage

and it was gone; he felt that come what might he was even with Madame Ca' Doro; he would probably have to fight the Duke of Kieff, but he would like nothing better; besides, he had given his Highness a stab which was worth several bullets and sword-cuts; it was an additional satisfaction to reflect that among the witnesses of the scene there must have been enough who understood French to give it publicity; by the morrow everybody in Venice would know that he had avenged himself. That his revenge was not a chivalrous one did not occur to him; it was complete, and he was content. Still the pain, the mortification, the jealousy, were not dead, and though full of morose exultation he was restless and agitated. His excitement gave him an impetuous power of work; he lighted all his lamps and candles, until his studio was almost as bright as the Piazza: he turned to his canvas, certain of finding the idea which had eluded him all the afternoon. He began to draw rapidly and with a sort of fury, and soon had sketched a very striking group of priests. He was too much absorbed to hear the sound of footsteps on his stair, or the rustle of garments outside the door, but a knock roused him. He strode across the room to open, not doubting that one of his comrades had already come to congratulate him on his feat; but as he threw back the door only a woman's figure in a white domino was visible. His first thought was the princess, and he started back with his heart in his throat; but the stranger asked in Italian, with an unknown voice and strong foreign accent, if she might come in, and he saw his mistake. He supposed that it was some ordinary Carnival adventure, for which he was in no humor, and the interruption irritated him. The visitor sat down.

"Can I be of any use to you, madame?" asked Arnauld, impatiently.

"I wish you to paint me," replied the mask.

"Paint you, fair lady!" he said with a short laugh. "In your mask and domino?"

"Yes."

"My faith!" he rejoined, laughing again with a cadence which his visitor thought very disagreeable. "That is original, at least. But I really fear I can't obey you unless you take off your mask."

"No, no!" she exclaimed in trepidation, and put her hand to her face. The tone and gesture struck the painter's practiced eye and ear as belonging to a lady, and a slight interest began to struggle with his impatience.

"Well, then, the domino, at least; otherwise it will be impossible." She rose and reluctantly unloosed her domino, whose rich Eastern stuff was fastened by knots of white ribbon; she threw back the hood and dropped it from her shoulders. She was dressed in silver-gray silk; her figure was very pretty, her whole appearance elegant, but there was nothing to make a picture of except for a *genre* painter.

"Hum," said Arnould, surveying her from head to foot; his eye rested on the heavy knot of fair hair. "*Con permesso*," said he in a careless tone, and without waiting for the permission he drew out her comb, and the greater part of her hair fell, unrolling itself over her shoulders and far below her waist. She shrank back with a slight exclamation. "Undo the rest yourself, then; I must have something to paint besides a gray gown."

She drew out a few hair-pins; the well-shaped head was free and the whole bright mass loose, the waves catching the light. "Hum," said the painter again. "Still I hardly see what I can do; sit down at that glass with your back to me, and I will paint you as a lady at her toilet. No, that will not do; suppose," he went on in the same tone of careless impertinence, drawing aside a curtain, "suppose you take off your dress; with bare neck and arms, and that white drapery, I could paint you as a Magdalen. You can arrange yourself in that recess."

"No," she replied in a stifled voice.

"Oh, reassure yourself. All my models — sitters, I mean — use it as a dressing-room. I dare say you know

that lady," pointing to the Princess Ca' Doro's picture, and despite himself his voice grew dull and hoarse. "She has done so frequently; you conceive she could not go abroad in that attire."

"I will not be painted as the Magdalen."

"As you please; perhaps you will be good enough to say how you will be painted. Stop!" he cried, as she began to draw the domino about her shoulders. "I see, I have it! I will put you in that group," pointing to the rough sketch he had just finished, "as a novice taking her vows; they are about to cut off her hair; I will make a separate study of you first. A novice, — it is old, it is insipid, — but what would you have?" He hastily prepared an easel and canvas, put his lights in another position, and pushed forward a low platform on casters. "Kneel on that, if you please." She obeyed. "Now I will arrange you." He threw the domino over her, disposing the folds to his fancy; then he lifted the long, soft tresses of her hair and shook them out like a cloud. She drew back, but it was over. "Now, turn a very little more this way; what shall we do with the hands? Oh, bury the face in them as if in deep prayer; so, very good."

He began to sketch; her attitude was excellent, the effect of shadow very happy; he felt that the study would be successful, and worked with the rapidity and ardor which such a certainty inspires. He forgot that it was hours past his usual dinner-time, and that he had tasted nothing since noon; nervous excitement strung him to an extraordinary pitch. He was unusually pale; his sunken eyes burned like live coals from the black, shaggy tangle of hair and eyebrows; his face was aglow with creative fire, but beneath it was the cynical expression of his worst mood; he looked dangerous. His visitor, meanwhile, began to feel that she had undertaken more than she could carry through. Now that it had come to be fact, her romantic scheme appeared to her only a vulgar escapade which could lead to nothing but shame and confusion

for herself. How would all this bring her one step nearer her object? If she remained masked, what had she gained? If she disclosed herself she could never look him in the face again. What must he think of her? His manner showed too plainly what he thought. How different from the gravity and reserve she had always found in him, when his very sarcasm was respectful. She had never dreamed of him like this, and she was frightened and repelled by his new aspect. If her coming there should be known she would be compromised, and twenty people might know of it. What would her father have thought of her? What did she think of herself? Tears which she could no longer restrain rushed to her eyes; tears more bitter than had ever scalded her eyelids before, even when her child died. She suddenly saw that she had been pursuing a phantom; she loved, she knew not what or whom, but not the man before her. And how should she get away? She must offer some explanation, — what could she say? Poor Laura! she had planned it all beforehand, just what she would say and do, but things had turned out so differently from what she had fancied, that it all forsook her now. The fatigue of remaining so long in an unnatural position began to be felt; she trembled, slightly at first, then shook all over, and her tears thickened into sobs; she rose from her knees. Arnould laid down his brush in astonishment.

"Are you ill, madame? What is the matter?"

"I must go," she said, stepping down from the platform.

"Oh, impossible! The sketch is but well begun; give me at least another half-hour. Let me offer you a glass of wine." He did not believe in her tears and agitation, and was more convinced than ever that it was a Carnival prank. He had strong reason for skepticism and ill-humor towards her sex, and his disgust for the woman who had just betrayed him tempered his curiosity about the woman before him; but he was making a fine study and he was bent on finishing it. She shook her head.

"Will you have water, then? Is it too hot? I will open a window. Sit down and rest." He drew forward a seat. It was the carved Gothic arm-chair of the princess's picture; she shuddered convulsively and pushed it away.

"No, I must go," she repeated. Arnould, convinced that she was trifling with him, besought, remonstrated, urged, but with so much familiarity and freedom that every word strengthened her desire to get away. She was disenchanted by this exhibition of the Bohemian, a species of the human family unknown to her even by name; she was not wholly disenthralled, however, for the man had a puissant individuality which was equally manifest in all his moods; she felt her will so unequal to his, his power over her so great, that only the force of fear could have carried her through the conflict. She gathered her hair up as well as she could, and fastened her domino. He saw that she meant to go, and could not understand it.

"You'll come back to-morrow then?"

She shook her head.

"When?"

"I cannot come back at all."

"Oh, Body of Bacchus, fair lady, this is too much! Then let me see your face before you go, that I may know whose portrait I have had the honor of beginning." She shook her head again and turned towards the door; he intercepted her by one quick step and catching her by the arm raised his hand towards her mask.

"Stop!" cried Laura in English, and with a gesture full of dignity she raised it from her face and revealed her gray eyes dilated and shining, her cheeks deep pink and wet with tears, her mouth crimson and quivering. For a second the painter did not recognize her; the next he almost staggered backwards in his surprise. "Madame Harrington!"

"Yes," she said, wrought up far beyond shyness, shame, or fear. "I came here because I loved you — because I have loved you since the first day I saw you and your wonderful picture, which I have. But I did not come for myself; I had heard that you were not free, that

you are too poor to run the risk of not selling your pictures at once, and so you paint them all for a man who gets much more for them than he gives you. I am rich, and I thought — I thought ” — here her voice grew unsteady — “if you could love me I might help you, I might give you my life and fortune in exchange for your name and talent, and you could work for fame alone. But there was some one else,” she went on, glancing towards Madame Ca’ Doro’s portrait; “some one so far beyond me in everything that I could not hope, until” — and even in her intense passion of excitement she unconsciously lowered her voice, fearing to give pain — “I heard that it was broken. Then I came. I don’t know what I expected. I thought it might come about somehow; but it is all over now. I am disgraced in my own eyes. I could never see you again. Good-by.” She had spoken slowly, so that he had had time to collect himself, though more and more amazed at each word.

“Madame,” he said in his grave voice, steadying himself against a table, for he felt that he too was trembling, “can I believe what I hear? You love me?”

“No,” said Laura, with a gush of tears. “I loved you an hour ago, but my own folly has cured me.”

“I am very unfortunate,” he returned. “And you would have been my wife?” She bowed her head. “And why is that impossible now?”

“Because I could never look at you without shame; and because you are not the man I fancied that you were, and it has given me a shock. Do not make excuses; I had no right to your respect when I came in such a way. I never could have it after this explanation, nor my own, which is worse, and that would make life intolerable; I felt it all as I knelt there, and so I said to myself it must end; and now good-by again.” There was something firm and final in her gentle voice, which notwithstanding all her agitation left no room for doubt or hope. There was a pause; at length he said: —

“You have done me infinite honor, and I am all too unworthy. Let me ask one only favor.”

“Yes.”

“Give me half an hour more for that sketch. It is not late; it is not ten o’clock, and the Carnival will last for three hours more; you can return to your hotel without exciting any remark. I have seen a pure and noble-hearted woman for the first time since I left my mother, and I want a memento of her. It is a small exchange,” he added, in a lower tone, “for the happiness which might have been mine.”

Without a word Laura again loosened her domino, let down her hair, and knelt again; he arranged her as before. “Yes, madame,” he said, “my heart will always hold that hidden face, but no other mortal shall know whose it is.” She felt that she could trust him. He painted for about twenty minutes more, bringing the sketch to sufficient completeness; at length, seeing her form begin to sway slightly again from weariness, he laid down the brush.

“That is enough, I will not tax you any more.” He was loath to let her go, but he watched her quietly as she made her preparations for departure; when they were finished, she was no longer flushed and tearful, but looked at him from her white hood with a sweet, serious face, like a nun’s, and held out her hand.

“Stay one moment more,” he said; he took a palette knife from his easel, and walking over to the Princess Ca’ Doro’s picture cut it across twice. Laura uttered a faint cry. “But for *that* woman *this* one might have been mine,” he said; “both are lost to me now, but this will be my good angel forever.” He knelt and took her hand and kissed it with such gentleness and reverence that she did not withdraw it. “The recollection of your goodness and graciousness will do more for me than all the benefits you meant. God has let me see the heart of a good woman, and I shall be a better man for it as long as I live.”

## THE SKULL IN THE GOLD DRIFT.

WHAT ho! dumb jester, cease to grin and mask it!  
Grim courier, thou hast stayed upon the road!  
Yield up the secret of this battered casket,  
This shard, where once a living soul abode!  
What dost thou here? how long hast lain imbedded  
In crystal sands, the drift of Time's despair;  
Thine earth to earth with aureate dower wedded,  
Thy parts all changed to something rich and rare?

Voiceless thou art, and yet a revelation  
Of that most ancient world beneath the New;  
But who shall guess thy race, thy name and station,  
Æons and æons ere these boulders grew?  
What alchemy can make thy visage liker  
Its untransmuted shape, thy flesh restore,  
Resolve to blood again thy golden ichor,  
Possess thee of the life thou hadst before?

Before! And when? What ages immemorial  
Have passed, since daylight fell where thou dost sleep!  
What molten strata, ay, and flotsam boreal,  
Have shielded well thy rest, and pressed thee deep!  
Thou little wist what mighty floods descended,  
How sprawled the armored monsters in their camp,  
Nor heardest, when the watery cycle ended,  
The mastodon and mammoth o'er thee tramp.

How seemed this globe of ours when thou didst scan it?  
When, in its lusty youth, there sprang to birth  
All that hath life, unnurtured, and the planet  
Was paradise, the true Saturnian Earth!  
Far toward the poles was stretched the happy garden;  
Earth kept it fair by warmth from her own breast;  
Toil had not come to dwarf her sons and harden;  
No crime (there was no Want!) perturbed their rest.

How lived thy kind? Was there no duty blended  
With all their toilless joy — no grand desire?  
Perchance as shepherds on the meads they tended  
Their flocks, and knew the pastoral pipe and lyre, —  
Until a hundred happy generations,  
Whose birth and death had neither pain nor fear,  
At last, in riper ages, brought the nations  
To modes which we renew who greet thee here.

How stately then they built their royal cities,  
With what strong engines speeded to and fro;



What music thrilled their souls; what poets' ditties  
Made youth with love, and age with honor glow!  
And had they then their Homer, Kepler, Bacon?  
Did some Columbus find an unknown clime?  
Was there an archetypal Christ, forsaken  
Of those he died to save, in that far time?

When came the end? What terrible convulsion  
Heaved from within the Earth's distended shell?  
What pent-up demons, by their fierce repulsion,  
Made of that sunlit crust a sunless hell?  
How, when the hour was ripe, those deathful forces  
In one resistless doom o'erwhelmed ye all:  
Engulfed the seas and dried the river-courses,  
And made the forests and the cities fall!

Ah me! with what a sudden, dreadful thunder  
The whole round world was split from pole to pole!  
Down sank the continents, the waters under,  
And fire burst forth where now the oceans roll;  
Of those wan flames the dismal exhalations  
Stifed, anon, each living creature's breath;  
Dear Life was driven from its utmost stations,  
And seethed beneath the smoking pall of Death!

Then brawling leapt full height yon helmèd giants;  
The proud Sierras on the skies laid hold;  
Their watch and ward have bidden time defiance,  
Guarding thy grave amid the sands of gold.  
Thy kind was then no more! What untold ages,  
Ere Man, renewed from earth by slow degrees,  
Woke to the strife he now with Nature wages  
O'er ruder lands and more tempestuous seas.

How poor the gold, that made thy burial splendid,  
Beside one single annal of thy race,  
One implement, one fragment that attended  
Thy life — which now hath left not even a trace!  
From the soul's realm awhile recall thy spirit,  
See how the land is spread, how flows the main,  
The tribes that in thy stead the globe inherit,  
Their grand unrest, their eager joy and pain.

Beneath our feet a thousand ages molder,  
Grayer our skies than thine, the winds more chill;  
Thine the young world, and ours the hoarier, colder,  
But Man's unfaltering heart is dauntless still.  
And yet — and yet like thine his solemn story:  
Grove where he will, transition lies before;  
We, too, must pass! our wisdom, works, and glory  
In turn shall yield, and change, and be no more.

*Edmund C. Stedman.*

## TWO GIRLS THAT TRIED FARMING.

DOROTHEA ALICE SHEPHERD and Louise Burney v. Fate.

Yes, that was the way the case stood. We were making the fight.

We often wonder now that we dared. But success is enervating. Our needs gave us requisite intensity then.

I suppose fate and folks thought we were very well off as we were — Louise as housemaid in a family where she was “as good as anybody,” and I as district school-teacher; at least, I know that in the first of the struggle the sympathy was all on the wrong side. It is a very fine thing, now that we have succeeded; but there were days and times when — well, never mind! it is little matter since we have succeeded, have accomplished nearly everything which they predicted we never could do.

I was a district school-teacher, and Louise a hired girl, as I said. People who have become interested in us since our success say we are each the other's complement. Perhaps. Ever since we were tiny school-girls we had owned in joint proprietorship many Spanish castles, where we chiefly stayed when together, as neither of us had any other *bona-fide* home. But the time came when, instead of reading and romancing together, we spent our hours in scolding over our lot. I suppose, indeed, that had we been members of the International, or the Commune, instead of a pair of harmless Yankee village girls, we could not have discussed the problems of work and property much more fiercely than we did. We wanted a home, we wanted to be our own mistresses, we wanted a living that should be independent of the likes, dislikes, and caprices of others.

We read up the subject of labor, talked over every branch we had known women permitted to try. We turned from all the traditional industries of our sex; we knew those ancient avenues

were crowded. Louise would have liked to take a step up. “I should prefer something that would take us among books, should n't you, Dolly? If we only had money we would begin a little store: books on one side, with a nice news counter, and on the other side bottles and drugs. Don't you think so, Dolly, some day?”

But Dolly knew two ladies, tired-out teachers, who were doing just that; and she knew the amount of debt incurred in addition to the capital invested.

Then, in her desperation, Louise would resolve she must save her wages and educate herself as a teacher of mathematics, while I should perfect my French and drawing. “If I could, don't you think we might get hired in the same school, Dolly?”

My poor Louise! there has always been something the matter with her head where figures are concerned. When she sets the basket of eggs in the wagon I always inquire if the “little pencil” is in the pocket-book. It always is, for — careful little soul — she would n't be the one to peril our precious gains by trusting to a mental calculation of eleven dozens at thirteen cents per dozen.

But finally, when a good plan and capital to carry it out both seemed impossible, both the plan and the capital suddenly “turned up.”

A maiden sister of Louise, who as housekeeper had saved up eight hundred dollars, died and left the sum intact “to us,” as Louise was pleased to say. And one day soon after, she laid down the New York Tribune, and said, “Let us go West!”

It was meant as a merry jest; but it was a breeze to blow the tendrils of a vague fancy of mine round a “happy thought” which I suppose many other women have tried to clamber up by.

“Lou, why not?” I exclaimed at once. “Why not go West and buy a

bit of land and raise small fruits for the markets?"

In a few moments we had talked ourselves brave and eager, not so much over the work as over the happiness; the plan presented itself to us as idyl, pastoral, holiday, picnic. "That would be home and independence beyond any of the other plans," said Lou. "Just you and I, and nobody to deal with but Dame Nature!"

I went back to my boarding-place. I read and reflected. Unfortunately for our project, I had a genius for details, and now it came into baleful activity. I stayed away from Louise until there was not a shred of our bright plan left. Friday she sent me a note, and Saturday night I went up to see her.

She took me up into her room, turned me round, looked me attentively in the face. "Dolly, what have you turned down the lights for? Are n't we going to raise small fruits? or did I dream it?"

"Lou, do you know how long it takes to bring strawberries into profitable bearing, and raspberries too?"

"I believe strawberries bear in June, and raspberries some time in July—why?" answered she innocently. "I suppose we should set them early in spring."

"Lou Burney, we should have to wait as good as two years!" I cried. "Yes, and then, unless we were supernaturally early in market, the bulk of our crops would go at ten cents per quart. I've searched market reports through old papers until I'm perfectly certain the markets everywhere must be overstocked. It is not safe to stake our interests in such an enterprise. We should have to produce enormous crops to make it a business worth while. And it is n't likely two ignorant girls could do that,—not at first; and since, meantime, two ignorant girls must live, they had better beware."

"Oh, Dolly! do you mean to say all our talk the other night has gone for nothing? And you were so sure! How could you?"

"I hope you don't blame me for

looking round!" I replied, rather crossly, for I was as badly disappointed as she.

Men say we have no business instinct. Louise and I are far more inclined to believe that now than at first. It is woman-like to seize blindly hold of somebody's happy thought and endeavor to realize it under the most absurd circumstances. If you could only hear the plans that lone, energetic women have submitted to us! Still, we don't think it the fault of sex, so much as of training. For just one century give the generations of women the active life of men, and we shall not make these mistakes.

Louise looked up at last so regretfully. "I believe I'd rather we had n't found out, and gone on and tried it, it was such a nice plan: you and I with a house of our own—it was next thing to being birds and living in a nest. I would rather have tried it, and lived so a while, even if we failed at last. Oh, Dolly, can't we? it could n't take much just for you and me—just two girls; how could it?"

"For one day it would n't take much; but for a year, even one year, have you any idea what it would cost?"

"No, Dolly, I have n't, that I know of. But you have, I see. I understand that look; you're going to bear down on me now with a column of figures!"

Yes. In my pocket I had a newspaper slip whose figures and statistics might well deter one from waiting for berries to grow. It was a compilation from the Report of some Labor Commission, giving the average cost of living of the individuals of ordinary families.

One hundred and thirty-two dollars and thirty-three cents.

"Two hundred and sixty-four dollars and sixty-six cents!" she exclaimed. "No, Dolly, we could n't live while we waited, if this is correct. The berry-plan must be for women who have something to subsist them while they wait; we must have something to sell right away."

She took up the slip again, and looked over the items. "How much the small

things cost! those which people who have them never count among the expenses of living — milk and eggs and butter and vegetables. I was thinking of only meats and flour. Dear me, Dolly, we could n't, for we should have nothing in the world left after we bought any sort of a place. To accomplish anything, we ought to have all such things without buying. Why don't you say something, Dolly?" she asked me at last.

"I can't. Not now. I'm thinking. I'll come again in three days. Then, I believe, I shall have plenty to say."

Lou caught me by both hands. "You mean things when you look like this, Dolly Shepherd; what is it?"

But I broke away from her, not letting too much hope creep into my smile either. I felt, indeed, that now I had seized upon what Castelar calls "the Saving Idea." But I always like to dissect a flash. Until I had studied it in detail I could not tell. My mind was in confusion, with my thoughts all circling round a central idea: Could we go West and buy a farm, a real farm, a man's farm?

It was a startling thought to me — a girl who never had planted a hill of corn, or hoed a row of potatoes in her life, and who had a hacking cough, and a pain in her side. Still I felt strangely daring. Out-of-door life was what I needed, and home, and freedom from anxiety concerning my daily bread. For the first time I could find a certain good in the fact that I was all alone in the world. There was nobody, either for Lou or me, to interfere with our devoting ourselves to the solution of a problem. If we failed, there was nobody to be sorry or mortified.

Louise did not wait for my mysterious three days to expire. The afternoon of the second she came down to the school-house. It was just after I had "dismissed."

"Now!" demanded she.

Well, I had gone through the new plan in detail, had thought and thought, read and read, had found there was no sex in brains; for out of the mass of

agricultural reading I saw that even I, had I the strength, could reduce whatever was pertinent to practice. I resolutely cast money-making out of the plan, but I believed we could raise enough for our own needs, and I thought, "Oh, Lou Burney, if we should be able to establish the fact that women can buy land and make themselves a home as men do, what a ministry of hope even our humble lives may become!"

In my earnestness I had tried various absurd little experiments. In my out-of-door strolls I think I had managed to come upon every farming implement upon the place. Out of observation I had lifted, dragged, turned, flourished, and pounded. I had pronounced most of them as manageable by feminine muscle as the heavy kettles, washing machines, mattresses, and carpets that belong to woman's in-door work. I had hoed a few stray weeds back of the tool-house, a mullein and a burdock (which throve finely thereafter), and found it as easy as sweeping, and far daintier to do than dinner-dish-washing.

I felt prepared to talk. "Well, Lou," I said, "we will try it very much as we talked. We will even have some berries. Only we will make our bread and butter the chief matter, and do whatever else we can meanwhile. We will take our moneys" — I had three hundred of my own — "and go up into the great Northwest and make the best bargain we can for a little farm, which, however, shall be as big as possible, for even at first we must keep a horse and a cow, and a pig and some hens. Keeping a cow, you know, will enable us to keep the pig, and therefore it means smoked ham and sausage for our own table, lard, milk, cream, and butter. As you said, we must have something to sell right away. There will be, as I have planned it, a surplus of pork, butter, eggs, and poultry with which to procure groceries, grains, and sundries. We shall also raise our fruits and vegetables. We can grow corn to keep our animals, and for brown bread for ourselves. We will set out an orchard and a grape arbor, and have a row of bee-

hives. Meanwhile, having secured the means of daily life, I have other and greater plans for a comfortable old age."

These I disclosed. She made no comment upon them, but reverted gravely to the animals. "I should think we might, Dolly, only the horse; do we need a horse? Be sure now, Dolly, for it would be a great undertaking. You know we would have to keep a nice one if we kept any, not such a one as women in comic pictures always drive. Be sure, now."

"Yes, I am. We must cultivate our own corn and potatoes. I can see that in small farming hiring labor would cost all the things would come to. Besides, how could we ever get to mill, or church, or store? Only by catching rides; our neighbors would soon hate us."

"Well, then," said Lou, "let us go."

Accordingly, we came up into Michigan to cousin Janet's. Making her hospitable house our head-quarters, we proceeded to "look land" like other Eastern capitalists: that is, cousin Janet's husband took us in his light wagon to see every farm that was for sale within ten miles. And it was such fun — we little midgets to go tripping over magnificent estates of two or three hundred acres, and spying about with only a thousand dollars in our pockets!

Of course, we could not buy them; and we did think, so long as we were "only two girls," there was no need for such wide-spread consternation when we finally made our choice. However, Lou and I were of one mind. We had resolved to keep ourselves to the plan of "mixed farming;" and when the whole of that rubbishy, neglected thirty-five acres was offered to us by its non-resident owner for a sum quite inside our means, instead of turning up our noses at it, we felt it to be a bit of outspoken friendliness on the part of Providence, and to the astonishment of the neighborhood we bought it without delay.

But we have been obliged thus to rely, almost wholly, upon our own judgment from the beginning, — so many things

which we lack are necessary in order to carry out a man's advice: money, strength, hired men, horses. Still we believe that these very lacks, compelling us as they have to certain close economies and calculations, have helped us to our success.

Our scraggy acres were a contrast, to be sure, to the handsome orchards and wheat fields we had visited. But from the day on which we "drew writings," Lou and I never have looked upon the spot without seeing it, not only as it is, but as what it is to become, and is becoming. Every stone picked up, every fence corner cleared, every piece of thorough plowing, every rod of fence built, every foot of trellis, every rose-bush and grape-vine and shade tree planted, has been to us as one brush-stroke more upon the fair idyllic picture we saw in the beginning.

On our way home from the village we again passed our place. John rather maliciously asked if we would not like to look at it "as a whole," and stopped the team.

As a whole, it was a narrow, hilly stretch outlined by a weak skeleton of a fence; a forbidding surface of old stubble ground and wild turf, the distant hill-tops crowned with tall mulleins. There was not a sprig of clover on the place, and though there was an old brown house and barn, there was not an orchard tree, nor a reminiscence of garden.

John discoursed again of the poor soil as we sat there. He warned us that we could never expect to raise wheat. Wheat! I had seen little save wheat since we came into the State. I did n't believe in so much wheat, on account of a few principles in chemistry, and I told him so; and let him laugh at my "school-ma'am farming" while I jumped out and crept through the bars and ran up to make sure the old house was locked. What an old house! It had grown dear to us already, as being our very own: but in reality it was as brown and straggling, and as lonely and unpicturesque, as an old bird's nest

—"torn with storms and rain."

With a strange new sense of security which only the possession of a bit of real estate can give one, we flitted away to prepare to come again in the spring with the first robin. I went back to cousin Janet's and hired out, not to her, but to cousin John; while Louise took up her old business of housework at a wealthy farmer's near us — cheerily, both of us. We had paid for our farm, and there remained to us funds for the purchase of horse, wagon, and cow. Lou, being supposed coolest in case of fire, took charge of the precious deed, and of the money, promising to add thereto, before spring, fifty dollars; "And that will buy your clover seed, Dolly."

"But you know *you* believe in clover, Lou, and several cows and sheep?" I did not fancy shouldering alone the responsibility of my theories.

"Oh, yes, dear Dolly, if you are certain you do."

I was pretty certain.

Lou had her two dollars each week. What I earned was twelve dollars per month, experience, and health. Of course they wanted to keep the sick girl in the house. But at the outset I made for myself some short dresses, — I am small and slender, and it was not at all such an outrage upon the æsthetics of dress as you may fancy, — and thus lightly and conveniently attired, and beginning moderately, I worked out-of-doors every day with cousin John and the boys.

I found everything hard, but nothing impossible.

Little Rob and I cut up half a dozen acres of corn unassisted. Unassisted I husked the same, bound my bundles, and well, too. At first I was greatly discouraged over this same "binding," as all women are: for cousin said he could n't sacrifice too much to our experiment, and that he would n't have me in the husking unless I could bind my stalks as I went. I promised, but it tore and wore my hands cruelly, and then the bundles upon which I had spent so much time would fall in pieces while

I was carrying and setting them up. But one day, when I was at quite a loss what to do, I espied two German women in the neighboring field occupied like myself, and I climbed the fence and called upon them, as very properly I might, they being the later comers. They, I found, had availed themselves of woman's proverbial wit; they showed me some balls of coarse twine.

"Go puy yourself some palls of leetle rope, and not tear you shmall hands mit twisting stalks and marsh hay. It do take more time to twist him, than it do to earn de leetle rope."

I returned triumphant, and after that bound my stalks, woman-like, with "leetle rope."

After the first few days, I could work early and late. Cousin Janet said I should surely finish myself up now; and Louise was afraid I would, too. But day after day I appeared in my corn-field, where I worked after a fashion of my own. I did n't fancy wet stalks, and bugs, and mice nests, and perhaps a snake, in my lap. But the vigorous motions required to strip and break the ear from the husks, and the exercise of binding and carrying, expanded my chest as thoroughly as the motions of the movement cure, and marvelously strengthened shoulder and wrist. My cough ceased. The sunlight of the lovely, vaporous Indian summer weather, and the sweet air, proved at once a balm and a tonic for my irritated stomach, and, together with the exercise, invigorated my appetite. I used to run down to dinner as hungry as the boys, and bark gleefully "like a wolf" in Janet's ears, to show her how ravenous I was, until at last the hired man — an old Scotchman — said one day to John, who was lecturing me, "Hoot, mon! let the lass alone! gie her oatmeal pairritch for her breakfast and let her work; them as likes wark can wark their fill on that!"

So they can. Louise and I know that. A cup of strong, pure, well creamed coffee, with a dish of oatmeal mush dressed with cream and sifted sugar, has been our daily breakfast for years. The old Scotchman's hint has been a fortune



to us in the matter of solid muscle and healthy thought.

While I grew brown and strong out in the sunny fields, I was daily learning my business working alongside cousin John. I learned the easy way, the "man's way," of holding the plow and turning a furrow, and it was a proud time for me when Rob and I were trusted to plow out the potatoes when potato harvest came. I "thanked my stars" every day then, as every day since, that I had had the energy and the sense thus to fit myself to carry out our enterprise. I was taught how to make a proper stack of the cornstalks — one that would shed rain — and how to build a load. I *would* persist: if I slid off the load, as often I did, I would clamber back; for if I was as slim as a willow whip I was also as lithe. I picked apples day after day, until no possible height on the ladder could turn me giddy. I drove the mower to cut the seed clover; I could, in my short, scant skirts. I learned to harness, to milk fast and clean, how to feed and care for stock, and how to swing an ax and file a saw; and if I did sometimes quite wear out John and old Donald with my questions, and with being in the way, and with the general bother of a girl mixed up with the work, Lou and I don't know that we care: man, as a race, owes us a great deal. I would "tag round" all day at cousin's heels with his little boys, who thought it great fun to go out and work with Dolly, and who between them taught me almost as many things as their father did; and at night I sat in the rocking-chair and questioned John about sheep and wool and lambs and hay-making, and then compared what he had said with the Rural and the Agriculturist.

Cousin paid me my wages by going over to our farm and plowing up every rod of it save the door-yard and wood-lot. He protested against the nonsense of "fall plowing;" but I insisted, talking "cut-worms" and the magic harrows of the winter frosts. He protested still more loudly because I bargained for every load of barn-yard compost which the farms for ten miles around would

sell and deliver spread upon our plowed land — to "winter waste," they said; and he called me a "headstrong girl" because after making the land so rich I would not "take a wheat-crop off" when I "seeded it." But Lou and I knew a wheat-crop was an affair of money, men, and teams from beginning to end; besides, we meant to save the entire strength of the soil for our future meadows.

Many a sly dig did I get about my stubbornness.

"Have ye bought yer team yet, Miss Shepherd?" Thus a friendly neighbor.

Miss Shepherd is saved the trouble of reply. "A team? Dolly an't a-goin' to buy no team; she's a-goin' to work her farm with *ideas*."

Well, why not? — if I can.

So, pursuant to John's theory of "ideas," I question and question until I have learned the routine of the main farm crops, the number of days' work per acre of both men and horses, cost of seed, and probable average and market value of yield. I also learn the daily amount of food consumed by each of the meat-making animals, together with the usual market prices of the different meats.

When winter came, I returned to my ancient employment. My school-keeping wages paid my debts to the farmers; and with the surplus I bought out cousin's hennery entire, — the fowls and the guano, — together with a pretty pair of Poland pigs. Lou had purchased grass and clover seed, and had learned to drive; and as I knew how to milk, and April was near at hand, we bought a load of hay, handsome horse Pampas and gentle cow Maggie, cultivator and spades, gathered up all the old tools cousin had given us, even to a draw-shave, and went down home.

And here a blessing upon the gray heads of cousin Janet and cousin John is surely in order; for a portion of everything in their house was sent with us, from a bag of flour and a ham down to a tiny sack of salt and the residue of my oatmeal, from a load of nursing

fruit trees down to a bundle of currant bush and a peony root; and, last of all, a lovely little cat, "to purr and sit in your laps and make it seem like home in the evening." That was what little cousin Jamie said as he reached up and put it in my arms after we were in the wagon.

Well, it was a bare little home after we had done our very best with it; and had it not been our own we could not have stayed there. We had spent all our money on the land, and there was nothing left for the house. There was not one bright thing in it except the crackling fire, and Louise with her golden hair and crimson cheeks. Such a home-made home as it was! I had braided a great rug, and that turned out to be the only bit of carpet we had for four years. Our window-shades were of newspapers scalloped and adorned with much elaborate scissors-work. We had three chairs, antiquated specimens that I had brought down from cousin's wood-house chamber, cushioned and draped; and the trouble we had, to be sure, because we could not step up on any one of them to reach things! We used a stand in place of a table, for which Lou contrived a leaf; and we slept upon an old-fashioned post-bedstead which Janet had given us. We owned three plates and a platter, as many knives and forks, cups and saucers; John said if we had company Lou and I could wait, which we did. The rest of our in-door possessions consisted of some odd kettles, a score of shining new milkpans, a couple of pails, a broom, a small pile of books in blue and gold, a trunkful of magazines, — unbound but precious, — an etching of Evangeline, and a splendid engraving of Longfellow sitting in a rocking-chair: that, truly, was everything we had to put into that great, rambling old house.

However, we still think it was better to have bought the clover seed.

The first evening was strange enough to us. I remember just how oppressive the silence became after everything was done and we sat down. Lou cried,

and I laughed. Then we felt how absurd it was to be afraid in our own house; and we cheered ourselves with the pussy and the fire, and said we would subscribe for a newspaper. After that all went well.

Only, every morning Lou would ask me, "Dolly, you *never* will go off and leave me, will you?"

"No, that I won't! And you never will either, will you?"

"No, indeed!"

And that is our "good morning" still.

In due time cousin John came again, and gang-plowed the fields we had devoted to clover. Then he lent us his team, and Lou and I harrowed and harrowed. Then we sowed our clover and timothy and orchard grass, so thickly, too, that John was fain to swear at our wastefulness. But I did not believe, even then, that there was need for such spotted meadows as I had observed — the clover growing in distinct patches and tufts, the grasses coarse, sparse, and wiry; I wanted some fine, sweet grasses. I will say here that I was rewarded for my faith in liberal seeding; for owing to that, and to the plentiful winter dressing, and the fine seed-bed we made of all the fields, our pretty trefoil came up all over like wheat, or a lettuce-bed, and our grasses *are* fine, thick, and sweet. Of course clovering upon such an extensive scale obliged us to hire pasturage for Pampas, and to "soil" gentle Maggie; but we found the latter plan, though troublesome, one of our most profitable experiments.

And then, waiting for May days and corn-planting, we began work in earnest. In our convenient short dresses, in which Louise said she felt "so spry," rejoicing in loose bands and in shoulder-straps and blouse waists to a degree that would have delighted Miss Phelps, we shouldered our axes and our dinner-pails, à la lords of creation, and went over to our bit of forest to get up "the year's wood," after the manner of the model householder.

I will allow you for a moment to fancy us vainly attacking huge logs, and then tell you we were simply thinning out the young trees. It was not a difficult task to fell them. Afterwards we constructed a couple of rude, strong saw-bucks, and sawing diligently, day after day, we at last had a supply for months piled neatly in the green recesses.

After that came fence-mending, yes, and fence-making, for we were obliged to have sixty rods of entirely new fence. We found that our own woods had been thoroughly denuded of "rail timber," and, further, that even in this comparatively new country, a board fence was already cheaper than one of rails, when it came to buying outright.

This was the result of Lou's inquiries at the village lumber yards. "And," added she, "the fences, even at these rates, will cost almost as much as the land did. There is a country saw-mill three miles up north, of which fact a man would take advantage."

"And why not we?"

The next day, in our new, gay little wagon we set off over the hills. There was a quizzical light gleaming in the black eyes of the proprietor of the mill as he came forward to listen to our inquiries; but it mattered little to us. He soon found that we meant "cash down," and we found that by buying logs and hiring them sawed we should compass a saving of fifteen dollars.

"And now, Dolly," said Louise on the way home, "I shall draw those boards myself. Those mill-men look good-natured—they will load for me. You and I together can lift off the wagon-box, and I have studied out how to lengthen the reach with a false one. I can ride nicely on the reach going, and on the boards coming back. Nothing shall be wanting on my part, Dolly."

It is not pertinent to the history of this experiment how people stared to see little Louise riding by upon a wagon-reach. She took care, wisely, to look very pretty, and I believe it was thought rather "cunning" than otherwise; she and her yellow-striped wagon and her

spirited roan horse were all upon such a little scale, "and all of us sandy-complexioned," she laughingly said as they started.

I worried greatly for fear she would fall off; but by noon she was safely back with her little load of boards. Encouraged by her brave smile I thought we might unload. And we did. "No harder than dancing several hours, Dolly," she said cheerily. "And saving our money serves much the same purpose as the music."

Next day ditto, and the next, and the next.

"There!" said the little teamster, as she surveyed the boards scientifically scattered up and down the lines of future fence. "There, Dolly, we have saved the twenty dollars with which becomingly to accept the inevitable—a woman *cannot* dig post-holes and set posts!"

The post-setting accomplished, we bought our fence-nails, and with our hammers and saws went out to build fence. We built it, too, notwithstanding masculine wisdom assured us we could not. We lifted the boards by uniting strength, I held them against the post close to Lou's accurate red chalk marks,—it is Lou who has the correct eye,—and she drove the nails. During which we found that the fifteen dollars saved was the margin for straight edges, uniform width, freedom from bark, immunity from knot-holes, and the general superiority of art over nature, town over country.

We also took down and relaid the entire roadside fence, not accomplishing all this, of course, without countless resting-spells; the fibre that endures, the power of giving blow and bearing strain, is of painfully slow growth.

The fence-mending done, we attempted another bit of thrift. We harnessed Pampas to the little wagon, for which we ourselves had constructed a light extra box to place atop the other, and then we drove up and down our estate,—Lou practicing in the art of standing to drive, the while,—through the woods and through the grubby residue which

John could n't plow, cutting our wagon-roads as we went, often both jumping out to roll aside a log, rolling and blocking, rolling and blocking, until we had conquered, and thoroughly "picked up" the place, bringing back to the door load after load of sticks and limbs and chips for summer wood.

There were three acres of this unavailable residue. While we were loading, we often paused to contemplate it. It was covered by a growth of white oak grubs; old stumps and knotty logs had been rolled down upon it, and it had been made a dumping ground for stones and the mountainous piles of brush from former clearings.

"Here, Dolly dear, is our knitting work!" Lou said one day.

Just that it was for two years. When no other work pressed, we "logged." That is, we cut down grubs — trimming up the tallest to mend fence with — and piled the brush, old and new, around the logs, dragging the stumps into piles of two and three; many a summer night have we tended our big bonfires over there; twice have we had the whole place on fire and the neighborhood out to save the fences and put out the flames. In fact, our daily life those first years was so truly primitive, and seemed such a bit of delightful outlawry from the conventional housewife of our sex, that Louise often said, "We might as well be gypsies, Dolly, and live in the hedge!"

Meantime other things were happening. We had tried a bit of the newspaper gardening: Louise and I had agreed we would try almost everything. Underneath a thin coverlet of straw, and the shelter of some loose cornstalks, down the sunny south side of the selected garden site, we had lettuces and peas and onions growing greenly, right in the midst of snow-storms. It was a pretty sight, after a light April snow, to take a peep in and see them smiling up at us with such a live, cheery, undaunted look, as if to say, "We are *very* comfortable, thank you, and as busy as we can be!" It made

us cheery. We were like two children. We hovered every day about this first gardening, this premature bit of summer which we had evoked as from fairyland. It was such a wonderful thing to us, as wonderful as the telegraph, to ask a question of Nature, — a question wrapped up in a tiny brown seed, or a brown bulb, or a little withered, wrinkled bean, — and be answered thus.

Another development in our affairs was not so encouraging. Pampas, upon acquaintance, was proving to be an extreme conservative, who liked things to run on in the old ruts. He had been born in the purple; and so soon as he learned that he had probably become involved for life in the problem of woman's independence, his discontent threatened us serious trouble. Having been accustomed to a town carriage-house he did not take kindly to our rustic accommodations, although his good breeding while he supposed himself merely on a visit led him to accept them courteously; but of late we had been awakened, and lain trembling to hear him pawing and knocking his stable in the dead of night — *our* horse — what were we to do with him?

"I will whip him for that," Louise said at last.

He had never drawn anything save a light phaeton, or worn any but the daintiest trappings, and he hated our harness and never would accept the bits without a protest; and of late he had shown his contempt for our pretty wagon by a series of short runs back and forth whenever he was put in the thills; and now he was resorting to sudden jumps, and to standing straight upon his hind feet in his desperate struggles to free himself.

"And I will whip him for that!" finally said Louise one day, after dismounting for the seventh time from the load of wood which he had vainly tried by rearing and plunging to overturn. I looked at his ugly mouth champing the bits so restively, and at his unloving eye, and I fancied little short Louise whipping him! I should have laughed had I not been so anxious.

One day when he would n't "back," she kept her word.

She led him out into an open space, told me to come along, and throwing off her sun-bonnet, took the whip. "Now back, Pampas! back!"

Not a step. Nothing but that fierce champing.

"Back, I say! back!" She tries to force him back with all her strength — and her white, firm arm and shoulder have strength. But Pampas champs and plants his feet, and then tries to make a little run at her, and I cry out. She crushes him back, the veins standing out on the little brown fist like cords.

She is white enough now: "Get into the wagon, Dolly, and pull on the lines!"

I clamber in, and, while she tries again, I pull, and cry "Back! back!" with all my weak voice. It is an excited feminine shriek, and it sounds as if I were afraid and were about to break down and cry, when in reality I am as brave and angry as Louise.

She tells him once more. Then she forces the bits back, and she raises the whip, and she brings it down upon his breast fiercely and fast, and cries, "Back, Pampas!" Pampas rears; that taint of mustang blood shows itself now; he raises her clear from the ground, but he can neither knock her down nor shake her off.

The whip comes swift and fierce. "Back! back there! back!" And I am as angry as she. I don't care if we both do get killed, and I pull, and she cries to him, and all at once he does back — runs back swift and hard. She holds fast. "Brace yourself if you can!" and then we bring up against the fence, and I sit down suddenly, and am thrown forward upon the dash-board. He plunges, but little Lou holds him there. She *can* hold him. Then, after a little, she lets him come forward, a few steps at a time, breathing hard and stepping high. He stands and paws, and looks, oh, how furious!

Lou takes breath a moment. "This never 'll do!" she says, and tells me to get out. She springs in while I try

to hold him as she did; he evidently thinks he can trample *me* down. "Now, don't be frightened! The harness is strong, and I can hold him; let go now!"

I try to let go, and he gives a plunge, nearly knocking me over, and shoots out at the open gate, as Lou meant. Up the road they go, Lou bare-headed, her golden fleece of hair floating straight behind her. I can see her whipping him up the long hill. He plunges, kicks, breaks into a run again, and the next minute they are out of sight, and the Kromers all come out to the gate to look. I can hear them for a little while over on the other road, the wagon rattling and bounding once or twice, and then there is nothing more to be heard.

They are gone an hour. I try to get dinner, but I cannot see, for tears. I let one of our plates fall and break. I let the meat burn. I wring my hands and walk the floor. I am just tying on my sun-bonnet to go and see what I can find, when suddenly I think I hear wheels. I run to the door. I did hear wheels. And it is Louise coming from the other way. Pampas is walking meekly. He is covered with sweat and foam — such a sorry-looking beast! Lou sits on the seat, serene, but white and large-eyed.

She smiles as they pause in the gateway. She composedly backs him a little. Then they come on again a few steps, then she stops him. She backs him again. "See! don't he know his master?"

He looks so meek and sorry. I think he would like to lay his nose against my cheek, but she will not let me pet him, not ever so little.

How we congratulate ourselves! for the neighborhood has for the last fortnight plainly been of the opinion that "them two girls have no business with a horse!"

But the next morning at breakfast, we hear the old ringing hoof-blows upon the side of the barn. Louise jumps up and takes down the whip, and I follow her. It is dreadful to me that we two gentle, intelligent girls, cannot coax and win

and govern a horse according to theory. I hear Pampas start with a jump as Lou unlatches the stable door. He sees her, sees the whip, and he — yes, he actually falls upon his knees. Lou nods at him meaningly, lays down the whip, tells him to get up, which he does, tells him to go to eating, which he does.

“There, old fellow!” she says.

Pampas trembles when he hears her coming, for nearly a week. Once more he has to be shown the whip at a time when his memory bids fair to fail him concerning the art of backing, and then it is all over with; and I am permitted to pet him again. He is a good horse for a year at a time, and very dear to the hearts of his small mistresses. Then, usually, he and Louise have to make some few fresh arrangements concerning good behavior; but it is never now a serious affair.

By this time the money capital of the enterprise had become entirely exhausted, and we were left dependent upon the butter and eggs of our plan. During our first week at cousin Janet’s we had found that they were not going to bring us the prices we had counted upon. We could only trust that there might be such a thing as making good the deficiency in prices by the production of larger quantities. We experimented with the feed of our poultry, and at last we did succeed in bringing what Louise called “a perfect storm of eggs.”

Knowing it costs no more to keep the good cow than the poor one, we had paid an extra price and had secured one of extra excellence, upon whom our meal and “middlings” were not wasted: gentle Maggie, with her little Maggie of still more precious blood in the stall adjoining. She was all that a short-horned, yellow-skinned, slender-footed, black-nosed little cow can be; and we never blamed *her* because our butter brought us only twenty-five, twenty, eighteen, fifteen, twelve and a half cents per pound; that is the descending scale from March to June.

We make, I fancy, the veritable “gilt-edged” butter of the Boston and Phila-

delphia markets. It is sweet, fragrant, sparkling, golden-tinted, daintily salted, and daintily put up; but even from the most fastidious private buyers we never have received above thirty cents per pound, and during the greater portion of the summer have sold it for fifteen cents and twelve cents, the same price which Mrs. Kromer receives for her soft, lardy-looking rolls; perhaps *that* is the most aggravating part of it! The finer grades of butter, it seems, are not appreciated by the Western citizen and his family. Making inquiries in Detroit and Chicago, we learn there is no trade in these extra grades, and that, if offered, they could not be placed at anything like Eastern prices.

And while Eastern families are accustomed to pay from thirty to forty cents per dozen for eggs, we have never, even in winter, secured over twenty-five cents for the fresh-laid, while in the plentiful summer time we sell for ten cents.

In due time also we found that our blackcap raspberries would really go for ten cents per quart, and the bulk of our strawberries for the same. We abandoned forever the “small fruits” item of our plan. We have our thrifty purple canes, and our Wilson and Jocunda beds, where, with many a back-ache and many a dizzy headache, we grow those great, rich-hearted, scarlet and crimson berries which are chronicled as marvels by grateful editors, berries that one must needs slice for the table; but they are never for sale, thank you!

Therefore, enterprising little women, if you can secure land there, remain East with your dainty Jersey cows, your Leghorns and Dorkings. Stay by the good markets. Your labors will be no more arduous, while the returns will be double.

However, by cheerfully ignoring several of the items mentioned by the Labor Commission as among the necessities of the ordinary family, we did, week by week, make both ends meet. For our very own personal needs, the little Arcadian income would really have sufficed; but there always came up something to be purchased which we had not



made account of: the pound of nails, the pane of glass, the feed for our fowls, a horseshoe to be set, a bit of repair upon wagon or tools, the road tax, the pleasant little expenses for company. It was, indeed, quite a close affair those first years. Even in the early weeks we dismissed the idea of smoked ham and dainty sausage, and devoted "Pin-cushion" and "Roly-poly" to the payment of taxes and the discharge of debt for hired labor. Since, however, we conjugated the Spartan verbs, "To save" and "To scrimp;" and the new year never did find us in debt. They were good days, full of discipline and wisdom; we would not have missed them.

It was the busiest of all the springs; a home has to be begun in so many directions at once — meadow, field, garden, orchard, flowers, and shrubbery. Ah, that setting of trees! With us "arbor day" stretched through a week, what with pear, apple, peach, and cherry, evergreen, lilac, rose, and locust, to say nothing of the vines and canes. I confess to hours when we toiled side by side in silence, digging those holes. Nature is no gallant. She has inexorable laws which woman, in common with man, must meet. The spade in delicate hands must be driven as deep as the horniest palm can thrust it. Protect your white hands as you will, if you labor out-of-doors there will come upon them brownness, redness, and freckle; there will be cracks, torn flesh, "sivers," what not, and upon your soft, pink palms, callous, blister, and soreness unendurable; a brown, enlarged, useful, and strong hand will be one of the penalties of your independence. Also, my graceful sisters, your slender shoulders will broaden, you will affect a roomy bodice, and your arms will lose their tapering contours. As compensation, you will possess an exquisite perception of the purity of atmospheres, a comfortable disregard of changes in the weather, an appetite for fruits and vegetables and nourishing steaks, and an indifference to poisonous

seasonings and flavorings. You can walk, lift, carry, and undertake fresh independence.

Our tree-setting and early gardening well out of the way, came corn planting. In consideration of certain "suits" made for his little boys, cousin John sent over his horses, plow, and old Donald. Him we coaxed to sit under a budding tree, and ourselves took possession of the horses and plow. I had been longing to show Lou what I could do; and, truly, at cousin John's I had not thought plowing so very terrible. But I found our stony, hilly field somewhat different from his soft, level, garden land. To my surprise and hers, instead of walking quietly along my straight, loamy furrow, as I had meant and had led her to expect, Lou beheld me pulled this way, then that, dragged over clods, forced into long strides, the plow now lying upon its side, now leaping along the surface, until the trained team paused in mute inquiry.

We *can* plow, as I said, but do not think it advisable. Dozens of farmers do not scorn to do something outside, and by a job of carpentering, mason-work, threshing-machine, or the like, furnish themselves with many comforts otherwise unattainable. So I trust that we are none the less legitimately farmers because by a bit of dressmaking, or, rather, fine sewing, we hire our plowing and mowing and whatever other work we please.

We dragged and marked the four acres without assistance. Then we proceeded with another item of "that newspaper foolery," which, according to John, no farmer can afford. We had so often been assured that our land would n't grow corn, we did n't know but it might be so, and thought it well to assist the soil to the extent of our means. With our determined and persistent hoes we composted the guano of the hennerly with plaster until it was fine, dry, and inodorous. Such a task as that was!

Lou would stop and lean her forehead, wet and red, upon her hoe-handle,

and utter a bit of the current but kindly neighborhood sarcasm.

"*'Two girls!'* don't you think so, Dolly?"

I did think so, sometimes.

Then, with a pail in one hand, and a wooden spoon in the other, we each went over the field and deposited a modicum of this home-made fertilizer wherever a hill of corn was to grow.

This preliminary work was, of course, tedious. But it made a difference, we think, if the opinions concerning the state of the soil were correct, of at least forty bushels per acre; for the field yielded us, upon an average, ninety bushels to the acre. And let me say that in most instances, as in this, it has paid us to "*work our farm with ideas.*" Our superior melons and turnips, savoys and strawberries, as well as our corn crops, are the result of special work upon special plans, assisted by special fertilizers; not the costly ones of commerce, but home-made and carefully adapted by means of many experiments.

The fragrant May days passed. Our corn shot up its delicate pointed blades, our currant and berry settings puffed and ruffled themselves from top to toe with their little frilled leaves of exquisite green, and each morning there was some miraculous development at the garden beds. It was a pretty sight of a mid-May morning: our "*variegated foliage*" beets, peas finger high, onion beds rank upon rank of green lances, lettuces fit for salad and mayonnaise, tomatoes needing trellis, potatoes so high, thick and green, all freshly hoed and sparkling with dew. Ah, it is worth while to make garden! Not that ours has ever been particularly early, not that we could ever compete with a dozen Irish women we know, who raise "*truck*" for the markets. Oh, no! any season one can buy cucumbers when our vines are just starring themselves with their little yellow blossoms, and the groceries are full of red, ripe tomatoes when ours are only "*beginning to turn,*" and so on; and we have quite our share of

hand-to-hand fight with cut-worm, potato-bug, striped-bug, ants, and the onion fly, frost, and drought; but still we have always had plenty and perfection in the end, and a world of simple pleasures by the way.

"*Cultivating corn*" we found to our relief to be entirely practicable, although Pampas at first made cousin John's instructions of none effect. Nothing could induce him, that first season, to cross the field at less than his road pace, his naughty, handsome head held aloft; and every few moments he would break into a trot. After experimenting with him during one forenoon, we took him down to the stable, and I donned my long dress and went up to Mr. Kromer's. There I succeeded in lending him to take Mr. Kromer a journey, and in borrowing in return steady old Jane, who would walk up and down the rows with me at my own pace.

We are kept thus busy with hoe and cultivator all the summer long. We spend few daylight hours in the house, and look on to a snug winter in-doors with a zest indescribable. The autumn months come on apace, bringing still harder work and greater hurry. We cut up our corn, husk it, build a homely crib of poles, draw our stalks and stack them, dig our potatoes, store our vegetables, and rejoice like two squirrels as we heap up our winter cheer.

As the long, cold winter finally closes, we look cheerily from our windows out upon the world. Of course some strange, abnormal labors fall to our lot; there are paths to be shoveled through the snow, Pampas and the Maggies to be led forth to water, stables to be kept in wholesome order. But we do it, therefore others can.

The in-door coziness rewards us for it all. There is no enjoyment quite like that which comes as the lot of thrift and industry. We have avoided all debt save that which in due time the well-fattened Polands cancel. Maggie, feeding through the fall upon our golden pumpkins, enables us to fill the winter flour barrel, and a surplus of potatoes

purchases a store of groceries. Eggs, week by week, supply "items." A day's work of picking apples "upon shares" in the Kromer orchards has filled the apple-bin. During the long leisures, various pieces of fine sewing provide hay for Pampas. Spring finds us hopeful and not in debt.

Year after year we live on in this fashion, tugging away at great labors and knowing few leisures, but kept cheery by the thought that we have already lived so comfortably so long, that we are not in debt, that our early plan bids fair of success; until we begin to hear, on this hand and on that, "Why, how prosperous those girl-farmers are! Did you ever see the like?"

Then we pause, and look about us, and find it is so. The time has come. We ourselves see what a green, grassy, leafy nest the once despised little farm is, with its gardens and fruit yards, and rosy clover meadows, and rich upland pastures.

We have been "true to the early dream." The "golden foot of the sheep" is on our once barren hill-tops. Durham Maggie and Maggie II. and Maggie III. and Jersey Daisy feed luxuriously upon the sweet grasses and the honeyed clover-blossoms, while the cream-rising and the money-making go on together in the cool, shadowy milk-room day by day. The butter shipped in tubs, the choice mutton sheep, the fleeces in a load, are not representative of a ruinous and aggravating amount of

labor, and give us our money in that profitable shape, "the lump."

Of course the nights and mornings of the entire year are as busy as ever; and there is a deal of hard work and hurry in haying time and sheep shearing. But if one must work for a living, and likes a rural life, and can be content to live in a manner so simple and unvarying, the care of small flocks and herds is an easy, gentle, womanly occupation. We like their friendship and their company, and I dare say spend much unnecessary time with them. Lou carries her neatness and love of order into their quarters, until the sheep-cote is a pleasant place to visit. I often tell her that the sheds, so clean and warm and strawy, are as nice as the house, and that I don't see why, for hundreds of overworked women, the Arcadian time of shepherdesses might not profitably come again.

"I know it, Dolly," answers Louise. "I have thought of it so much. And now that men are coming more and more to share their occupations with us, I do wish the thousands who are tired and restless and discouraged, and have n't head enough to become doctors and lawyers, and yet need money just as badly, could see what a pleasant way of living this is. I wish we could tell them in some way, Dolly, just how we do. We raise nearly everything we consume, you know, but wheat. I wish you *could* tell them, Dolly!"

And Lou's wish is the *raison d'être* of my story.

*D. A. Shepherd.*

## A WAIF.

WHAT is it to the fair New England shore  
The dancing, sparkling, singing wavelets bring,  
Vexed with the winter's woe and wrath no more,  
And laughing in the radiant face of spring?

Oh many a crimson leaf and shell of gold  
Tossed in a mist of silver-falling spray,  
Rich, curious shapes of beauty manifold  
Fringe the long, shimmering beach with colors gay.

And lightly cast to land with smile and song,  
With graceful flowing forms and brilliant tints,  
Something lies dark the scattered wrack among,  
And to the morning's joy a sorrow hints:

A bottle, with dull surface crusted o'er  
With barnacle and shell and battered weed;  
Passive it lies upon the shining shore,  
Waiting for pitying eyes its woe to read.

Well has it kept a secret dark and drear!  
Broken at last by human hands, behold  
Its time-stained record: to the listening ear  
Steals life's last, bitter sigh of pain untold.

A few faint words, the ship's name and the date,—  
The Arctic Sea! "Last night the captain died;  
Alone I perish." Ah, how long to wait  
Ere men should hear this anguished voice that cried!

Death, the all-merciful, twelve years ago  
With welcome touch released this wretched soul;  
His message of despair tossed to and fro  
Twelve years, slow drifting from the frozen Pole.

The spinning planet turned from sun to shade,  
From shade to sun, while o'er its spaces vast  
Of desolate sea the silent message strayed  
In storm or calm, and here it speaks at last.

Nor is the clear May sun less bright, the day —  
Divinely fair! —less beautiful because  
This shadow has crept down the trackless way  
And reached our feet, and here, at last, must pause.

Poor fellow-man! The pity thou didst crave  
Springs keen and warm; 't is thine indeed to-day!

But what avails it? Lonely is thy grave  
In that fierce silence, vast and cold and gray.

Yet in the midst of nature's glad appeal  
To know her sweet, to recognize her fair,  
Though my whole soul responds, I still must feel  
Thy pain, must hear the voice of thy despair.

*Celia Thaxter.*

## OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

### II.

#### A "CUB" PILOT'S EXPERIENCE; OR, LEARNING THE RIVER.

WHAT with lying on the rocks four days at Louisville, and some other delays, the poor old Paul Jones fooled away about two weeks in making the voyage from Cincinnati to New Orleans. This gave me a chance to get acquainted with one of the pilots, and he taught me how to steer the boat, and thus made the fascination of river life more potent than ever for me.

It also gave me a chance to get acquainted with a youth who had taken deck passage — more 's the pity; for he easily borrowed six dollars of me on a promise to return to the boat and pay it back to me the day after we should arrive. But he probably died or forgot, for he never came. It was doubtless the former, since he had said his parents were wealthy, and he only traveled deck passage because it was cooler.<sup>1</sup>

I soon discovered two things. One was that a vessel would not be likely to sail for the mouth of the Amazon under ten or twelve years; and the other was that the nine or ten dollars still left in my pocket would not suffice for so imposing an exploration as I had planned, even if I could afford to wait for a ship. Therefore it followed that I must contrive a new career. The Paul Jones was now bound for St. Louis. I planned a siege against my

pilot, and at the end of three hard days he surrendered. He agreed to teach me the Mississippi River from New Orleans to St. Louis for five hundred dollars, payable out of the first wages I should receive after graduating. I entered upon the small enterprise of "learning" twelve or thirteen hundred miles of the great Mississippi River with the easy confidence of my time of life. If I had really known what I was about to require of my faculties, I should not have had the courage to begin. I supposed that all a pilot had to do was to keep his boat in the river, and I did not consider that that could be much of a trick, since it was so wide.

The boat backed out from New Orleans at four in the afternoon, and it was "our watch" until eight. Mr. B——, my chief, "straightened her up," plowed her along past the sterns of the other boats that lay at the Levee, and then said, "Here, take her; shave those steamships as close as you'd peel an apple." I took the wheel, and my heart went down into my boots; for it seemed to me that we were about to scrape the side off every ship in the line, we were so close. I held my breath and began to claw the boat away from the danger; and I had my own opinion of the pilot who had known no better than to get us into such peril, but I was too wise to express it. In half a minute I had a wide margin of safety intervening between the Paul Jones and the ships; and within ten seconds more I was set aside in disgrace,

<sup>1</sup> "Deck" passage — i. e., steerage passage.

and Mr. B—— was going into danger again and flaying me alive with abuse of my cowardice. I was stung, but I was obliged to admire the easy confidence with which my chief loafed from side to side of his wheel, and trimmed the ships so closely that disaster seemed ceaselessly imminent. When he had cooled a little he told me that the easy water was close ashore and the current outside, and therefore we must hug the bank, up-stream, to get the benefit of the former, and stay well out, down-stream, to take advantage of the latter. In my own mind I resolved to be a down-stream pilot and leave the up-streaming to people dead to prudence.

Now and then Mr. B—— called my attention to certain things. Said he, "This is Six-Mile Point." I assented. It was pleasant enough information, but I could not see the bearing of it. I was not conscious that it was a matter of any interest to me. Another time he said, "This is Nine-Mile Point." Later he said, "This is Twelve-Mile Point." They were all about level with the water's edge; they all looked about alike to me; they were monotonously unpicturesque. I hoped Mr. B—— would change the subject. But no; he would crowd up around a point, hugging the shore with affection, and then say: "The slack water ends here, abreast this bunch of China-trees; now we cross over." So he crossed over. He gave me the wheel once or twice, but I had no luck. I either came near chipping off the edge of a sugar plantation, or else I yawed too far from shore, and so I dropped back into disgrace again and got abused.

The watch was ended at last, and we took supper and went to bed. At midnight the glare of a lantern shone in my eyes, and the night watchman said:—

"Come! turn out!"

And then he left. I could not understand this extraordinary procedure; so I presently gave up trying to, and dozed off to sleep. Pretty soon the watchman was back again, and this time he was gruff. I was annoyed. I said:—

"What do you want to come bother-

ing around here in the middle of the night for? Now as like as not I'll not get to sleep again to-night."

The watchman said:—

"Well, if this an't good, I'm blest."

The "off-watch" was just turning in, and I heard some brutal laughter from them, and such remarks as "Hello, watchman! an't the new cub turned out yet? He's delicate, likely. Give him some sugar in a rag and send for the chambermaid to sing rock-a-by-baby to him."

About this time Mr. B—— appeared on the scene. Something like a minute later I was climbing the pilot-house steps with some of my clothes on and the rest in my arms. Mr. B—— was close behind, commenting. Here was something fresh — this thing of getting up in the middle of the night to go to work. It was a detail in piloting that had never occurred to me at all. I knew that boats ran all night, but somehow I had never happened to reflect that somebody had to get up out of a warm bed to run them. I began to fear that piloting was not quite so romantic as I had imagined it was; there was something very real and work-like about this new phase of it.

It was a rather dingy night, although a fair number of stars were out. The big mate was at the wheel, and he had the old tub pointed at a star and was holding her straight up the middle of the river. The shores on either hand were not much more than a mile apart, but they seemed wonderfully far away and ever so vague and indistinct. The mate said:—

"We've got to land at Jones's plantation, sir."

The vengeful spirit in me exulted. I said to myself, I wish you joy of your job, Mr. B——; you'll have a good time finding Mr. Jones's plantation such a night as this; and I hope you never *will* find it as long as you live.

Mr. B—— said to the mate:—

"Upper end of the plantation, or the lower?"

"Upper."

"I can't do it. The stumps there are



out of water at this stage. It's no great distance to the lower, and you'll have to get along with that."

"All right, sir. If Jones don't like it he'll have to lump it, I reckon."

And then the mate left. My exultation began to cool and my wonder to come up. Here was a man who not only proposed to find this plantation on such a night, but to find either end of it you preferred. I dreadfully wanted to ask a question, but I was carrying about as many short answers as my cargo-room would admit of, so I held my peace. All I desired to ask Mr. B—— was the simple question whether he was ass enough to really imagine he was going to find that plantation on a night when all plantations were exactly alike and all the same color. But I held in. I used to have fine inspirations of prudence in those days.

Mr. B—— made for the shore and soon was scraping it, just the same as if it had been daylight. And not only that, but singing —

"Father in heaven the day is declining," etc.

It seemed to me that I had put my life in the keeping of a peculiarly reckless outcast. Presently he turned on me and said:—

"What's the name of the first point above New Orleans?"

I was gratified to be able to answer promptly, and I did. I said I didn't know.

"Don't know?"

This manner jolted me. I was down at the foot again, in a moment. But I had to say just what I had said before.

"Well, you're a smart one," said Mr. B——. "What's the name of the next point?"

Once more I did n't know.

"Well this beats anything. Tell me the name of any point or place I told you."

I studied a while and decided that I could n't.

"Look-a-here! What do you start out from, above Twelve-Mile Point, to cross over?"

"I—I—don't know."

"You—you—don't know?" mim-

icking my drawling manner of speech. "What do you know?"

"I—I—nothing, for certain."

"By the great Caesar's ghost I believe you! You're the stupidest dunderhead I ever saw or ever heard of, so help me Moses! The idea of *you* being a pilot—you! Why, you don't know enough to pilot a cow down a lane."

Oh, but his wrath was up! He was a nervous man, and he shuffled from one side of his wheel to the other as if the floor was hot. He would boil a while to himself, and then overflow and scald me again.

"Look-a-here! What do you suppose I told you the names of those points for?"

I tremblingly considered a moment, and then the devil of temptation provoked me to say:—

"Well—to—to—to—be entertaining, I thought."

This was a red rag to the bull. He raged and stormed so (he was crossing the river at the time) that I judge it made him blind, because he ran over the steering-oar of a trading-scow. Of course the traders sent up a volley of red-hot profanity. Never was a man so grateful as Mr. B—— was: because he was brim full, and here were subjects who would *talk back*. He threw open a window, thrust his head out, and such an irruption followed as I never had heard before. The fainter and farther away the scowmen's curses drifted, the higher Mr. B—— lifted his voice and the weightier his adjectives grew. When he closed the window he was empty. You could have drawn a seine through his system and not caught curses enough to disturb your mother with. Presently he said to me in the gentlest way:—

"My boy, you must get a little memorandum-book, and every time I tell you a thing, put it down right away. There's only one way to be a pilot, and that is to get this entire river by heart. You have to know it just like A B C."

That was a dismal revelation to me; for my memory was never loaded with anything but blank cartridges. How-

ever, I did not feel discouraged long. I judged that it was best to make some allowances, for doubtless Mr. B—— was “stretching.” Presently he pulled a rope and struck a few strokes on the big bell. The stars were all gone, now, and the night was as black as ink. I could hear the wheels churn along the bank, but I was not entirely certain that I could see the shore. The voice of the invisible watchman called up from the hurricane deck:—

“What’s this, sir?”

“Jones’s plantation.”

I said to myself, I wish I might venture to offer a small bet that it is n’t. But I did not chirp. I only waited to see. Mr. B—— handled the engine bells, and in due time the boat’s nose came to the land, a torch glowed from the forecastle, a man skipped ashore, a darky’s voice on the bank said, “Gimme de carpet-bag, Mars’ Jones,” and the next moment we were standing up the river again, all serene. I reflected deeply a while, and then said, — but not aloud, — Well, the finding of that plantation was the luckiest accident that ever happened; but it could n’t happen again in a hundred years. And I fully believed it *was* an accident, too.

By the time we had gone seven or eight hundred miles up the river, I had learned to be a tolerably plucky up-stream steersman, in daylight, and before we reached St. Louis I had made a trifle of progress in night-work, but only a trifle. I had a note-book that fairly bristled with the names of towns, “points,” bars, islands, bends, reaches, etc.; but the information was to be found only in the note-book — none of it was in my head. It made my heart ache to think I had only got half of the river set down; for as our watch was four hours off and four hours on, day and night, there was a long four-hour gap in my book for every time I had slept since the voyage began.

My chief was presently hired to go on a big New Orleans boat, and I packed my satchel and went with him. She was a grand affair. When I stood in her pilot-house I was so far above the

water that I seemed perched on a mountain; and her decks stretched so far away, fore and aft, below me, that I wondered how I could ever have considered the little Paul Jones a large craft. There were other differences, too. The Paul Jones’s pilot-house was a cheap, dingy, battered rattle-trap, cramped for room: but here was a sumptuous glass temple; room enough to have a dance in; showy red and gold window-curtains; an imposing sofa; leather cushions and a back to the high bench where visiting pilots sit, to spin yarns, and “look at the river;” bright, fanciful “cuspadores” instead of a broad wooden box filled with sawdust; nice new oil-cloth on the floor; a hospitable big stove for winter; a wheel as high as my head, costly with inlaid work; a wire tiller-rope; bright brass knobs for the bells; and a tidy, white-aproned, black “texas-tender,” to bring up tarts and ices and coffee during mid-watch, day and night. Now this was “something like;” and so I began to take heart once more to believe that piloting was a romantic sort of occupation after all. The moment we were under way I began to prattle about the great steamer and fill myself with joy. She was as clean and as dainty as a drawing-room; when I looked down her long, gilded saloon, it was like gazing through a splendid tunnel; she had an oil-picture, by some gifted sign-painter, on every state-room door; she glittered with no end of prism-fringed chandeliers; the clerk’s office was elegant, the bar was marvelous, and the bar-keeper had been barbered and upholstered at incredible cost. The boiler deck (*i.e.*, the second story of the boat, so to speak) was as spacious as a church, it seemed to me; so with the forecastle; and there was no pitiful handful of deck-hands, firemen, and roustabouts down there, but a whole battalion of men. The fires were fiercely glaring from a long row of furnaces, and over them were eight huge boilers! This was unutterable pomp. The mighty engines — but enough of this. I had never felt so fine before. And when I found that the regiment of natty servants respectfully

"sir'd" me, my satisfaction was complete.

When I returned to the pilot-house St. Louis was gone and I was lost. Here was a piece of river which was all down in my book, but I could make neither head nor tail of it: you understand, it was turned around. I had seen it, when coming up-stream, but I had never faced about to see how it looked when it was behind me. My heart broke again, for it was plain that I had got to learn this troublesome river *both ways*.

The pilot-house was full of pilots, going down to "look at the river." What is called the "upper river" (the two hundred miles between St. Louis and Cairo, where the Ohio comes in) was low; and the Mississippi changes its channel so constantly that the pilots used to always find it necessary to run down to Cairo to take a fresh look, when their boats were to lie in port a week, that is, when the water was at a low stage. A deal of this "looking at the river" was done by poor fellows who seldom had a berth, and whose only hope of getting one lay in their being always freshly posted and therefore ready to drop into the shoes of some reputable pilot, for a single trip, on account of such pilot's sudden illness, or some other necessity. And a good many of them constantly ran up and down inspecting the river, not because they ever really hoped to get a berth, but because (they being guests of the boat) it was cheaper to "look at the river" than stay ashore and pay board. In time these fellows grew dainty in their tastes, and only infested boats that had an established reputation for setting good tables. All visiting pilots were useful, for they were always ready and willing, winter or summer, night or day, to go out in the yawl and help buoy the channel or assist the boat's pilots in any way they could. They were likewise welcome because all pilots are tireless talkers, when gathered together, and as they talk only about the river they are always understood and are always interesting. Your true pilot cares nothing about anything on earth but the

river, and his pride in his occupation surpasses the pride of kings.

We had a fine company of these river-inspectors along, this trip. There were eight or ten; and there was abundance of room for them in our great pilot-house. Two or three of them wore polished silk hats, elaborate shirt-fronts, diamond breastpins, kid gloves, and patent-leather boots. They were choice in their English, and bore themselves with a dignity proper to men of solid means and prodigious reputation as pilots. The others were more or less loosely clad, and wore upon their heads tall felt cones that were suggestive of the days of the Commonwealth.

I was a cipher in this august company, and felt subdued, not to say torpid. I was not even of sufficient consequence to assist at the wheel when it was necessary to put the tiller hard down in a hurry; the guest that stood nearest did that when occasion required — and this was pretty much all the time, because of the crookedness of the channel and the scant water. I stood in a corner; and the talk I listened to took the hope all out of me. One visitor said to another: —

"Jim, how did you run Plum Point, coming up?"

"It was in the night, there, and I ran it the way one of the boys on the Diana told me; started out about fifty yards above the wood pile on the false point, and held on the cabin under Plum Point till I raised the reef — quarter less twain — then straightened up for the middle bar till I got well abreast the old one-limbed cotton-wood in the bend, then got my stern on the cotton-wood and head on the low place above the point, and came through a-booming — nine and a half."

"Pretty square crossing, an't it?"

"Yes, but the upper bar's working down fast."

Another pilot spoke up and said: —

"I had better water than that, and ran it lower down; started out from the false point — mark twain — raised the second reef abreast the big snag in the bend, and had quarter less twain."

One of the gorgeous ones remarked: "I don't want to find fault with your leadsmen, but that's a good deal of water for Plum Point, it seems to me."

There was an approving nod all around as this quiet snub dropped on the booster and "settled" him. And so they went on talk - talk - talking. Meantime, the thing that was running in my mind was, "Now if my ears hear aright, I have not only to get the names of all the towns and islands and bends, and so on, by heart, but I must even get up a warm personal acquaintanceship with every old snag and one-limbed cotton-wood and obscure wood pile that ornaments the banks of this river for twelve hundred miles; and more than that, I must actually know where these things are in the dark, unless these guests are gifted with eyes that can pierce through two miles of solid blackness; I wish the piloting business was in Jericho and I had never thought of it."

At dusk Mr. B—— tapped the big bell three times (the signal to land), and the captain emerged from his drawing-room in the forward end of the texas, and looked up inquiringly. Mr. B—— said:—

"We will lay up here all night, captain."

"Very well, sir."

That was all. The boat came to shore and was tied up for the night. It seemed to me a fine thing that the pilot could do as he pleased without asking so grand a captain's permission. I took my supper and went immediately to bed, discouraged by my day's observations and experiences. My late voyage's note-bookings was but a confusion of meaningless names. It had tangled me all up in a knot every time I had looked at it in the daytime. I now hoped for respite in sleep; but no, it reveled all through my head till sunrise again, a frantic and tireless nightmare.

Next morning I felt pretty rusty and low-spirited. We went booming along, taking a good many chances, for we were anxious to "get out of the river" (as getting out to Cairo was called) before night should overtake us. But

Mr. B——'s partner, the other pilot, presently grounded the boat, and we lost so much time getting her off that it was plain the darkness would overtake us a good long way above the mouth. This was a great misfortune, especially to certain of our visiting pilots, whose boats would have to wait for their return, no matter how long that might be. It sobered the pilot-house talk a good deal. Coming up-stream, pilots did not mind low water or any kind of darkness; nothing stopped them but fog. But down-stream work was different; a boat was too nearly helpless, with a stiff current pushing behind her; so it was not customary to run down-stream at night in low water.

There seemed to be one small hope, however: if we could get through the intricate and dangerous Hat Island crossing before night, we could venture the rest, for we would have plainer sailing and better water. But it would be insanity to attempt Hat Island at night. So there was a deal of looking at watches all the rest of the day, and a constant ciphering upon the speed we were making; Hat Island was the eternal subject; sometimes hope was high and sometimes we were delayed in a bad crossing, and down it went again. For hours all hands lay under the burden of this suppressed excitement; it was even communicated to me, and I got to feeling so solicitous about Hat Island, and under such an awful pressure of responsibility, that I wished I might have five minutes on shore to draw a good, full, relieving breath, and start over again. We were standing no regular watches. Each of our pilots ran such portions of the river as he had run when coming up-stream, because of his greater familiarity with it; but both remained in the pilot-house constantly.

An hour before sunset, Mr. B—— took the wheel and Mr. W—— stepped aside. For the next thirty minutes every man held his watch in his hand and was restless, silent, and uneasy. At last somebody said, with a doomful sigh.

"Well, yonder's Hat Island — and we can't make it."

All the watches closed with a snap, everybody sighed and muttered something about its being "too bad, too bad—ah, if we could *only* have got here half an hour sooner!" and the place was thick with the atmosphere of disappointment. Some started to go out, but loitered, hearing no bell-tap to land. The sun dipped behind the horizon, the boat went on. Inquiring looks passed from one guest to another; and one who had his hand on the door-knob, and had turned it, waited, then presently took away his hand and let the knob turn back again. We bore steadily down the bend. More looks were exchanged, and nods of surprised admiration—but no words. Insensibly the men drew together behind Mr. B—— as the sky darkened and one or two dim stars came out. The dead silence and sense of waiting became oppressive. Mr. B—— pulled the cord, and two deep, mellow notes from the big bell floated off on the night. Then a pause, and one more note was struck. The watchman's voice followed, from the hurricane deck:—

"Labboard lead, there! Stabboard lead!"

The cries of the leadsmen began to rise out of the distance, and were gruffly repeated by the word-passers on the hurricane deck.

"M-a-r-k three! M-a-r-k three! Quarter-less-three! Half twain! Quarter twain! M-a-r-k twain! Quarter-less"—

Mr. B—— pulled two bell-ropes, and was answered by faint jinglings far below in the engine-room, and our speed slackened. The steam began to whistle through the gauge-cocks. The cries of the leadsmen went on—and it is a weird sound, always, in the night. Every pilot in the lot was watching, now, with fixed eyes, and talking under his breath. Nobody was calm and easy but Mr. B——. He would put his wheel down and stand on a spoke, and as the steamer swung into her (to me) utterly invisible marks—for we seemed to be in the midst of a wide and gloomy sea—he would meet and fasten her there. Talk was going on, now, in low voices:—

"There; she's over the first reef all right!"

After a pause, another subdued voice:—

"Her stern's coming down just *exactly* right, by *George*! Now she's in the marks; over she goes!"

Somebody else muttered:—

"Oh, it was done beautiful—*beautiful*!"

Now the engines were stopped altogether, and we drifted with the current. Not that I could see the boat drift, for I could not, the stars being all gone by this time. This drifting was the dimmest work; it held one's heart still. Presently I discovered a blacker gloom than that which surrounded us. It was the head of the island. We were closing right down upon it. We entered its deeper shadow, and so imminent seemed the peril that I was likely to suffocate; and I had the strongest impulse to do *something*, anything, to save the vessel. But still Mr. B—— stood by his wheel, silent, intent as a cat, and all the pilots stood shoulder to shoulder at his back.

"She'll not make it!" somebody whispered.

The water grew shoaler and shoaler by the leadsmen's cries, till it was down to—

"Eight-and-a-half! E-i-g-h-t feet! E-i-g-h-t feet! Seven-and"—

Mr. B—— said warningly through his speaking tube to the engineer:—

"Stand by, now!"

"Aye-aye, sir."

"Seven-and-a-half! Seven feet! *Six-and*"—

We touched bottom! Instantly Mr. B—— set a lot of bells ringing, shouted through the tube, "*Now* let her have it—every ounce you've got!" then to his partner, "Put her hard down! snatch her! snatch her!" The boat rasped and ground her way through the sand, hung upon the apex of disaster a single tremendous instant, and then over she went! And such a shout as went up at Mr. B——'s back never loosened the roof of a pilot-house before!

There was no more trouble after that. Mr. B—— was a hero that night; and it was some little time, too, before his exploit ceased to be talked about by river men.

Fully to realize the marvelous precision required in laying the great steamer in her marks in that murky waste of water, one should know that not only must she pick her intricate way through snags and blind reefs, and then shave the head of the island so closely as to brush the overhanging foliage with her stern, but at one place she

must pass almost within arm's reach of a sunken and invisible wreck that would snatch the hull timbers from under her if she should strike it, and destroy a quarter of a million dollars' worth of steamboat and cargo in five minutes, and maybe a hundred and fifty human lives into the bargain.

The last remark I heard that night was a compliment to Mr. B——, uttered in soliloquy and with unction by one of our guests. He said:—

“By the Shadow of Death, but he's a lightning pilot!”

*Mark Twain.*

## THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

### II.

#### HIS RECONNOISSANCE IN KANSAS.

THERE can be no doubt that Captain Brown regarded his three guerrilla summers in Kansas (1856–58) as a series of reconnoissances in force against the enemy he was so long contriving to attack more decisively. It has already been stated with what purpose he went to Kansas during the autumn of 1855, and his first year's work there has been briefly noticed. But something more than this is due to his great services at a most critical period of the struggle against slavery, when to maintain the cause of the Northern settlers in Kansas was in fact to check the growth, and so, inevitably, cause the decay of the now prostrate slave-power. Looking back upon the contest we can see this now, plainly enough; nor did it escape notice at the time. A South Carolina youth, Warren Wilkes by name, who commanded for a while an armed force of Carolina and Georgia settlers in Kansas, wrote to the *Charleston Mercury* in the spring of 1856:—

“By consent of parties, the present contest in Kansas is made the turning point in the destinies of slavery and ab-

olitionism. If the South triumphs, abolitionism will be defeated and shorn of its power for all time. If she is defeated, abolitionism will grow more insolent and aggressive, until the utter ruin of the South is consummated. If the South secures Kansas, she will extend slavery into all territory south of the fortieth parallel of north latitude, to the Rio Grande, and this, of course, will secure for her pent-up institutions of slavery an ample outlet, and restore her power in Congress. If the North secures Kansas, the power of the South in Congress will be gradually diminished, and the slave-population will become valueless. All depends upon the action of the present moment.”

To this reasoning men like Brown assented, and were ready to join issue for the control of Kansas upon this ground alone. But Brown had another and quite different object in view; he meant to attack slavery by force, in the States themselves, and to destroy it, as it was finally destroyed, by the weapons and influences of war.

John Brown has been so often called “the last of the Puritans” that the phrase has grown threadbare. It describes him, however, better than any that could now be invented. He was



not only of direct Puritan ancestry (descending, as he loved to remember, from Peter Brown of the Mayflower), but he cherished the Puritan faith in foreordination and direct inspiration, the Puritan contempt for riches and indifference to art, and that stubborn sense of duty, which, combined with its tendency toward democracy, has made Calvinism so potent as a political force. Believing that the downfall of slavery was predestined in the councils of the Almighty, and that he was an appointed agent in that work, Brown gave himself thereto with a courage and a slow perseverance that are even yet but imperfectly understood. The Kansas warfare was to him but an opening skirmish, and the thought of revenging himself on the South for the sufferings of his family in Kansas, as has already been said, seldom occurred to him. His soul was intent on the national sin and curse; for removing this, he was willing to venture his life and that of all his household; and when his sons fell, he viewed their death more as a sacrifice, than as a murder to be avenged. His own execution appeared to him in the same light. When he said in his last speech, "If it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I submit; so let it be done," — this was no flourish of

rhetoric, but the plain utterance of his Puritan soul. He believed that "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins" such as America had committed, and he was as willing to shed his own blood for his country as any martyr for the faith. It had been revealed to him from heaven that he should promote the emancipation of the slaves; while he thought that fighting was his best course, he fought valiantly, and when he came to believe (as he finally did) that dying was his best course, he died cheerfully, even gladly.

Brown's mode of warfare in Kansas was, of course, quite different from that which he proposed to himself in Virginia, but it is very evident that he contemplated something more like his Virginia campaign than circumstances ever permitted him to carry out; unless his incursion into Missouri in the winter of 1858-59 may be considered a foretaste of his main undertaking. There is in my possession a copy of the rules drawn up by Brown for the government of his "Kansas Regulars" of 1856, which indicate that he then had in mind a long warfare, during which he and his men would maintain themselves in a hostile country. I believe these have never been printed before; certainly never with the names of soldiers and the other information appended to them; and they are therefore given below in full,<sup>1</sup> for comparison with the "Provisional Constitution" drawn up in anticipation of his Virginia campaign.

<sup>1</sup> They are contained in a pocket memorandum book, six inches long by four wide, where they occupy seventeen pages; the rest of the book being left blank. I received this book from Brown in the first year of my acquaintance with him, its first page being thus inscribed: —

"Article of Enlistment, and By Laws, of the Kansas Regulars, made and established by the commander in A. D. 1856: in whose hand writing it is: & by whom it is most respectfully presented to F. B. Sanborn, Esqr: of Concord, Mass, by his highly obligated and admiring friend.

"Springfield, Mass, April 16th, 1857.

"JOHN BROWN."

It has seemed best to copy this whole title-page, notwithstanding the undeserved compliment with which it ends, because it fixes a date, and describes tolerably well the contents of the book. I had

seen it during one of Brown's visits to Concord in the spring of 1857; and it is unquestionably the book which Thoreau mentioned in his *Plea* for Captain John Brown, read to the citizens of Concord in the vestry of the parish church, October 30, 1859, while Brown was undergoing his trial in Virginia. "When he was here some years ago," says Thoreau, "he showed to a few a little manuscript book — his 'orderly book' I think he called it — containing the names of his company in Kansas, and the rules by which they bound themselves; and he stated that several of them had already sealed the contract with their blood. When some one" (Thoreau himself, no doubt) "remarked that, with the addition of a chaplain, it would have been a perfect Cromwellian troop, he observed that he would have been glad to add a chaplain to the list if he could have found one who could fill that office worthily."

*Kansas Territory, A. D., 1856.*

We whose names are found on these and the next following pages, do hereby enlist ourselves to serve in the Free State cause under John Brown as Commander: during the full period of time affixed to our names respectively and we severally pledge our word and our sacred honor to said Commander; and to each other, that during the time for which we have enlisted we will faithfully and punctually perform our duty (in such capacity or place as may be assigned to us by a majority of all the votes of those associated with us: or of the companies to which we may belong as the case may be) as a regular volunteer force for the maintainance of the rights & liberties of the Free State Citizens of Kansas: and we further agree; that as individuals we will conform to the *by Laws of this Organization* & that *we will insist* on their regular & punctual enforcement, as a first & last duty: & in short that we will observe & maintain a strict & thorough Military discipline at all times untill our term of service expires.

Names, date of enlistment, and term of service on next Pages.

Term of service omitted for want of room (principally for the War).

*Names and date of enlistment.*

Aug. 22d.<sup>1</sup> Wm. Patridge (imprisoned), John Salathiel, S. Z. Brown, John Goodell, L. F. Parsons, N. B. Phelps, Wm. B. Harris.

Aug. 23d. Jason Brown (son of commander; imprisoned).

Aug. 24th. J. Benjamin (imprisoned).

Aug. 25th. Cyrus Taton, R. Reynolds (imprisoned), Noah Frazee (1st Lieut.), Wm. Miller, John P. Glenn, Wm. Quick, M. D. Lane, Amos Alderman, August Bondie, Charles Kaiser (murdered Aug. 30th), Freeman Austin (aged 57 years), Samuel Hereson, John W. Troy, Jas. H. Holmes (Capt.).

Aug. 26th. Geo. Patridge (killed Aug. 30th), Wm. A. Sears.

Aug. 27th. S. H. Wright.

<sup>1</sup> 1856.

Aug. 29th. B. Darrach (Surgeon), Saml. Farrar.

Sept. 8th. Timothy Kelly, Jas. Andrews.

Sept. 9th. W. H. Leman, Charles Oliver, D. H. Hurd.

Sept. 15th. Wm. F. Haniel.

Sept. 16th. Saml. Geer (Commissary).

*Bylaws of the Free State regular Volunteers of Kansas enlisted under John Brown.*

Art. 1st. Those who agree to be governed by the following articles & whose names are appended will be known as the Kansas Regulars.

Art. 2d. Every officer connected with organization (except the Commander already named) shall be elected by a majority of the members *if above a Captain*; & if a Captain; or under a Captain, by a majority of the company to which they belong.

Art. 3d. All vacancies shall be filled by vote of the majority of members or companies as the case may be, & all members shall be alike eligible to the highest office.

Art. 4th. All trials for misconduct of Officers; or privates; shall be by a jury of Twelve; chosen by a majority of Company, or companies as the case may be. Each Company shall try its own members.

Art. 5th. All valuable property taken by honorable warfare from the enemy, shall be held as the property of the whole company, or companies, as the case may be: equally, without distinction; to be used for the common benefit or be placed in the hands of responsible agents for sale: the proceeds to be divided as nearly equally amongst the company: or companies capturing it as may be: except that no person shall be entitled to any dividend from property taken before he entered the service; and any person guilty of desertion, or convicted of gross violation of his obligations to those with whom he should act, *whether officer or private*: shall forfeit his interest in all dividends made after such misconduct has occurred.

Art. 6th. All property captured shall be delivered to the receiver of the force, or company as the case may be; whose duty it shall be to make a full inventory of the same (assisted by such person, or persons as may be chosen for that purpose,) a copy of which shall be made into the Books of this organization; & held subject to examination by any member, on all suitable occasions.

Art. 7th. The receiver shall give his receipts in a Book for that purpose for all moneys & other property of the regulars placed in his hands; keep an inventory of the same & make copy as provided in Article 6th.

Art. 8th. Captured articles when used for the benefit of the members: shall be receipted for by the Commissary, the same as moneyes placed in his hands. The receiver to hold said receipts.

Art. 9th. A disorderly retreat shall not be suffered at any time & every Officer & private is by this article fully empowered to prevent the same by force if need be, & any attempt at leaving the ground during a fight is hereby declared disorderly unless the consent or direction of the officer then in command have authorized the same.

Art. 10th. A disorderly attack or charge; shall not be suffered at any time.

Art. 11th. When in camp a thorough watch both regular and Piquet shall be maintained both by day, & by Night: and visitors shall not be suffered to pass or repass without leave from the Captain of the guard and under common or ordinary circumstances it is expected that the Officers will cheerfully share this service with the privates for examples sake.

Art. 12th. Keeping up Fires or lights after dark; or firing of Guns, Pistols or Caps shall not be allowed, except Fires and lights when unavoidable.

Art. 13th. When in Camp neither Officers shall be allowed to leave without consent of the Officer then in command.

Art. 14th. All uncivil ungentelemanly profane, vulgar talk or conversation shall be discountenanced.

Art. 15th. All acts of petty theft needless waste of the property of the members or of Citizens is hereby declared disorderly: together with all uncivil, or unkind treatment of Citizens or of prisoners.

Art. 16th. In all cases of capturing property, a sufficient number of men shall be detailed to take charge of the same: all others shall keep in their position.

Art. 17th. It shall at all times be the duty of the quarter Master to select ground for encampment subject however to the approbation of the commanding officer.

Art. 18th. The Commissary shall give his receipts in a Book for that purpose for all moneys provisions, and stores put into his hands.

Art. 19th. The Officers of companies shall see that the arms of the same *are in constant good order* and a neglect of this duty shall be deemed disorderly.

Art. 20th. *No person* after having first surrendered himself a prisoner shall be *put to death*: or *subjected to corporeal punishment*, without *first* having had the benefit of an impartial trial.

Art. 21st. A Waggon Master and an Assistant shall be chosen for each company whose duty it shall be to take a general care and oversight of the teams, waggons, harness and all other articles or property pertaining thereto: and who shall both be exempt from serving on guard.

Art. 22d. The ordinary use or introduction into the camp of any intoxicating liquor, *as a beverage*: is hereby declared disorderly.

Art. 23d. A Majority of Two Thirds of *all the Members* may at any time alter or amend the foregoing articles.

*List of Volunteers either engaged or guarding Horses during the fight of Black Jack or Palmyra, June 2d, 1856.*

1. Saml. T. Shore (Captain). 2. Silas More. 3. David Hendricks (Horse Guard). 4. Hiram Mc Allister. 5. Mr. Parmely (wounded). 6. Silvester Harris. 7. O. A. Carpenter (wounded). 8. Augustus Shore. 9. Mr.

Townsley (of Pottawatomie). 10. Wm. B. Hayden. 11. John Mewhinney. 12. Montgomery Shore. 13. Elkana Timmons. 14. T. Weiner. 15. August Bondy. 16. Hugh Mewhinney. 17. Charles Kaiser. 18. Elizur Hill. 19. William David. 20. B. L. Cochran. 21. Henry Thompson (wounded). 22. Elias Basinger. 23. Owen Brown. 24. Fredk. Brown (horse guard; murdered Aug. 30th). 25. Salmon Brown. 26. Oliver Brown. 27. This blank may be filled by Capt. Shore as he may have the name. JOHN BROWN.

*List of names of the wounded in the Battle of Black Jack (or Palmyra) and also of the Eight who held out to receive the surrender of Capt. Pate and Twenty Two men on that occasion. June 2d 1856.*

1. Mr. Parmely wounded in Nose, & Arm obliged to leave. 2. Henry Thompson dangerously wounded but fought for nearly one Hour afterward. 3. O. A. Carpenter Badly wounded and obliged to leave. 4. Charles Kaiser, murdered Aug. 30th. 5. Elizur Hill. 6. Wm. David. 7. Hugh Mewhinney (17 yrs. old). 8. B. L. Cochran. 9. Owen Brown. 10. Salmon Brown. Seriously wounded (*soon after by accident*). 11. Oliver Brown — 17 years old.

In the Battle of Osawatomie Capt. (or Dr.) Updegraph; and Two others whose names I have lost were severely (*one of them shockingly*) wounded before the fight began Aug. 30th 1856.

JOHN BROWN.

In these lists appear a few of the men who afterwards fought under Captain Brown at Harper's Ferry; but only a few, for most of them seem to have been settlers in Kansas who would fight to protect themselves, but not to attack slavery at a distance. The dates given in the list, when this man or that was "murdered," denote the day on which Brown's greatest engagement — that of Osawatomie, August 30, 1856 — was fought. In this battle he held in check, with about thirty men, a force of several

hundred armed Missourians, whose loss in killed and wounded considerably exceeded Brown's whole company. The fight at Black Jack or Palmyra on the 2d of June, 1856, was no less remarkable, though the whole force engaged on both sides was less than eighty. I have more than once heard Captain Brown describe this fight, which was one of his earliest, but cannot find that he has left any written account of it, as he has of the fight at Osawatomie. I will therefore relate the story of the capture of Pate and his men, as Captain Brown used to tell it; using my words, rather than his own, which, if they had been noted down, would have been far more forcible.

Brown had taken to the prairie for guerrilla warfare against the Missourians and other Southern invaders of Kansas, about the 23d of May. On the 25th of May, while he was in another neighborhood, more than twenty miles distant, the so-called "Pottawatomie murders" took place; that is, the killing of the five pro-slavery partisans, Wilkinson, Sherman, and the Doyles, in the Pottawatomie district, by friends of Brown, though without his knowledge. This exasperated the Missourians, who again made an incursion into that part of Kansas, and among their leaders was Captain Pate, a Virginian, who succeeded in capturing, about the end of May, two of the sons of Captain Brown, — John Brown, Jr., and Jason Brown, both now living in Ohio. These prisoners, heavily ironed, were kept by Pate in his camp for a day or two, and then handed over to the United States dragoons, who marched them in chains to the northward. During this march John Brown, Jr., became insane, and remained so for weeks. Meantime Captain Brown, hearing of the capture of his sons, pursued Pate, and came up with him on Monday, the 2d of June, at his camp on the Black Jack Creek (so called from the black oak growing on its banks), within the present limits of Palmyra, now a town of twenty-five hundred inhabitants, but then a hamlet of only half a dozen log-houses. The town is about

half-way between Lawrence and Osawatomie, and in Douglas County, of which Lawrence is the chief place. The fight occurred within a fortnight after the sacking of Lawrence by the Missouri "Border Ruffians." Pate's force numbered in all fifty men, while Brown's company contained then but twenty-seven men.

When Captain Brown came in sight of the enemy, he found Pate and his Missourians posted in a strong position, with their wagons in front of them, forming a kind of breastwork. Brown at once divided his twenty-seven men into two parties, and commenced the attack with one, while the other moved round to get a better position. In passing from one of his parties to the other, along the slope of the ravine, Captain Brown, to avoid the enemy's fire, crept for some distance on his hands and knees; and he mentioned to me a curious circumstance in that connection, which shows the extreme simplicity of his prairie life and prairie warfare that summer. In creeping along, as above mentioned, Brown wore holes in the knees of his thin summer trousers; and these holes remained unpatched until after the battle of Osawatomie on the 30th of August, so that Brown was recognized and shot at, in that battle, because he wore the same ragged dress that had distinguished him nearly three months before. Brown began the attack, directing his men to lie down in the grass behind the slope of the ravine, so that only their heads and shoulders were exposed to the enemy's fire. They were ordered not to waste their shots, but to fire, with the best aim they could, through and under the wagons, at the Missouri men. After a straggling fire of this sort had been kept up for two or three hours, and nearly half Captain Pate's men had run away, the latter hoisted a white handkerchief as a sign of truce, and asked for a parley. At first he sent his lieutenant to treat with Captain Brown, but finally went himself, and was told that no terms would be listened to except the unconditional surrender of his whole force. Pate assented and Brown

walked back with him to his position, where, with eight of his own men, Brown received the surrender of twenty-two of his opponents. Twenty-one of these were unwounded, and well able to continue the fight; but they yielded without a blow to Brown and his eight remaining followers. Eight more of Brown's men came up soon after, making sixteen in all; but as there were twenty-three prisoners, twenty-three horses, a number of wagons, with arms, ammunition, etc., there were scarcely men enough in the victorious party to take care of their prisoners and booty.

It was the fight at Osawatomie, August 30, 1856, that gave Captain Brown his *sobriquet* of "Old Osawatomie," by which he was long known. When one of his questioners at Harper's Ferry said, "Are you Osawatomie Brown?" he modestly answered, "I tried to do my duty there." How he did it will appear from his own account of the fight, written a few days afterwards, at Lawrence, whither he went with his little band, after the Missouri forces, three or four hundred strong, had retreated.

#### THE FIGHT OF OSAWATOMIE.

Early in the morning of the 30th of August, the enemy's scouts approached to within one mile and a half of the western boundary of the town of Osawatomie. At this place my son Frederick (who was not attached to my force) had lodged, with some four other young men from Lawrence, and a young man named Garrison, from Middle Creek.

The scouts, led by a pro-slavery preacher named White, shot my son dead in the road, whilst he — as I have since ascertained — supposed them to be friendly. At the same time they butchered Mr. Garrison, and badly mangled one of the young men from Lawrence, who came with my son, leaving him for dead.

This was not far from sunrise. I had stopped during the night about two and one half miles from them, and nearly one mile from Osawatomie. I had no organized force, but only some

twelve or fifteen new recruits, who were ordered to leave their preparations for breakfast, and follow me into the town as soon as this news was brought to me.

As I had no means of learning correctly the force of the enemy, I placed twelve of the recruits in a log-house, hoping we might be able to defend the town. I then gathered some fifteen more men together, whom we armed with guns; and we started in the direction of the enemy. After going a few rods, we could see them approaching the town in line of battle, about one half a mile off, upon a hill west of the village. I then gave up all idea of doing more than to annoy, from the timber near the town, into which we were all retreated, and which was filled with a thick growth of underbrush, but had no time to recall the twelve men in the log-house, and so lost their assistance in the fight.

At the point above named I met with Captain Cline, a very active young man, who had with him some twelve or fifteen mounted men, and persuaded him to go with us into the timber, on the southern shore of the Osage, or Marais-des-Cygnets, a little to the northwest from the village. Here the men, numbering not more than thirty in all, were directed to scatter and secrete themselves as well as they could, and await the approach of the enemy. This was done in full view of them (who must have seen the whole movement), and had to be done in the utmost haste. I believe Captain Cline and some of his men were not even dismounted in the fight, but cannot assert positively. When the left wing of the enemy had approached to within common rifle shot, we commenced firing; and very soon threw the northern branch of the enemy's line into disorder. This continued some fifteen or twenty minutes, which gave us an uncommon opportunity to

annoy them. Captain Cline and his men soon got out of ammunition, and retired across the river.

After the enemy rallied, we kept up our fire; until, by the leaving of one and another, we had but six or seven left. We then retired across the river.

We had one man killed — a Mr. Powers, from Captain Cline's company — in the fight. One of my men, a Mr. Partridge was shot in crossing the river. Two or three of the party, who took part in the fight, are yet missing, and may be lost or taken prisoners. Two were wounded, viz., Dr. Updegraff and a Mr. Collis.

I cannot speak in too high terms of them, and of many others I have not now time to mention.

One of my best men, together with myself, was struck with a partially spent ball from the enemy, in the commencement of the fight, but we were only bruised. The loss I refer to is one of my missing men. The loss of the enemy, as we learn by the different statements of our own, as well as their people, was some thirty one or two killed, and from forty to fifty wounded. After burning the town to ashes, and killing a Mr. Williams they had taken, whom neither party claimed, they took a hasty leave, carrying their dead and wounded with them. They did not attempt to cross the river, nor to search for us, and have not since returned to look over their work.

I give this in great haste, in the midst of constant interruptions. My second son was with me in the fight, and escaped unharmed. This I mention for the benefit of his friends

*Old preacher White, I hear, boasts of having killed my son. Of course he is a lion.* JOHN BROWN.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, September 7, 1856.

Soon after this affair,<sup>1</sup> Brown aided in

The brother-in-law of Brown mentioned in this letter was Rev. S. L. Adair, of Osawatimie, to whose care I sometimes addressed my own letters, sent to Brown under the name of "Nelson Hawkins," which was one of his Kansas aliases. Mr. Mendenhall wrote, —

"I first saw John Brown soon after he came to Kansas; the next time was at a public meeting at

<sup>1</sup> There was living not far from Osawatimie in 1855-60, a worthy Quaker, Richard Mendenhall by name, who knew Brown well, and admired him, as many of the Quakers did, notwithstanding his deeds of war. In a letter from Mendenhall to a friend in New Jersey, written December 11, 1859, there are some interesting particulars respecting Brown, which have probably never been published.



the defense of Lawrence, again threatened with attack by a thousand armed men from Missouri. This was in the autumn of 1856. He was out of Kansas after that until the summer of 1857; then he took the field there once more, and a third time in the summer of 1858. Towards the end of that year, he made his incursion into Missouri, which has been received as a sample of what he would have done in Virginia. His own brief account of this matter may be quoted here. It was in the form of a letter to the New York Tribune or other friendly newspaper, as follows:

JOHN BROWN'S PARALLELS.

TRADING POST, KANSAS, *January, 1859.*

GENTLEMEN: You will greatly oblige a humble friend by allowing the use of your columns while I briefly state two parallels, in my poor way.

Not one year ago, eleven quiet citizens of this neighborhood, viz.: William Robertson, William Colpetzer, Amos Hall, Austin Hall, John Campbell, Asa Snyder, Thomas Stilwell, William Hairgrove, Asa Hairgrove, Patrick Ross, and B. L. Reed, were gathered up from their work and their homes by an armed force under one Hamilton, and without trial or opportunity to speak in their own defense, were formed into line, and all but one shot—five killed and five wounded. One fell unharmed, pretend-

Osawatimie, called for the purpose of considering what course should be pursued relative to submitting to the 'Bogus Laws' (of Governor Shannon's Territorial legislature), more especially the payment of taxes under them. I was very unexpectedly chosen chairman of the meeting. John Brown was present and made a very earnest, decisive, and characteristic speech. For the action of that meeting in taking a bold stand against the Bogus Laws, we were all indicted, but the warrants were never served. I next met John Brown on the evening before the battle of Osawatimie. He, with a number of others, was driving a herd of cattle which they had taken from pro-slavery men. He rode out of the company to speak to me, when I playfully asked him where he got those cattle. He replied, with a characteristic shake of the head, that 'they were good Free State cattle now.' In the tenth month, 1858, John Brown and two others, one of them Stevens, came to my house and stayed several days, being detained by high water. I found him capable of talking interestingly on almost every subject. He had traveled a good deal in Europe on account of his business, and he imparted to me

ing to be dead. All were left for dead. The only crime charged against them was that of being Free State men. Now, I inquire what action has ever, since the occurrence in May last, been taken by either the President of the United States, the Governor of Missouri, the Governor of Kansas, or any of their tools, or by any pro-slavery or Administration man, to ferret out and punish the perpetrators of this crime?

Now for the other parallel. On Sunday, December 19, a negro man called Jim came over to the Osage settlement, from Missouri, and stated that he, together with his wife, two children, and another negro man, was to be sold within a day or two, and begged for help to get away. On Monday (the following) night, two small companies were made up to go to Missouri and forcibly liberate the five slaves, together with other slaves. One of these companies I assumed to direct. We proceeded to the place, surrounded the buildings, liberated the slaves, and also took certain property supposed to belong to the estate.

We however learned, before leaving, that a portion of the articles we had taken belonged to a man living on the plantation, as a tenant, and who was supposed to have no interest in the estate. We promptly returned to him all we had taken. We then went to another plantation, where we found five more slaves, took some property and two

some valuable hints on different branches of business. A half-sister of Brown lives here, whose husband is a Congregational minister. I once heard a stranger ask him if he knew what John Brown's principles were, and he replied that his relations to John Brown gave him a right to know that Brown had had an idea impressed upon his mind from childhood that he was an instrument raised up by Providence to break the jaws of the wicked; and his feelings becoming enlisted in the affairs of Kansas, he thought this was the field for his operations. Last winter, when Brown took those negroes from Missouri, he sent them directly to me; but I had a school then at my house, and the children were just assembling when they came. I could not take them in, and was glad of an excuse, as I could not sanction his mode of procedure." Nevertheless Richard Mendenhall added, much in the spirit of John A. Andrew's phrase ("Brown himself was right"), "Men are not always to be judged so much by their actions as by their motives. I believe that John Brown was a good man, and that he will be remembered for good in time long hence to come."

white men. We moved all slowly away into the Territory for some distance, and then sent the white men back, telling them to follow us as soon as they chose to do so. The other company freed one female slave, took some property, and, as I am informed, killed one white man (the master), who fought against the liberation.

Now for a comparison. Eleven persons are forcibly restored to their natural and inalienable rights, with but one man killed, and all "hell is stirred from beneath." It is currently reported that the Governor of Missouri has made a requisition upon the Governor of Kansas for the delivery of all such as were concerned in the last-named "dreadful outrage." The Marshal of Kansas is said to be collecting a posse of Missouri (not Kansas) men at West Point, in Missouri, a little town about ten miles distant, to "enforce the laws." All pro-slavery, conservative Free State, and doughface men, and Administration tools, are filled with holy horror.

Consider the two cases, and the action of the Administration party.

Respectfully yours,  
JOHN BROWN.

It happened to me to be in Iowa and Nebraska a month or two before Captain Brown made his retreat from Kansas in 1856; but though often hearing of him I did not meet him. It was not till the following January, eighteen years ago, that I made his acquaintance. I was sitting in the office of the State Kansas Committee in Boston, of which I acted as secretary, when, one winter morning, there appeared the most noteworthy person (as I then thought, and now know) with whom Kansas affairs had made me acquainted. A tall old man, slightly bent and walking with a measured, heavy step, entered the room, and handed me a letter of introduction, which notified me that my visitor was Captain Brown of Kansas. Of course, as I talked with him I watched him closely; and his dress and manner became as deeply impressed on my memory as did the salient points of

his character. He had laid aside in Chicago the torn and faded summer garments which he wore throughout his campaigns, and I saw him at one of those rare periods in his life when his garb was new. He wore a complete suit of brown broadcloth or kerseymere, cut in the fashion of a dozen years before, and giving him the air of a respectable deacon in a rural parish. But instead of collar he had on a high stock of patent leather, such as soldiers used to wear, a gray military overcoat with a cape, similar to that worn in the Confederate army, and a fur cap. His beard was shaven close; his hair was tinged with gray, though far less so than at the time of his death. His form was angular and lean, his face thin, his mouth large and firmly shut, his eyes not large but piercing, and grayish-blue in color. I was not long in perceiving that this hero, at least, was genuine and to be trusted. His errand was to obtain the means for raising and arming a company of mounted men in Kansas, with whom to keep the peace there, and, if necessary, to make reprisals in Missouri. He intimated nothing of his purpose to act against slavery elsewhere, but he wished it distinctly understood that whatever money was contributed should be left to his discretion in the spending; he would not be responsible to any committee or party for what he should do with it.

Within a few days the proposition of Captain Brown was laid before the State Kansas Committee, of which Mr. George L. Stearns was chairman, and Dr. S. G. Howe, Dr. William R. Lawrence, Judge Russell, Dr. Samuel Cabot, and others were members. In the main it was approved, and Captain Brown was promised the custody of certain rifles belonging to the committee, which were then stored in Western Iowa. He was also allowed a considerable sum of money to transport these arms to the place where he should need them. So well satisfied were the committee with what he had done and proposed to do, that these votes were passed, if I remember rightly, with no

opposition, early in the month of January, 1857.

But a difficulty at once sprung up, of which, indeed, Captain Brown had warned us. The organization known as the "National Kansas Committee," which was elected at Buffalo in 1856, and had its head-quarters at Chicago, had received these arms in the previous autumn, and the active members of this committee were distrustful of Captain Brown. He was too radical for them. It was doubtful, therefore, if they would honor the request of the Massachusetts Committee to transfer the arms to him. As it happened, a general meeting of this National Committee, which was made up of one or more members from each free State, had been called to assemble in New York on the 22d of January, 1857. At this meeting, which took place at the Astor House, and remained in session two days, Captain Brown was present, urging his plan to organize a company of mounted rangers for service in Kansas and Missouri. I was there as a delegate (by proxy) from Massachusetts, and caused a resolution to be introduced, transferring the custody of the Massachusetts rifles to our own State Committee. This was passed without much opposition; but another resolution, introduced, I think, by the delegate from Vermont, and appropriating \$5000 or \$10,000 to Captain Brown for his special purposes, was vehemently opposed by Mr. Henry B. Hurd of Chicago, and a few others, — among them Mr. Army of Illinois, who had taken Abraham Lincoln's place on the Na-

tional Committee. The reasons given by these gentlemen were, that Captain Brown was so ultra and violent that he would use the money, if voted, in ways which the committee would not sanction; and I remember that Mr. Hurd, when Captain Brown had withdrawn, urged this argument very earnestly. The views of the more radical Eastern members prevailed, however, and the money was voted, although only \$150 of it was ever paid over to Captain Brown.

Returning from New York and reporting to the Massachusetts Committee in Boston, I soon had the pleasure of notifying Brown that the two hundred rifles were at his disposal. These were the weapons which, nearly three years afterwards, were captured by Colonel Robert Lee<sup>1</sup> at Harper's Ferry. Though originally purchased for the protection of the Northern settlers in Kansas, few of these rifles were ever carried into that Territory. They remained in Western Iowa, not far from Kansas, for a year or two, and were then sent eastward to be used against slavery in Virginia. All through the year 1857 and the early part of 1858, however, none of Brown's Massachusetts friends knew that he had any designs against Virginia. How that came to their knowledge will be explained in a subsequent chapter, wherein also the organization and function of the Kansas committees of 1856-57-58 will be more fully treated.

*F. B. Sanborn.*

<sup>1</sup> The same officer who, as General Lee, was the Hector of the siege of Richmond.

RECENT LITERATURE.<sup>1</sup>

THERE is something in Mr. Bret Harte's poetical work which goes over or under, or at least past, the critical sense, and reaches the humanity of his reader by direct course; and the oddest part of this is that the reader who most keenly feels the good in his performance is most annoyed by the bad in it. Since he began to be widely known, we should say that Mr. Harte's workmanship—we will not call it his art, for it must be that his art is still good—has grown worse. His verse is more slovenly and seems more wantonly careless, slighting the niceties of rhyme and accent, and as to the matter of it, we have again and again the same great-hearted blackguards and heroic toppers; the same old mine keeps caving in and crushing its habitual victim; here is that unhappy lady in men's clothes for the third or fourth time; here are the dying agonies of persons who have loved and lost, or played and lost, in Mr. Harte's poetry any time this last five years. They talk that cockneyfied Yankee Pike of which he seems to have the patent, with a lift now and then into a literary strain worthy of the poet's corner; and when they do not perish untimely by violence or unaccountable sickness, they leave the poems in which they are celebrated so subtle of sense that one gives it up in despair after a certain number of guesses;—or perhaps this ought to be said rather of those difficult Spaniards of either sex who masquerade in Mr. Harte's verse. Here also as in former books are frank

copies or flying suggestions of divers modern poets, including Mr. Harte himself, whom one beholds travestied, as it were, in some of the pieces, after a fashion peculiarly bewildering.

What remains? Simply that Mr. Harte's work still abounds in that something which may be called charm, for want of another word; without which the virtues are dead, but having which other matters are trifles in the way of your pleasure. There is a certain warmth, a nameless stir and pulse, in it all, before which you cannot continue unmoved. Somehow you are coaxed into enjoyment against which your criterions and principles severally and collectively protest; and while you lament that this genius should not be better ruled, you feel that it is genius, and yield yourself to it. It may not be of equal force for another generation; we think it will not; but it is potent now; and we own that with all his lapses and trespasses, each new book of his is a new pleasure for us. We make sure of much real humor along with the false; there is wit nearly always; if we are shy of the pathos, we are still often touched by it; in the very heart of the theatricality are springs of genuine drama. We amuse ourselves moreover with the notion that Mr. Harte knows that now and then a poem in this volume, like Truthful James to the Editor, or The Ghost that Jim Saw, or Guild's Signal, is pure self-parody, or open commonplace, or solicited emotion, as well as we know it; and that when he tries to

<sup>1</sup> *Echoes of the Foot-Hills.* By BRET HARTE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

*The Emigrant's Story, and Other Poems.* By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

*A Rebel's Recollections.* By GEORGE CARY EGLESTON. New York: Ilurd and Houghton. 1875.

*Honest John Vane. A Story.* By J. W. DE FOREST. New Haven: Richmond and Patten. 1875.

*A Winter in Russia.* From the French of THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. By M. M. RIPLEY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

*A Ramble Round the World, 1871.* By M. LE BARON DE HÜBNER, formerly Ambassador and Minister, and author of *Sixte-Quint*. Translated by LADY HERBERT. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

*Life and Labors of Mr. Brassey. 1805-1870.* By SIR ARTHUR HELPS, K. C. B. With a Preface to the American Edition, by the Author. With a portrait on steel, and other illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

*A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters.*

By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. New York: Albert Mason. 1874.

*A Theory of the Arts.* By JOSEPH TORREY. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1874.

*German Universities: A Narrative of Personal Experience, together with Recent Statistical Information, Practical Suggestions, and a Comparison of the German, English, and American Systems of Higher Education.* By JAMES MORGAN HART. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1874.

*Oriental and Linguistic Studies. Second Series. The East and West; Religion and Mythology; Orthography and Phonology; Hindu Astronomy.* By WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1874.

*The Genesis of the New England Churches.* By LEONARD BACON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

*Life and Literature in the Fatherland.* By JOHN F. HURST. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1875.

give an air of familiar ease to the situation by speaking of

"Old commuters along the road,"

he understands better than any one can tell him the worth of his attempt. Apparently, he chooses to chance it with the republication of these things; or he may be yielding to the necessity of making out a certain number of pages, a case which shall be sacred from our reproach.

There are several poems in this last book which merit no reproach. Grandmother Tenterden would be one of these, but for the too great vagueness of the close, in which the reader is vexed with diverse conjecture whether it was the living or the dead son come back to upbraid the mother, or whether living or dead he meant to upbraid her; and we have nothing but liking for the truly fine poem with which the book opens. The reader of *The Atlantic* will recall the beautiful story of Concepcion de Arguello, and how tenderly Mr. Harte has told it. There was matter in it for a much longer poem, which we should be disposed to quarrel with him for not making, if we were not so well content with the touching ballad as it is. The story is that of the daughter of the Spanish Comandante at San Francisco and of the Russian count who once came to look at California with a view to buying it for his master the Czar. The young people promise themselves to each other, and the count, going to get his master's approval, never returns, while his faithful, despairing Concepcion passes out of the world into a convent, and is an old woman when one day she learns that her lover was killed by falling from his horse on his way to St. Petersburg. We believe the tale is true; if it is not a fact, still Mr. Harte has made it true in telling it. The most poetic part of the poem is that descriptive passage by help of which the sense of Concepcion's long waiting is conveyed:—

"Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow empty breeze,—

Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;

"Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks,—

Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks;

"Till the rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce southwester tost,  
Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and were lost.

"So each year the seasons shifted: wet and warm and drear and dry;

*Half a year of clouds and flowers,—half a year of dust and sky.*

"Still it brought no ship nor message,—brought no tidings ill nor meet

For the statesmanlike Commander, for the daughter fair and sweet.

"Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears beside:

'He will come,' the flowers whispered; 'Come no more,' the dry hills sighed.

"Still she found him with the waters lifted by the morning breeze,—

Still she lost him with the folding of the great white-tented seas;

"Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown,

And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the long sweet lashes down."

The unchangingness of the scenes here described embodies all the monotony of longing, hopeless waiting, as nothing else could. There is a mighty fine Spanish feeling in that line which portrays the hills "that whitened in their dusty leathern cloaks," and so makes old Castilians of them; and the winterless Californian year was never, and can never be more perfectly said than it is in the verse,—

"Half a year of clouds and flowers,—half a year of dust and sky."

In fact, this line is the highest point of achievement in the poem. What follows next is also as good as need be of its kind: nothing could be sweeter, or more paternally helpless in the case than the Comandante's efforts, when he

"Comforted the maid with proverbs,—wisdom gathered from afar;

"Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each

As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his speech."

And the sympathetic reader will find the effect only the more touching from the charming irrelevance of several of the consoling adages. All this part of the poem is very tenderly and delicately managed; and in continuing the same strain of narration there is another descriptive passage almost as fine as that we have quoted, in which the old, dull, dead Spanish California lives again:—

"Yearly, down the hill-side sweeping, came the stately cavalcade,

Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to each maid;

"Bringing days of formal visit, social feast and rustic sport;  
Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the court.

"Vainly then at Concha's lattice, — vainly as the idle wind  
Rose the thin high Spanish tenor that bespoke the youth too kind;

"Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,  
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustang's feet;

"So in vain the barren hill-sides with their gay serapes blazed,  
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their flying hoofs had raised."

The climax of the poem is good, though a trifle too expected, perhaps; but it seems as if Mr. Harte might have given us lines less commonplace than

"All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler and guest,"

"And exchanged congratulation with the English baronet."

This is a really small matter, however, and they were doubtless meant to be just as prosaic as they are upon some theory.

The best parts of *For the King* are the opening stanzas giving the interior of the New Mexican church, with some graphic strokes that our readers cannot have forgotten. It is interesting throughout, and must be numbered among the most successful of Mr. Harte's non-dialect poems. Of the dialect pieces in this volume, Luke is easily first. In argument it is as thoroughly unreal as Tasso's *Aminta*, or any dream of the *hell' età de l'oro*; but the character is forcibly realized, and much of the humor is exquisite. You say, If it were possible that such a delicate, refined girl should have been smitten with that great, burly, ignorant fellow, Luke, it would be a pretty thing to consider; and before the end — such is the authority that anything excellently done carries with it — you find yourself inclining to believe that it might have happened, or to wish that it had, for the charm's sake.

— At this time, when nothing is so remarkable in poetical literature as a community of ease and grace and general pleasingness, it is a distinguished achievement on the part of Mr. Trowbridge to have identified a certain kind of dramatic study in verse with his name. It is scarcely a story that he sets about telling, though you find yourself possessed of a story before he has done, in such pieces as *The*

*Vagabonds*, *Dorothy in the Garret*, *Old Simon Dole*, *One Day Solitary*, and *Sheriff Thorne*, all of which are as characteristically his as any of the "dialect" poems are Mr. Harte's, while they are more faithfully wrought, and with a livelier artistic conscience. *Old Simon Dole*, for example, is as honest vernacular as that of *Hosea Biglow*; and it is interesting to observe the differences in the two kinds of Yankee parlance, Mr. Trowbridge's being the Yankee of the New Englander who has emigrated and lived a generation in New York State, or the other parts that used to be Out West; and being none the less genuine for the difference, but more so. However, the good dialect is the least merit of the poem; the character and the situation are as true as that, and we do not know where we should go for a solid bit of tragedy. It is an admirable portraiture of that sordid rustic selfishness which seems more hopelessly besotted than any other sort of selfishness; the unconsciousness with which *Old Simon Dole* touches in all the ugly traits of his hard, niggard soul is in high degree artistic. This old wretch (whom it is small relief to call names) is so vivid a presence, that he seems to materialize — if we may borrow a happy phrase from the spiritualists — before our eyes, and we have him in his chair "tipped back agin the sink," with his grotesque best clothes on, his cheap ready-made frock-coat, his heavy cowhide boots, smelling of the barn-yard, and his horny, trembling old hands holding his hat in his lap, as he tells his sister how he wore the life out of his wife and the love out of his children. Nothing is said of the sister's character, but you are made to feel that she is as hard as he, and is as far from seeing anything wrong in his history; but that she will not care to have him make a very long visit.

"Ah, wal, poor Mary!

She made a good wife, though she wa'n't re'l strong.

You never looked into a hon'somer dairy!

An' she wuz as pleasant's the day wuz long,

With jes' the pertyis' kin' of a vice.

I never had reason to rue my ch'ice.

"I got a wife an' a farm to boot;

Ye could n't ketch me a-nappin' there!

Thinks I, 'Now, s'posin' the wife don't soot?

The farm 'll be sutbin' to make that square;

No resk 'bout that! An' where 's the harm,

If the wife turns out as good as the farm?"

"She 'd nat'ral larnin', — bright 's a dollar!

It runs in the Grimeses, — she wuz clear Grimes.



I'm 'mos' sorry I did n't foller  
 Her counsels more'n I did, sometimes,  
 The' wa'n't nothin' but what she understood;  
 An' her jedgment in mahters wuz ollers good.

"It might 'a' be'n well if I had, — do'no'.  
 'Twa'n't never my way to be led. I hate  
 A woman 'at wears the breeches; an' so,  
 Mebby, by tryin' to stan' too straight,  
 When she 'd have bent me a little, I fell  
 Over back now an' then, — do'no'; can't tell."

He tells how he balked all her hopes and  
 plans for the children's education, and how  
 when one of his daughters married

"the wheelwright's son, an' went  
 Out West, — smart chap, but had n't a cent,

"I might 'a' gi'n 'em a thousan' dollars,  
 To buy 'em some land; 't would tickled mother!  
 They 'lotted on 't; but then she wuz ollers  
 Forever a-teasin' for this un an' t' other;  
 I'd got so use ter sayin' no,  
 I forked out fifty, an' let 'em go."

It is quite in character that this miser  
 should be rather vain of his son's well-  
 educated and expensive wife: —

"Sim, he done well, — Square Ebbitt's dotter;  
 They gi'n her a hon' some settin'-out!  
 I fixed 'em a house, an' her folks bot her  
 The biggis' pyaner in town, about.  
 'T would do for *her*. Sounds kin' o' nice!  
 She 'll play! You 'd think her fingers wuz mice!"

His old overworked wife falls into a de-  
 cline, and he is told by the neighbors that  
 she ought to have rest and society.

"I 'xpect I answered 'em kin' o' gruff;  
 Though I must own I wuz gin'ally loth  
 To have comp'ny much, — it 's a perfick moth.

"I s'pose I wuz wrong, — the best is li'ble  
 To miss it, — an' yit I tried to do right.  
 I kep' the Sabbath, an' read the Bible,  
 An' prayed in the fam'ly marnin' an' night, —  
 'Thout 't wuz in hayin'-time, now an' then,  
 When wages wuz high, an' we 'd hired men.

"We had the doctor to her; but she  
 Did n't seem to have no settl' disease.  
 'T an't 'zac'ly the lungs, Mis' Dole,' says he.  
 'Can't be,' says I, 'the butter an' cheese!  
 An', doctor,' says I, 'how *could* it come  
 F'm lonesomeness? I 'm ollers to hum!"

It is a sort of comfort to know from his  
 hints and complaints that when his wife is  
 dead, and his farm is rented, his tenants  
 bully him and his children give him a cold  
 welcome to their homes. This Old Simon  
 Dole is a new creation, or rather an inven-  
 tion; for he had but to be found out. He  
 abounds in rustic life, of which we think  
 the heartless phases have been too little  
 painted. Here once for all they are, though,  
 in a picture that cannot be matched in its  
 way. It is as real, as natural, as a stone

wall, or a bit of sour meadow-land, and is  
 perhaps the most thoroughly detestable  
 American type there is.

We believe we should place next to it  
 the poem *One Day Solitary*, in which the  
 newly sentenced convict broods upon his  
 past and future. It is not at all sentiment-  
 alized, but is simply the case of the reprob-  
 ate, not hopelessly hardened, whom his  
 sins have overtaken, and who falls from a  
 boisterous bravado in his soliloquy, through  
 hate and deadly anger to a despair that no  
 comment on the poem can give again. It  
 is a touching and thrilling piece of divina-  
 tion, of which every one must feel the truth,  
 and of which we hope many will perceive  
 the consummate skill. Sheriff Thorne,  
 which is also good, will not compare with  
 these two poems for a satisfactory com-  
 pleteness wrought out from within the char-  
 acters imagined; but the differently man-  
 aged study of old age, in *Rachel at the  
 Well*, almost persuades us to give it equal  
 praise. It is at any rate a beautiful poem,  
 tenderly and sweetly felt, and most sincerely  
 meditated.

We cannot help thinking *The Emigrant's  
 Story* rather long, though there is no want  
 of interest in it, and it is as honest as  
 the rest of the poems. The hexameter,  
 which is preëminently fitted for such sto-  
 ries, is not so well used as it might be.  
 We object to lines ending in the sign of the  
 infinitive verb, or an adjective qualifying a  
 noun that begins the next line; and we  
 think that Mr. Trowbridge has employed  
 the dactyl too sparingly, and has otherwise  
 not sufficiently studied the structure of the  
 verse.

Some pieces of a different sort, perhaps  
 less characteristic, like *At my Enemy's  
 Gate*, *Trouting*, *The Missing Leaf*, and  
*The Phantom Chapel*, please us greatly  
 in this book, which we are on the whole  
 very glad of, and should be well content to  
 see the like of far oftener than we do.

— When a man sets about any autobio-  
 graphical work, he ought to remember that  
 he cannot be too personal: egotism then  
 becomes a virtue, as a crime committed  
 against a heretic or an infidel changes its  
 nature. The fault we should find with Mr.  
 Eggleston is that he does not sufficiently  
 recognize this fact in his *Rebel's Recol-  
 lections*. He is at some pains, we fancy,  
 to suppress his own feelings, and to imperson-  
 alize his experiences just where we should  
 like him to be most garrulous about him-  
 self. Something is to be forgiven to the

modesty of a soldier, but modesty should not be excessive in its claims. No doubt it would have been difficult to state, to the sort of audience for which Mr. Eggleston wrote, certain things fully; and no doubt he felt the burden of this difficulty; as it is, he has dexterously addressed himself to people whose sympathies were all against the cause for which he fought, and has probably not increased the number of its enemies. On the contrary, we incline to believe that he has helped our readers to understand that those opposed to the Union in the late war were as sincere as its friends, and were moved by a patriotism which differed from ours only in being mistaken. It is hard for us of the North to conceive of Americans who were primarily Virginians or South Carolinians, but it is quite necessary to do so in order to look at the past with a true historical sense. Whilst the reader is arriving at this view, he will be very agreeably entertained in Mr. Eggleston's book. He has added to the papers which appeared in the magazine a chapter on odd characters which is curiously interesting, and there were already some amusing sketches of queer people. His ideas and observations in regard to the rebel leaders have that certain value which always belongs to the testimony of a keen-sighted eye-witness; and his criticisms of the feeble and wandering state-craft of the rebel political leaders ought to be consoling to us who at times believed that all the incapacity was on our side.

Mr. Eggleston's manner is as good as his spirit, and he has given us a book of peculiar interest, one of the pleasures of which is its frank and clear style. One thoroughly likes the author after reading it.

If good taste were more common in the printing and binding of American books, we should not feel it necessary to praise the blameless workmanship of this. As matters are, however, it is a duty to do so.

—The interest of so good a bit of human nature as Mr. De Forest's *Honest John Vane* should not pass away with the public interest in the now half-forgotten frauds that first suggested it to the author; for fortunately, or unfortunately, you have but to change names and dates a very little, and you have the Congressional Washington of 1874-75 as clearly portrayed in the book as that of 1871-72. In this country, at least, there has never been so good a political satire as this; but its excellence as a political satire is only one of many

excellences in it. The principal persons, John Vane and his wife, are presented with the sharpness and depth of delineation which one finds in all of Mr. De Forest's best work, and which is peculiar to him. The malleable, blubberly good-intention of the hero, who weakens by stress of circumstances into a prosperous rogue, is very keenly appreciated, with all the man's dim, dull remorse, his simple reverence for better men than himself, his vulgar but efficient cunning with men as bad or worse; you more than half pity him, feeling that if such a soul as his had been properly trained, it would by no means have gone to the devil.

Olympia Vane, for some reasons, we should be inclined to think a still better work of art. Her gradual expansion from the vulgar belleship she had enjoyed among her mother's boarders, from her "tough flirtations" with the under-graduates of a university town, into the sort of unhappy social success of her Washington life, is graphically traced. Her sort of rich, undelicate handsomeness affects you like something you have yourself seen; and her unscrupulous vanity, illogical, pitiless, and cowardly, verifies the type throughout. She is to be added to that line of women in the painting of whom Mr. De Forest — never weak in the presentation of character — would be recognized by a more discerning public than ours, as having shown the skill and force of a master. Whether they are pleasant people or not is quite beside the purpose. One feels them to be true, and that is enough; and if there is a lesson for one sex in the experience of John Vane, Olympia Vane ought to be full of warning and expostulation for quite as numerous a class of the other sex.

Darius Dorman is a character which, if forced at times, is nevertheless a vigorous conception, with a touch of fantasticality truly fresh and fascinating. Other people in the book strike us more as caricatures; but this is well enough in a satire.

—M. Gautier, with judicious leisure, begins his Russian winter at Berlin, and occupies some sixty-five out of his three hundred and fifty pages with getting to St. Petersburg; but, once there, he entertains us as agreeably as in his book about Constantinople, translated in England many years ago. We say "about," because Gautier does not write *on* the countries he has visited: he is eminently a cultivated loiterer, lingers upon the borders of his subject, allows us a glimpse here, a glimpse

there, and succeeds, by dint of suggestion, in keeping our appetite alert for local color, till we have obtained a very satisfactory and sufficiently detailed impression of the whole. He displays a pleasant scorn of statistics, but contrives to give to whatever he mentions the air of being the only thing worth noticing at the time. This, indeed, is an excellent trait, and has its advantages: he himself reminds us that, but for him, we should never have discovered that at Hamburg they have flesh-colored omnibuses. His mood varies agreeably, however, and he becomes very solid and systematic in his long description of St. Isaac's, at Petersburg. Still, he is most at his ease when simply occupied in reflecting or transmitting the first and volatile impression from picturesque scenes or objects. Certain passages describing the wintry aspects of the northern capital surpass in pictorial quality anything of the sort which it has been our fortune to meet hitherto. His pages sparkle like a frosted pane. The gleam of gold and silver and the deep glow of gems, so lavishly displayed in church and convent, attract him, and fill his story with their radiance. Here and there he smiles at his own childish enjoyment of these things, and hints that he is indeed an Asiatic barbarian, a man who experiences wild yearnings after an unfettered life, far away on snowy wastes or deep in dewy forests, among Samoyeds or Tzigani. But you know perfectly well that in such a situation he would be miserable; and so, after going through enough artistic description, and visiting with him the house of Zichy (the Russian Doré, and more than Doré), after witnessing his enthusiasm over the Vassili Blagennoi, at Moscow, and there examining at the Museum of Carriages the extraordinary chariots of the Catherines, which contain toilette and card tables and gilded porcelain stoves, your friendly solicitude for this fascinating idler is well satisfied at seeing him transported in a *teleja* across the frozen plains, seated upon two ropes swung transversely from beam to beam of the two which compose the wagon's body, and finally deposited by rail in Paris, where he assures us that he was received by old friends and pretty women, at a smoking supper, and his "return was celebrated gayly until the morning."

— Baron Hübner has written one of the most interesting books of travels of the past year, in the volume which records his im-

pressions in this country, and in Japan and China. His intention at starting was merely to observe whatever was new or curious, and to record every evening the principal events of the day. This plan he has carried out with great success; he has omitted all trivialities, but he has forgotten no matters apparently trifling but which are indications of principles of real importance. In what he writes about this country he notices, among other things, the omnipotence of the hotel-clerk, and the slavish obsequiousness of the traveling public before him; he comments also on the demoralizing effects of family-life in hotels; he mentions once more the fondness Americans have for titles: but if he is keen-sighted, he is never ill-natured. He gives a good deal of space to an account of his stay at Salt Lake City, and to the impressions made upon him by what he saw of Mormonism. He was by no means so favorably impressed by that religion as have been some recent travelers, who seem to regard a strong paternal government as the surest proof of the divine origin of the accompanying religion.

In California he made the usual round of the tourist, and thence he sailed for Japan and China. Descriptions of Japan are certainly not a novelty, but we hardly know one more interesting than this of Baron Hübner's. In that country not only did he have peculiar opportunities granted to his rank, or more frequently won by his own boldness, to visit unexplored regions, but he also made very good use of those opportunities. He saw that the varnish of Occidental civilization which the Japanese have acquired in many cases is not more than skin-deep, and not even that always. He says, "In the streets of Yedo one meets people wearing silk hats; others, congress boots; or *paletois*, which have the advantage of showing the legs naked to the waist. Some of them who are dressed entirely in European fashion have kept their wooden patten-sandals, and their caps of lacquered paper. What disfigures them all, however, is the way they try to do their hair, which, being naturally coarse and hard, will not divide or brush like ours, so that they resort to oiling it and tying it with a ribbon. . . . Certainly, nothing is more praiseworthy than an ardent desire for progress — a wish to better one's self and to adopt the inventions of nations more civilized than our own. But I am afraid these good impulses are often badly di-

rected; and that they may produce great disturbance in men's minds, and perhaps some day a strong and bloody revolution." Continually he regrets, as every traveler of taste must, seeing a false European taste driving out what was distinctively Japanese. It is not that he frowns upon the efforts of that race to reach a higher scale of civilization; far from it: it is merely that he distrusts some of the methods employed, fears too hasty a change and too confident belief on the part of the rulers that by judicious edicts they can alter the whole nature of their people. Almost equally interesting are the pages devoted to China. Indeed, the whole volume will be found to be very entertaining.

The translation is generally good, but it could have well endured a little more supervision. The foreigner who on arriving in New York looks for the Prevost House, to see if it is really as good a hotel as Baron Hübner says, is doomed to uncertainty. There is obscurity, too, in the remark, "At seven o'clock we are passing at a foot's space across the Mississippi, on a bridge of recent and novel construction;" and again, "In these savage regions, those who are by way of representing civilization do not generally shine in point of civilization." These faults are rare, however.

—Sir Arthur Helps's latest book differs in style and in substance from all that he has heretofore given to the world. It is biographical in form, but the biographical chapters are far from being its most interesting portion.

The author was but casually acquainted with Mr. Brassey, whose life and labors he describes, and this fact deprives the book of the greatest element of interest. He gives the whole story at second-hand, in the words of thirty or more people who were workers under Mr. Brassey and testified for the purposes of this volume, before a short-hand reporter, concerning their knowledge and opinions. The fact that the book was manufactured in this perfunctory way accounts for another peculiarity — that Mr. Helps so frequently mentions the processes involved in its production. He begins, indeed, by assuring us that he intends to put himself in good relation with us, and that "if he fail in doing this he fails in a most important point." He next proceeds to establish cordiality between himself and us by saying that he has undertaken a work for which he has no special qualifications.

He then gives us further information about what he purposes doing and how he intends to do it, all of which strikes us very much as if Miss Cushman were to attempt to interest us in her *Lady Macbeth* by taking us into the greenroom, and there explaining the means by which effects were to be produced upon us.

Sir Arthur's second-hand mode of composition has led him into error, as when he is comparing the Argentine Republic with Russia; he says that the two countries are "equal in extent," and that the population of Russia is about 75,000,000 and that of the Argentine Republic is only about 1,000,000. Upon this statement he remarks, "How stupidly, or at least how unfortunately, the world has hitherto been peopled!" The truth is that the territory of European Russia is a little over 2,000,000 square miles, and its population about 61,000,000, while the Argentine Republic only covers 827,000 square miles, and has a population of 1,500,000. Sir Arthur is quite astray here, in his proportions, and, of course, in his rhetorical deduction.

The volume is adorned with a fine portrait of Mr. Brassey, which presents us a man of good nature, not careful of details, having a bright, intelligent eye, but not possessing the marks of a man of culture or of a man of "family," as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table expressed it.

Turning from the picture of Mr. Brassey to the pages of Sir Arthur, we learn that while Mr. Brassey sprang from a very ancient Cheshire family, in which there was undoubtedly some culture, his early advantages were few, and he was at the age of sixteen articulated to a land-surveyor. The celebrated carriage-road from Shrewsbury to Holyhead was the first great work upon which he was employed. He was there associated with the well-known Thomas Telford. The Menai suspension bridge was a portion of this enterprise, and we have no doubt that the genius displayed in its construction, as well as in the building of the entire road, which Mr. Telford considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of his life, exerted a molding influence upon the young learner. It is pretty safe to conclude that the master-passion of Mr. Brassey's life — the determination to be a great contractor, a builder of great national works — dated from his contact with Mr. Telford. In 1834, when the young surveyor was twenty-nine years of age, he met another notable man, John Stephenson, whose influence, in the same

direction, was added to that already exerted by Mr. Telford.

Sir Arthur describes the ruling passion of Mr. Brassey as a desire "to win high reputation for skill, integrity, and success in the difficult vocation of a contractor for public works; to give large employment to his fellow-countrymen; and by means of British labor and British skill to knit together foreign countries, and to promote civilization, according to his view of it, throughout the world." We hardly think, however, that this ideal was conceived by Mr. Brassey until his labors had become large, and his sphere of operation extensive.

We do not care to follow the story told by Sir Arthur's reporters. It relates to the building of nearly seven thousand miles of public works, mainly railways, under about one hundred and seventy-five contracts, in England, Scotland, France, Spain, Norway, Italy, Moldavia, India, the Crimea, South America, Canada, and Australia. The story tells how these contracts were obtained and honorably carried out, and how some resulted in profit, and some in loss. It gives Brassey's dealings with sub-contractors, and their management of workmen of many nationalities. It presents comparisons of the working powers and the economic advantages and disadvantages of these laborers.

Throughout the whole there is apparent a patriotic effort to present England in a favorable aspect as an inventive and manufacturing country, but the author is obliged to give America high praise for "very ingenious and successful modes of facilitating labor by machinery," and he praises the French for their system of government control of railways — for the superior comfort of their carriages, the excellence of their stations, and the general amenities of railway traveling in their country. In these respects Sir Arthur reluctantly rates America and France above England.

— The subjects Mr. Wilkinson discusses in his volume are George Eliot's Novels, Mr. Lowell's Poetry and Prose, Mr. Bryant's Poetry, the Character and the Literary Influence of Erasmus, and the History of the Christian Commission as a Part of Church History — a list which would seem to show that the author's lance is freer in the field of letters than in that of life. That he should have given us a book wholly devoted to literary subjects is in itself a claim on our gratitude; work of this sort is by

no means over-common in this country, and if Mr. Wilkinson does not tell his readers a great deal that is new, he shows interest in some important literary qualities. The most striking of the essays is that in which he picks flaws in Mr. Lowell's prose writing; this he does sometimes with success, at times with captiousness, and once or twice with willful misunderstanding. That is to say, he has gone over Mr. Lowell's *Among my Books* and *My Study Window*, picking out stray pronouns, unfamiliar words, and phrases which offend strict grammatical propriety, and has made an array of errors which would delight the soul of a proof-reader. It cannot be denied that much good may be done by this close verbal criticism, that it tends to save writers from falling into habits of carelessness. But such criticism, to be valuable, must be above quibbling, and it is very one-sided if no credit is given to the value of those utterances which may be violently twisted into examples of false grammar. For example, when Mr. Lowell, in one of the best of his excellent essays, writes of Shakespeare, "In our self-exploiting nineteenth century, with its melancholy liver-complaint, how serene and high he seems! If he had sorrows, he has made them the woof of everlasting consolation to his kind; and if, as poets are wont to whine, the outward world was cool to him, its biting air did but trace itself in loveliest frost-work of fancy on the many windows of that self-centred and cheerful soul," such comment as this, which Mr. Wilkinson makes, seems, to put it mildly, singularly inadequate. "We do not think that poets are wont to 'whine' that the outward world was cold to Shakespeare. Nor do we think that the world was cold to Shakespeare, or is, or is ever likely to be, to him, or to any of his kind. Shakespeare is of the world, and the world always loves its own. Nor again, to take Mr. Lowell now as he means, and no longer as he says, can it be truly charged against 'poets' that they 'are wont to whine' of the 'world' as cold to them? Here and there a poet 'whines,' no doubt, often with good reason, too, of the world's coldness to his claims. But more poets, against good reason, refrain from whining. 'Whining' is not characteristic of their class. Whatever may be the truth as to this, it is a disagreeable, a pævish, a morbid note interjected here to speak of the century's 'melancholy liver-complaint,' and of the poets' 'whine,'" etc. Is that all Mr.



Wilkinson can find to say? His remarks probably comply with grammatical laws, but all that is needed for a critic's education is not to be found between the covers of Lindley Murray. Mr. Wilkinson, however, is not wholly dogmatic contradiction; he is not without a gay vein of sprightly humor; for example:—

"One experiences several successive 'de-grees,' as the medical men say, of effect from the influence of Mr. Lowell's company when he is exercising his office of critic. The first degree is a certain bewilderment. Follows a rallying surprise and shock. Then for a while one feels his spirits constantly rising. One could take critical excursions forever with Mr. Lowell. There is such a delightful sense of escape. The attraction of gravitation is abolished, and we are careering away at large on the wings of the wind, in the boundless country of the unconditioned. In fact, we are going up in a balloon. It is glorious. But we grow a little light-headed. We remember Gambetta. Gambetta went up in a balloon. One would not like to resemble Gambetta. Our elation gives way. We pray for a return to the domain of law. We sigh like Ganymede, like Europa, for the solid ground," etc.

Fortunately there is but little of this levity. Mr. Wilkinson's usual style is very solemn; he is grammatical but dull, "faultlessly null." In the essay on George Eliot's novels he sometimes buries his meaning under a cloud of words. He says of that remarkable woman, "She is a prime elemental literary power. . . . She is a great ethical teacher; it may be not an original, but at least a highly charged derivative, moral, living force." In general, however, what he says is true enough. He praises that great novelist for her admirable style, her keen observation, her analysis of character, her dramatic skill, and all her wonderful power; and the impression of hopeless melancholy her readers get from reading her book he explains by her lack of a personal experience of religion. In his enthusiasm he makes some bold statements; for instance: "Now George Eliot within her range—and her range, though, unlike Shakespeare's, it may have definite determinable limits, is still very wide—George Eliot, I say, within her range is every whit as dramatic as Shakespeare." Again, "The knowledge of the human heart that George Eliot displays is not an acquired knowledge. It is born with her

and in her. It is genius. It is a gift which is Shakespearean in quality—one might, perhaps, as well be frankly true to himself and out with his thought—it is *finer* than Shakespeare. In quantity it is less, but in quality it is more."

It would seem as if in the ardor of admiration Mr. Wilkinson had been betrayed into rash assertion; more frequently, however, he keeps in the beaten path. That he is able to lose his head at times can be seen by the reader who will take the trouble to turn to page 287 of this book, where the author asks what was the motive which underlay the Christian Commission, and answers it by saying, "It was a supernatural love of Christ." The whole passage deserves reading for the curious light it throws upon the author. In more ways than one he lacks the temper of a critic.

—The modest volume entitled *A Theory of the Arts* comprises the course of lectures on æsthetics delivered by the late Prof. Joseph Torrey before the senior class in the University of Vermont. In these days of the (so-called) popularization of art, the accomplished author's mode of treatment may be thought a trifle formal and old-fashioned, but the lectures exhibit a refinement of taste and comprehensive range of reading and reflection on art-matters, fully worthy of one whose name and work are an honor to American scholarship. Two thirds of the volume will be found occupied by an account of previous theories of the fine arts in general, and a statement of the author's own theory. In the remainder, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Music, Oratory, and Poetry are successively examined, and thus arranged in an ascending scale of dignity and importance. Professor Torrey's views are not particularly original, but they are set forth with clearness and grace, and are well worth the consideration of those who are interested in the metaphysics of art.

—Mr. Hart's book on German Universities will be received with special favor by the large and rapidly increasing number of young men who look forward to a year or two of study abroad, with great hopefulness and with considerable uncertainty about the experience that awaits them in foreign parts. For information they can be recommended to no better authority than this book. They will find in it not only a complete account of what German universities are, and of the respects in which they



differ from American colleges, but also the answers to the thousand little questions which are so apt to puzzle the new-comer and to be overlooked by those who are familiar with the habits of a strange land. Mr. Hart's method of conveying this information is by means of a very exact record of what he himself saw, thought, felt, and did when studying abroad. The advantage of this frankness is obvious; it satisfies the reader's curiosity on every point; the author's thoroughness leaves almost nothing untouched. On the other hand, we occasionally come upon revelations of matters of transitory interest which might well have been omitted; such, for instance, is the account of the violent cold from which the author suffered in the autumn of 1862. It "seemed to be satisfied with nothing short of running through the entire system. Every organ was affected more or less, the head, eyes, ears, stomach. By the end of the month, after suffering in every conceivable way and congratulating myself on the prospect of recovery, symptoms of rheumatism showed themselves. I became lame and unable to walk," etc., etc. This form of illness is common to a very large extent of the earth's surface. The author's naïve exultation in the getting of his degree is equally noticeable. His tone, indeed, is one of great enthusiasm, whether it is the merits of German scholarship, the difficulties of Roman law, or the discomforts of water on the knee that he is describing. Apart from these objections, however, there is a great deal that is good in the book. Mr. Hart's method of learning German might well be, or rather must be, followed by all who care to get a thorough knowledge of the language. The short chapter devoted to it deserves to be read and remembered.

The author's experience was tolerably wide, and his account of German university life is very good. He adds to the record of his own life some chapters of general remarks, in which he makes very clear what is really the merit of a German university, namely, that it "has one and only one object: to train thinkers," and that it tends "to produce theologians rather than pastors, jurists rather than lawyers, theorists in medicine rather than practitioners, investigators, scholars, speculative thinkers rather than technologists and school-teachers." The way in which this admirable design is carried out is fully explained. The system by which the *Privat-*

*docenten* supplement and rival the professors, the great principle of freedom in learning and teaching, the full lists of subjects taught by the professors, make a showing by the side of which English and American universities look incomplete. Although the aim of the German university is not a practical one, it has certainly the most efficient practical aids. It is no place for hoary routine to assume the air of wise and venerable tradition. It is managed on the only true principle, that of giving the best instruction, and it is no wonder that Germany holds so high a position in the field of thought.

In conclusion, Mr. Hart draws a comparison between the German and the English and American universities, respectively. It is singular to notice the way in which those of England have fallen out of the lists, so far as tempting ambitious Americans is concerned. Mr. Hart's book comes to show that the time for Mr. Bristed's *Five Years in an English University* is past. For one student who leaves this shore for England, ten or perhaps twenty leave for Germany. Without decrying the English, it is enough to say that the reason is very plain. One need only look at the list of lectures given at Leipsic, in order to sympathize fully with those who regard scholarship as something more than a step towards writing smooth Latin and Greek verses.

— Professor Whitney's volume is composed of a series of essays of varying interest. The first two, entitled *The British in India*, and *China and the Chinese*, respectively, in no respect differ from hosts of solid review articles; the republication of the notice of Alford's *Queen's English* seems hardly called for, since time has done more gently the work the critic designed to accomplish by his onslaught, and the book is deservedly forgotten: but the others are worthy of attention and study. Those fit to judge the paper on the *Lunar Zodiac of India*, *Arabia*, and *China* are few, but they will be grateful for the thorough examination Mr. Whitney has given the subject. The conclusion to which he arrives, at the end of a tolerably long and cautious investigation, is, he says, "almost purely negative. We have only examined and found untenable every theory yet proposed respecting the derivation of any one of the three forms of the system from either of the others. We have done nothing more than clear the ground; the way is left open to any one to prove, by

good and sufficient evidence, that either the Hindus, the Chinese, or the Arabs, or that some fourth people, different from them all, may claim the honor of being inventors of an institution so widely diffused, and forming a cardinal element in the early astronomical science of the most important and cultivated races of Asia. . . . For myself, I have little faith that certainty upon the subject, or even confident persuasion, will ever be attained."

The essay on the Elements of English Pronunciation is of great value. Mr. Whitney first gives his readers a full description of the different sounds of the English language, taking his own pronunciation as a standard, and then determining by a series of interesting experiments the frequency of utterance of each of these sounds. For this purpose he made a selection of "ten passages, five in poetry and five in prose, from as many authors, of various periods, and separated and counted the individual sounds as met with in each, until the number of 1000 sounds was reached." This gave him some most interesting results. The proportion of vowels to consonants in English he found to be as 37.3 to 62.7. The percentage of vowels is a trifle less in German, in French over 40, 42 in Sanskrit, 44 in Latin, and 46 in Greek. The average number of syllables to a word he found to be 1.358, that of sounds to a word 3.642. Another curious fact he ascertained was that the percentage of hissing or sibilant sounds is rather larger in French than in English, which is badly enough off with 9.5. In ancient Greek it was over twelve per cent.; in German it is about six per cent.

In addition to this valuable paper we find an article on the Sanskrit accent; one entitled How Shall we Spell? the republication of notices of Max Müller's Chips from a German Workshop, and Mr. G. W. Cox's Mythology of the Aryan Nations; an essay on the Relation of Vowel and Consonant; another on Bell's Visible Speech.

There is no safer volume than this both for the regular student and for the many amateur observers of language who stand in special need of a sure guide.

—Dr. Bacon's *Genesis of the New England Churches* might also be described as a history and a defense of the principle of republicanism in church government. It belongs to the order of "popular" histories, being unincumbered by foot-notes, and poorly illustrated. In his preface, indeed,

the author distinctly disclaims having had access to any recondite sources of information; but the book is written with great vigor and ability, and is crowded with interesting information. The scope of the volume is perhaps best indicated by its closing sentences: "It is a history of tendencies and conflicts which have come to the result that now, every American church forms itself by elective affinity and the principle of Separatism. We shall find that it is the history of Christianity working toward its own emancipation from secular power; and that it is at the same time the history of the state, learning slowly, but at last effectually, that it has no jurisdiction in the sphere of religion, and that its equal duty to all churches is the duty, not of enforcing their censures, but only of protecting their peaceable worship, and their liberty of prophesying." Dr. Bacon begins by roundly denying the doctrine of Apostolic Succession, and shows with much force and probability that the primitive churches in Jerusalem and Antioch could not, in the nature of things, have had anything like an aristocratic or episcopal constitution; that the bishops of the early time were no more than parish pastors, and the presbyters brethren with an aptitude for exhortation. The practical affairs of those first *ecclesiae*, or assemblies, he thinks were administered much like those of the Methodists at the present time. Dr. Bacon confesses himself unable satisfactorily to bridge the chasm between the first century and the year 312, the date of the conversion of Constantine, when hierarchy is found firmly established; but he has his own theory of differentiation to account for the change, and his dogmatism, be it observed, is not of an offensive order, but rather refreshing in its reminiscence of that still recent time when divines, as a class, were wont to teach "as those having authority and not as the scribes."

Passing lightly over the long ages when sacerdotalism reigned supreme, Dr. Bacon shows that it was one Francis Lambert, a fugitive from Avignon, who first, in 1526, prepared for the reformed churches of the principality of Hesse a "scheme of ecclesiastical order which was almost a purely Congregational platform," but which never went into operation there. He then traces minutely the history of the English Reformation, and undertakes to show that from the very outset the principle of Separatism, or complete ecclesiastical independ-

ence, contended with that of Protestant episcopalianism there. The memorials of the earlier and more obscure martyrs of Separatism, Copping and Thacker, John Greenwood, the polished but impracticable Henry Barrows, and the fiery Welshman, Penry, or Ap Henry, whose beautiful letter of farewell to his wife from prison is given at length, are all fresh and affecting; while the more familiar story of the church in William Brewster's house, the stately manor of Scrooby, and ultimately the almost incredibly heroic struggle for existence here, are so told as to lose none of their old interest. The distinction between Pilgrims and Puritans is of course strongly insisted on; yet how unessential that distinction really was, is shown plainly enough by the readiness with which Plymouth Pilgrims and Salem Puritans coalesced and came to substantial accord, under the exigencies of their common exile. Nay, in these days of well-marked reaction from what then proved the ascendant spirit, we fancy that the majority, even of Dr. Bacon's readers, will find their sympathies most strongly enlisted by Mr. Higginson, who, "when they came to the Land's End, calling up his children and other passengers unto the stern of the ship to take their last sight of England, said, 'We will not say, as the Separatists were wont to say at their leaving of England, Farewell, Babylon! Farewell, Rome! but we will say, Farewell, dear England: farewell, the church of God in England, and all Christian friends there! We do not go to New England as Separatists from the church of England, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions in it; but we go to practice the positive part of church reformation, and propagate the gospel in America.'"

In the chapter on *The Sojourn at Leyden*, copious extracts are made from the *Essays or Observations Divine and Moral*, of the angelic John Robinson. It would seem a pity that this book should not be made easily accessible in days when the Christian preacher, under whatever polity, must feel that his function and his traditional methods of appeal are so fast becoming discredited.

— Dr. Hurst's account of life in Germany is very much the sort of book one would expect from a doctor of divinity, with very genuine liking for Germany, and with such knowledge of the country as one gets from a few years of residence. The amount of information collected is not very

great, nor is there much in it that is startlingly novel. There is a certain amount of gossiping chat about the universities, or rather about the different theological schools, and the theological professors. Another section of the book is devoted to an account of the literary life in Germany, speaking among other things of the large publishing-houses, and of the rich public libraries. Another part describes briefly the Tyrol. There is nothing in the volume calling for special comment; it reads as if it were a collection of letters home, so unambitious is the book in design, and so not exactly trivial, but unimportant in execution. The author never goes very far into any subject that he chooses for discussion; he always contents himself with the brief record of his impressions. Some of these are of a sort that cannot command universal agreement, as when, for example, in one of his numerous digressions he speaks of seeing at the Paris Exposition of 1867 a building containing "a miniature Jewish tabernacle, and plans of the architecture of all the Bible lands. This was one of the best-prepared and most valuable objects to be seen at the Exposition. . . . The Evangelical Hall was to me, however, by far the most interesting object of the entire Exposition."

The book reminds us very strongly of the addresses made to awe-stricken Sunday-school scholars by elders just back from Europe. There is the same wonder at things different from what is to be seen in this country, and the same expression of the traveler's simple tastes.

#### OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

Harper and Brothers, New York: David, King of Israel: His Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York city. — *The Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius. The First Book and Selections. Edited for Schools and Colleges.* By F. A. March, LL. D. With an Introduction by A. Ballard, D. D., Professor of Christian Greek and Latin in Lafayette College; and Explanatory Notes by W. B. Owen, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Christian Greek. — *The Treasure Hunters; or, The Search for the Mountain Mine.* A Novel. By George Manville Fenn, Author of *Ship Ahoy*, etc. — *Jack's Sister; or, True to her Trust.* A Novel. — *The King of No-Land.*

By B. L. Farjeon. Illustrated. — Wild Animals. The Life and Habits of Wild Animals. Illustrated from Designs by Joseph Wolf. Engraved by J. W. and Edward Whymper. With Descriptive Letter-press, by Daniel Giraud Elliot, F. L. S., F. Z. S. — Nursery Noonings. By Gail Hamilton. — The Little Lame Prince. By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman. Illustrated. — Politics for Young Americans. By Charles Nordhoff. — Aileen Ferrers. A Novel. By Susan Morley. — The Love that Lived. A Novel. By Mrs. Eiloart. — In Honor Bound. A Novel. By Charles Gibbon. — Jessie Trim. A Novel. By B. L. Farjeon. — A Hero and a Martyr. A True Narrative. By Charles Reade.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Ten Days in Spain. By Kate Field. Illustrated. — The Circassian Boys. Translated through the German, from the Russian of Michael Lermontoff. By S. S. Conant. — Broken Chains. Translated by Frances A. Shaw. From the German of E. Werner, Author of Good Luck, etc.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: Geometry and Faith. A Fragmentary Supplement to the Ninth Bridgewater Treatise. By Thomas Hill. Revised and Enlarged Edition. — Winter Homes for Invalids. An Account of the Various Localities in Europe and America suitable for Consumptives and Other Invalids during the Winter Months, with Special Reference to the Climatic Variations at each Place and their Influence on Disease. By Joseph W. Howe, M. D.

Dodd and Mead, New York: Grace for Grace. Letters of Rev. William James. — The Life and Adventures of Rear Admiral John Paul Jones. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated.

Albert Mason, New York: Critical and Historical Essays. Contributed to the Edinburgh Review. By Lord Macaulay. Authorized Edition.

W. J. Widdleton, New York: Poems by Edgar Allan Poe. Complete. With an Original Memoir, by R. H. Stoddard, and Illustrations.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Dress-Reform: A Series of Lectures, delivered in Boston, on Dress as it affects the Health of Woman. Edited by Abba Gould Woolson. With Illustrations. — F. Grant & Co.: or, Partnerships. A Story for the Boys who

"Mean Business." By George L. Chaney. — Stories for Children. By Eleven Sophomores. — Speaking Likenesses. By Christina Rossetti. With Pictures thereof by Arthur Hughes. — The Fletcher Prize Essay: The Christian in the World. By Rev. D. W. Faunce. — The Poetical Works of William Blake. Lyrical and Miscellaneous. Edited with a Prefatory Memoir by William Michael Rossetti.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Far from the Madding Crowd. Leisure Hour Series. By Thomas Hardy.

Little, Brown, & Co., Boston: Memoir of the Life of Josiah Quincy, Junior, of Massachusetts; 1744-1775. By his son, Josiah Quincy. Second Edition. — Speeches of Josiah Quincy. Speeches delivered in the Congress of the United States. By Josiah Quincy, Member of the House of Representatives for the Suffolk District of Massachusetts, 1805-1813. Edited by his son, Edmund Quincy.

By Authority: John Ferres, Government Printer, Melbourne: Geological Survey of Victoria. Prodomus of the Palæontology of Victoria; or, Figures and Descriptions of Victorian Organic Remains. Decade I. By Frederick McCoy, F. G. S., Hon. F. C. P. S., etc., etc., etc.

Macmillan & Co., London and New York: Polarization of Light. (Nature Series.) By William Spottiswoode, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S., etc.

Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, New York: The Four Gospels. With One Hundred and Thirty-two Etchings on Steel. By the most Eminent French Engravers, after the Original Designs of M. Bida. Part I.

E. L. Freeman & Co., New York: Treasure Trove.

Lockwood & Co., London: A Synoptical History of England. With the Contemporaneous Sovereigns and Events of General History, from the Earliest Records to the Present Time. By Llewelyn C. Burt, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition.

#### FRENCH AND GERMAN.<sup>1</sup>

Goethe, in complaining of the inferiority of German fiction, a subject to which he was often recurring, said once of Sir Walter Scott that his charm was due to the superiority of the three kingdoms of Great

<sup>1</sup> All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

*Die letzte Reckenbürgerin.* Roman. Von LOUISE VON FRANÇOIS. Berlin: 1873.

Britain, and the inexhaustible variety of their history; whereas, in Germany there was no fertile field for the romancer between the Thuringian Forest and the sand plains of Mecklenburg, so that he himself in his Wilhelm Meister was obliged to make use of the most worthless material imaginable, — such as strolling actors and wretched country nobility, — simply to breathe life into his pictures. This seems a singular remark when we consider that part of Scott's great merit consisted in the excellent way he drew just such wretched country-people, and that Goethe lived in the Germany not unknown to history. But to this explanation he frequently returns. That good novels are rare in Germany, however, would seem to be much more due to the lack of good novelists than to that of either society or history. In fact, no country is less well provided with both of these than our own; but yet if their absence forbade positively all fiction, our literature would be noticeably poorer than it is even at present. Society in Germany is a much more complex matter than it is with us. The presence of a nobility not without scorn for the plebeians, of pushing plebeians, of struggling tradespeople, gives at once a set of characters which those who write American novels in vain try to imitate by introducing accomplished graduates of West Point or of the Naval Academy, — unfailingly noble specimens of valor, — or students of Harvard College, for instance, brilliant with easily-borne erudition. For European castles our novelists substitute farms cleared by the heroine's grandfather, or manor-houses on the banks of the romantic Hudson. At other times we have the hoary antiquity of Chicago and Boston before their fires. A purely society-novel is almost impossible in America, so shifting and uncertain are the social lines; we are always as much in doubt of the standing of the people as we are of our fellow-passengers in the railway car. Yet we have American novels that are read, and Germany, with all its advantages, has very few. The real reason of its inferiority, however, has not yet been found, unless it be what is suggested above.

A novel that has recently appeared, *Die letzte Reckenbürgerin*, deserves warmer praise. It is not the familiar *Tendenz Roman*, which discusses fanciful characters in impossible situations; it is, rather, a study of very vividly drawn characters in very possible and well described circumstances.

In construction the book is somewhat

faulty. We have first several pages of narration, and then for the explanation of the puzzle to which the reader is brought, it is necessary to go back and read the history of the same time, which throws light on the obscurity. This is, however, a fault which can be readily pardoned. The author's style is not brilliant, but it is strong and impressive.

The autobiography of the last Baroness of Reckenburg, which forms the greater part of the book, carries us back to the end of the last century, to the time of the French Revolution, when Freiherr and Freifrau von Reckenburg were living on a paltry income in a little Saxon town, rigidly keeping up their meagre state. Their daughter, Eberhardine, is a plain, sensible girl, of a strong character and almost entirely without charm or attraction. She is the exact opposite of Dorothee Müller, a very impulsive, clinging, affectionate creature, who is warmly devoted to Hardine, and very much under her influence. When the two girls are hardly fifteen, Dorothee becomes engaged to Faber, a young surgeon, for whom she feels very little affection, and who is about to leave her to join the army for many years. Hardine goes away to spend the winter with her aunt, the Countess of Reckenburg, a miserly old lady, who had been the wife, by a left-handed marriage, of a prince who had squandered her fortune and deserted her finally. This grim countess is admirably described; she lives at Reckenburg, hoarding her money for the son of this prince by another marriage, whom she intends in her innermost heart for Hardine's husband. Meanwhile, however, Hardine has to show her fitness for this promotion by very zealous attendance upon her aunt.

This son of the prince finally makes his appearance at Hardine's home. He is a young, reckless scapegrace, exceedingly indifferent to the fulsome attentions of his flatterers, not over attached to Hardine, but, on the other hand, very much attracted by Dorothee. Then the tragedy begins. He wins her love, but he is called away to join the army and leaves her to become the mother of his child without being his wife. He is killed in battle. Just before he leaves home, Hardine meets him, and she is persuaded to promise him that she will provide for Dorothee. This promise she keeps faithfully. The child's mother is a foolish, irresponsible creature, incapable of any feeling except timidity, and very ready to



neglect all motherly duties. Hardine, however, provides for the child until it is lost sight of for many years. When a man, and one who has suffered a great deal in life, he makes his appearance at Hardine's castle just as she is celebrating her betrothal, at the age of fifty, to a neighboring friend, and calls her mother. The scandal of this affair she never tries to dispel by proof. She is too proud for that; she watches by the deathbed of Dorothée's son, makes his daughter her heir, and, before she dies, sees her happily married. In that way the last Reckenbürgerin dies after a life of rigid obedience to duty and stern self-sacrifice. However distasteful some of the incidents may appear, the reader can feel easy; the dignity of the author keeps her from treating them in an offensive way.

The merit of the writer lies in her keenness of observation and admirable power of describing. She is not a humorist; there is too much tragedy in the book, and too moral a tone in the way the facts are set before us, to admit of such alleviation; the tone of the whole story is very serious. It contains some very striking passages, however. The whole life of the little Saxon village is well told: there is the same observation of detail which makes half the force of a humorous writer, but it is part of the grimness and conscientiousness of the writer of the imaginary autobiography that she looks on everything not as a means of

amusement, but with regard to its moral value. There are, too, several very dramatic scenes in the book. The reappearance of the mysterious soldier at the castle of Reckenburg; the listlessness of the young prince at the ball in his honor at Hardine's home; and his sudden interest in Dorothée, are all well told. Indeed, the seeming paradox is true that the unrelieved merit of the story makes it a rather severe strain upon the reader. The writer is so full of her subject that she crowds incident after incident on the reader's attention, without regard to his being accustomed only to the feebleness of most novels, and it is not without a certain feeling of duty that one reads this severe, unflinching record of suffering lives. It is as free from morbidity, however, as from sentimentality, but one cannot help wishing that it might have had some relief from the prevailing sombreness. The way to read the book is to take it a few pages at a time. This will give one opportunity to reflect upon the rich material it offers for thought, and to admire the strenuous purpose of the author.

Die letzte Reckenbürgerin differs from almost any German novel we know. It has moral value, and it describes real people; and this is a combination not always to be found in the fiction of any country. We call the attention of our readers to it, not so much for their idle entertainment as for their study and admiration.

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## ART.

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

As your critic, in his remarks upon my letter which was published in your October number, seems to have misapprehended my statements, and to have made some of his own that tend to place the affairs of the Academy before the public in a wrong light, I hope you will give space for such corrections as I will endeavor to make.

If your critic will again refer to my first communication, he will find that the statement I made as to the Academy's financial affairs simply went to show that it is not "on the very verge of bankruptcy," rather than that it was "rich and prosperous."

The property of the Academy—with the exception of \$50,000 bequeathed it by the

late James A. Suydam, N. A.—is in real estate and pictures, which yield no income. Since the revival of the schools, the expenses of the Academy have been, with the utmost economy, in excess of its income arising from the Suydam fund and the profits on the exhibitions.

Such financial embarrassments as the Academy has had, have been brought about simply because of the establishment and maintenance of its free schools; and if it can be shown that these schools have been efficiently conducted, I think your critic will admit that in this regard, at least, the Academy has done its duty and given to the public even more than its means would warrant.

The members of the Academy, I think I



may safely say, are not inclined to arrogate to themselves on this account. They merely wish to do their utmost for the advancement of art, and confidently expect that, as the public is as greatly interested in the matter as they are, their efforts will find an appreciation and support commensurate with the wisdom of their direction and the beneficence of their results.

As to the efficiency of the Academy school, without any desire whatever to detract from the older ones of Europe, after a recent visit to the most famous of them I am fortified in the opinion that in so far as ours goes, it has been as fruitful in good results as any. I saw nowhere better drawings from the antique, and I will be seconded in this opinion, I think, by Mr. Perkins and Mr. Ware of your own city, as well as by Herr Rosencranz, one of the most eminent artists of the Munich school, a pupil of Piloty's, who visited the exhibition of our school a year ago and spoke to Professor Wilmarth of his surprise at the excellence of the work shown. To his brother artists in Munich he has made our schools the subject of frequent conversation, and has repeatedly told them that there was no such thorough work done in their own school, and that he looks upon the results of our efforts here as the obvious beginning of a great American school of art.

Having done so much with the inadequate means at our disposal, I think your critic, as well as the public, will see that if the necessary funds are given us to develop our life and painting classes, we may at a not very distant time bring the school in all respects to the rank of the *École des Beaux Arts*, of Paris, or the Munich Academy, which, with all due deference to your critic's seeming opinion to the contrary, are the only ones worthy of emulation.

I beg to remind your critic, that during the last four years the Academy has had courses of free lectures by William Page, N. A., James R. Brevoort, N. A., and Dr. Rimmer, as well as by Professor Waterhouse Hawkins; also lectures by Prof. Ogden R. Rood, Messrs. William J. Hopkin, Parke Godwin, Russell Sturgis, Jr., and C. P. Cranch, N. A. As to the value of the lectures of these gentlemen, I will not presume to decide.

I beg also to state that the Academy does publicly bestow both medals and prizes every year, consisting of two silver and two bronze medals, and two money prizes of fifty dollars each.

While the exhibition of last spring was not "an exceptional pecuniary success" to the Academy (the receipts for admission being \$5840, against an average of \$8411.87 from six previous exhibitions, since the occupancy of the present building) I think its general excellence will have been the means of exciting an amount of public interest that will increase the receipts of future exhibitions, and artists will have encouragement in their determination to send their best works, in the now demonstrated fact that pictures can be sold from the exhibitions.

If to be fashionable is to be successful in New York, I am still not alone in the belief that there are other ways to a much nobler success than will be got by pandering to fashion; and I think it is the duty of the artist and the critic alike to try to make a more healthful avenue to the public than can be found through the manipulations of fashionable society. However it may seem on the surface, it is, I sincerely believe, the desire of the body of the Academy's members to make of it an institution that will nurture and direct what germs of a nobler art we have amongst us; and if we are helped in this matter by the public and the press, your critic will not much longer have reason to complain of the "low-water" state of culture in America.

*An Academician.*

NEW YORK, November 15, 1874.

We have so little willingness to put even a pebble-stone in the path of those who are devoting their time and skill to the establishment of free drawing-schools in connection with the National Academy of Design, that we cheerfully leave the field in the possession of its defender, "An Academician." We wish, to be sure, he had not claimed so much—more for the reason that it is always better for us to think we are climbing the hill of attainment, than that we have reached the top, and better for us to be dissatisfied with our work than to be satisfied with it. But after all, when the balance is struck, there does not seem to be much difference between us and our Academician on the matter of the financial condition of the Academy, and it certainly is sincerely to be wished that since the heads of the institution are doing their utmost to make the schools efficient, there might be some means found of filling the treasury, and so enabling them to do much more. A word, in pass-

ing, as to the lectures. We think a great deal might be done by lectures, but it is unfortunately true that there are very few persons in our community who are able to lecture to any profit on the subject of art. Several able gentlemen — men of mark in their profession — have lectured before the Academy, but, so far as art is concerned, their lectures have left the public pretty much where it found them. In our opinion, what is wanted at present is courses of familiar lectures by professors, on Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, with abundant illustrations, and with a direct aim at instruction, the imparting of information, and with criticism of a sensible, objective kind, making no attempt at eloquence or originality. The illustrations are of great importance, and it is also important to have a lecture-hall properly arranged, both as to the lecturer's needs and as to the needs of the audience. The Academy is absolutely unfurnished in this respect. The public very much needs, and, what is more to the purpose, very much desires to have more information about these matters than it has now any means of getting. It would flock to such lectures as we have spoken of above, and would sustain them liberally, but it has never had them in this country, either in New York or anywhere else. Perhaps, however, we do not do well to say much about the need of lectures, considering how great is the need of the schools, and how little is done for them. They need much larger accommodation, more and better models, and more teachers; and they need, more than all, what money will not give, the cordial moral support of the community. The community at large knows little about them, and cares less. And if we were not afraid of getting another letter from An Academician, we would say that, so far as the women's school is concerned, it has much to suffer from the objection of the artists themselves, particularly from those who are scientifically classed as "the old artists;" not the old masters, but the old "artists." These gentlemen have carried prudery and what are called "American" ideas to such a point that a lively fight is all the time waging on the subject of nude models, and the female students are subjected by these inquisitors to the most irksome rules and the silliest interferences, under the plea of serving propriety. These artists represent the great bulk of the well-to-do people of New York, and their teasing, half-hostile atti-

tude toward the school is merely the attitude of the general public in a concrete form; and the fact explains partly why the school has to struggle so for a bare existence. There are, besides, the difficulties that the school has too few teachers, and that its works appeal to judges not well enough informed to make their judgment feared or respected. Still, these things will help themselves. Mr. Wilmarth, the head of the school, is an excellent teacher, one who ardently loves his profession and is well fitted for it, and he is training pupils who will help him efficiently as his field of labor grows larger. For the first time, too, since it was established, the drawing-school of the Cooper Institute is becoming, under the direction of Mrs. Carter, a valuable ally of the National Academy, and if the Academy could only find a Cooper, an Anderson, or a Lick, who would give it a generous helping hand, we believe that its drawing-schools would soon become of solid importance, and that art would begin to have a meaning for our community that thus far it has not had.

— A correspondent writes us from New York : —

"In one of the galleries of that stately old house where the Metropolitan Art Museum is now installed, there has just been placed the Semiramis of Story. She lies half reclined upon a cushioned seat, the left shoulder being thrown back a little, while the right leg crosses the left at the knee, and her right arm is flung, long and careless, across her lap. The face is unique, but hardly beautiful. The mold of the forehead is square and strong; the eyebrows are almost straight, and the eyes exceptionally large. These are contrasted with a straight, sufficiently sensitive nose, and a small mouth, and small, soft chin. Strongly marked lines between the eyes contribute to the brooding and puzzled, expectant expression of the face. There is as much that is American in her face, as Eastern. However, it is not necessary that one should look at her only as Semiramis. I could find only one point from which this figure was at all effective; in all other views it was — to my eyes, at least — bald and unattractive. Nor could I enjoy the draperies, which were arid and angular. We have a woman here magnificently made, in many respects; but, so far as I can discover, there is nothing sympathetic about her. Ought not a statue to possess some especially penetrating and volatile quality, being in itself

so solid an object, so bold an advance upon the senses, a material mass so hard to get rid of if it is not beautiful and does not hold itself ready, as it were, to dissolve in delicious emotions? But you must take my opinion only on trial, with liberty to exchange for another from higher authorities. Meanwhile, I shall soothe myself with the contemplation of Margaret. I was about to say a Margaret, but cannot recall any other upon canvas who is so entirely Margaret as this of Cabanel's. Kaulbach's Gretchen, to be sure, is a lovely creature, but she has been to the life-school and admires the academic style. If Cabanel's has been there, she has forgotten it. As we see her now, at Schaus's, she is standing alone by a casement, half opened and showing her long arm, that holds it, through small, greenish panes. She wears her dove-

colored dress; the low opening over her breast is bordered by a muslin modesty-piece; and the cuffs turn back in a band of pure orange-color. The sleeve is blue, and all over it is worked the glimmering shapes of marguerites — what we call daisies. She makes no appeal, is not conscious of the poetry of her woe; she *is* poetry. She leans her head dreamily against the sash that she has opened, and we read all the story in her eyes, and guess it in those pathetic draperies of her body, that she instinctively holds so close. As for the *technique*, if we must descend to that, much could be said in praise of the relations of color and the sparing use of the pigment. Cabanel is one who 'feels his material,' not by getting it so thick that he could n't do otherwise than feel it, but by valuing highly every particle of paint, and economizing it."

## EDUCATION.

CONTINUING our review of the School Reports of the country, we come to those of the Middle States, among which we shall include also that of their nearest Western neighbor, since in the three great commonwealths of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio lies the centre of gravity of our Union. As they sway or rest, so sways or rests the national policy, and how they are educating their youth is therefore of truly national importance. We have no report from the State of Delaware, and of the city reports we have only those of New York and Brooklyn, the latter of which we have already noticed. As it is the custom with the school boards of the larger cities and towns to make separate reports to their own citizens, and as there seem to be no abstracts of these throughout the State reports under consideration, our remarks must not be taken as applying to such important centres as Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Troy, Pittsburg, and the like, for the data in regard to the method and extent of their public instructions are not before us.

The expenditure of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Ohio for free education during the year 1872-73 was over \$29,000,000; but as the number of

school-children enrolled was over twenty-seven hundred thousand, this apparently immense allowance gives after all but about \$10.50 a year to every child.<sup>1</sup> This covers the cost of buildings, repairs, fuel, and apparatus, so that in fact only about \$5.00 a year is spent in tuition for each pupil enrolled in the public schools of all grades in those enormously rich communities. To this it may be objected that as the average attendance is far below the enrollment, there is really spent much more than \$10.00 a year on every child. But this is merely to say that if a coarse and ill-cooked meal be prepared for a hundred children, and only fifty or sixty partake of it, then these have really been as well fed as though one half the cost of the meal had gone to making it better in quality. At present prices it is doubtful whether satisfactory educational results can be obtained for anything less than an expenditure of \$25.00 a year for each child enrolled.

With two or three millions of children under their charge, and with ten times these millions in money to render an account of, we cannot be surprised at a certain staid and sober and almost depressed tone observable in the authors of the re-

<sup>1</sup> In New England, exclusive of Massachusetts, the average to every enrolled child is about \$11.

ports we are now considering, and which is in marked contrast to the cheerful confidence which pervades those from New England. The only exception is in the report from the superintendent of Pennsylvania, which, amid the tame monotony of these weary pages, comes in like a fresh breeze, bold, earnest, bracing, and strong. He wants to rouse up the Pennsylvanians, and truly there seems to be need of it. More than one third of their school buildings are without proper out-houses, and many hundreds have none at all! Over one sixth are reported as having only furniture "injurious to health," nearly one half are "without apparatus worth mentioning," and only one tenth have grounds "neatly fenced and freed from rubbish." "Of the 15,003 teachers receiving certificates to teach during the year, only 374 were found to have a thorough knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar, and that practical preparation for the profession which insures success. If to this number there be added all who hold professional and normal school diplomas, it will be found that out of 19,057 teachers we have only about 2500 fully qualified for their work." In Pennsylvania there are seventy-five thousand children growing up in ignorance, and the superintendent thinks that a compulsory law could not be passed and would not be obeyed. Yet he recommends as feasible a law of which the essence seems to us as compulsory as any. The law prohibiting the employment of children under thirteen "is a dead letter," and the manufacturers declare that if they are forced to employ adults to do the work now performed by children, their factories must close. Only five per cent. of the youth of Pennsylvania study anything beyond the elements, and "out of a population of four millions there are only twenty-five hundred in college." The nerves of the Pennsylvania women ought to be in sound condition and their health vigorous, for there is no State high school system to stimulate and exhaust them, and only fourteen hundred and fifty girls, in over half a million enrolled, are in female colleges or collegiate academies.

Mr. Wickersham praises highly the organization and efficiency of the schools in Pittsburgh, but he finds that those of Philadelphia lack adequate supervision. More high schools are also needed in that city, which now has only one for boys, and for girls nothing but a girls' high and

normal school, — a wretched combination which Boston has lately had the good sense to abandon, and in its place to establish for girls a high school and a normal school both. Mr. Wickersham seems to favor co-education, and from the fact that various separate high schools for the sexes are being consolidated into mixed schools, it is evidently growing in popularity throughout the State. In some school districts of Pennsylvania, women are paid as much as men for doing the same educational work, and since this report was published they have been made eligible by law to every educational office in the State, even including that of State Superintendent. This is the more remarkable in that the preference for men over women teachers has until recently been so decided that even yet the number of teachers of both sexes is nearly equal. Huntingdon County reports that "the prejudice against women teachers still exists, but is vanishing;" which is not surprising when we find those of the other sex reproved for "spending their vacations in lounging about the country stores." One young pedagogue is recorded who "could not remember that he had ever read a book." Mr. Wickersham advocates industrial education more fully and courageously than perhaps any other superintendent. He thinks that not only should industrial drawing be taught in all the public schools, but that separate schools for artisans, and also departments for technical instruction in connection with high schools, should be established in all the larger towns of the State. In view of the fact that of criminals only twenty per cent. are illiterate, while "over eighty per cent. have never learned any trade or mastered any skilled labor," this is the most important recommendation for the diminution of crime that we have yet seen.

The superintendent of New York begins by saying that "the large sum of money raised and spent in our schools (over \$10,000,000) should not too hastily be taken as the measure of efficiency." Over 324,000 youth of the State are not attending any school, and though the school enrollment is seventy-nine per cent. of the whole population of school age, the average daily attendance is only thirty-three per cent. There are over 28,000 teachers in the State, of whom three fourths are women. Sixteen sevenths of them are licensed by local officers, the remainder by normal schools and the State superintendent, and one third of them

are new every year. The cost of the teachers' institutes averaged \$1.81 for each teacher attending them, a sum so small that the amount of knowledge gained as its equivalent must be microscopic indeed. In the normal schools 6377 teachers were trained during more or less of the school year, at an expense of about \$195,000 — the cost of instructing 1040 students at Harvard College for the same time being about \$425,000. The appropriation for these normal schools was opposed in 1872 by those who were interested in sustaining the private academies which undertake to have "teachers' classes." To the just disapprobation of the superintendent, \$125,000 was voted to these latter, although they charge tuition fees, and although they do their work so wretchedly that the commissioner for Saratoga County says, "I do not say that all these academies are bad. Simply I do not know one that is good. They fill the teachers' ranks with those who are incompetent, and whose displays of ignorance, even upon the most elementary subjects, are astounding." The State thus "virtually supports two systems: the common schools, which are open to all, and the academies, which are private and sectarian, and kept for private profit." But as long as New York does not sustain a high school system, it seems to us that it will have to continue this anomaly to save its own self-respect. The State superintendent does not approve of taxing the people of a State for anything except the elements of education. In New York, any district which wishes a high school has to bear the whole additional expense itself. Consequently only eighty-one out of twelve thousand districts have organized high or academic schools, and the population is therefore left to the make-shifts of private institutions. It is true that only about one in ten of the lower grade pupils ever takes a high school course, but it is just that tenth one who carries forward the civilization of his community. High schools, moreover, are the only nurseries for teachers that can ever approximate to supplying the demand, and this for the reason that young people can attend them while boarding at home, which for many in the normal schools cannot be the case. With eight State normal schools to twelve thousand districts, it is no wonder that, as the board of the normal school at Buffalo puts it, "the hope of sending a trained teacher into every district, of even a single county, seems desperate." Young people, it says, would be "frightened at

the suggestion of spending two years' time in preparation for such schools as they propose to teach." But we are persuaded that it is not so much the "two years" as the \$200 a year for board and washing that frightens them — \$200 a year for the struggling classes whence these teachers come being equivalent to \$2000 a year to the classes above them. The New York superintendent alludes, as do all others, to the "vital importance of thorough supervision to the success of any system of public instruction," but he is satisfied with the arrangement which gives him one hundred and four commissioners chosen by popular election. He has found the large majority of them "able and faithful men," but they "should be required to give their undivided attention to the duties of their office." The commissioner for Saratoga County differs from him. "Remove commissioners," he says, "from political influence. Place them where they cannot run their office with a view to future election, and better examinations and supervision will at once follow."

The superintendent of the State of Ohio finds that "the educational effort of the State during the year has been attended with gratifying results." The total of expenditure was over \$7,400,000, and yet there was a balance on hand of \$2,712,707, which, it will occur to the reader, might better have been spent than hoarded. There are no State normal schools in Ohio, only private institutions where those intending to teach are supposed to be able to receive training for it. The result is probably not more satisfactory than in the State of New York. There is no high school system proper in Ohio. The schools are divided into primary and high, but the latter are probably only the New England grammar schools with some advanced classes added. A very interesting and valuable table is given among the Ohio statistics of the number of pupils engaged in each study. It is the only instance of the kind we have met with, and should, we think, be imitated by all the other States; for better than anything else, this would afford an accurate idea of the education which is being given to the youth of the country. We wish we could enlarge upon it, but our space will not permit. Suffice it to say that out of 505,709 children who study reading, 432,423 study arithmetic, 200,260 study geography, 148,542 study English grammar, 123,812 study singing, 64,415 study drawing, 45,984 study



map-drawing (!) while but 16,704 study United States history, and only 449 general history! Truly, a cheering prospect for the political intelligence and patriotism of a universal suffrage country! The classics and the natural sciences are almost equally nowhere. In short, the only hopeful sign on the list we find to be that 18,085 study German, and but 223 French. The State superintendent has a thoughtful essay upon what is the education the State should permit in order most to benefit society and the individual. Unfortunately, he ends his answer by saying that his "proposed curriculum of studies will not and cannot be pursued by most of those who attend our public schools, but it formulates the *minimum of acquirement* which every conscientious teacher should seek to obtain;" and so the question of what the *masses* should learn is left as much in the dark as ever. It may be remarked, however, that not even for the teacher does this superintendent propose any knowledge of history other than that of the United States. In Ohio, expulsion can only take effect during one term, and no text-book is changed for three years after adoption. The number of pupils in private schools in Ohio decreased in 1872-73 over three eighths, and this, in our opinion, is as it should be. With the mighty resources of a whole State behind them, the public schools should be so superior that private schools could not compete with them. On the other hand, unless the public school system is enlightened and flexible enough to adapt itself to individual gifts and tendencies, it must become a fearful Procrustean bed for the youthful intellect, and national mediocrity must be its inevitable result. Co-education is growing in popularity in Ohio as in Pennsylvania, and with the approval of its superintendent. Like Mr. Wickersham, also, he earnestly desires that the line might be drawn between real colleges and colleges that are such only in name, and that the former might be brought to some common or approximate graduating standard. The experiment in Cleveland and Dayton of appointing women as special superintendents of primary instruction, and as principals in other public schools, gives the highest satisfaction, the movement having "proved even more prolific of good than was anticipated." In Ohio there are nearly forty thousand school officers, which, as in Vermont, sufficiently accounts for the crude state of its public school system.

The superintendent of New Jersey gives the best arrangement of a statistical summary that we have seen. It should be taken as a model, and if could be added to it the number of teachers who were teaching each branch, and, as in Ohio, the number of scholars who were studying them, together with the number of school-grounds improved, and of school-rooms furnished with apparatus and decorated, it would be perfect. Three fourths of the school moneys are raised by a tax of two mills, and "this does not meet with one tithe of the opposition that the old plan of township taxation always encountered." A capital essay on school-houses appears in this report, and the superintendent desires a law which shall enable school officers to seize land suitable for school-houses when owners without adequate reason refuse to sell. In general, the status of the New Jersey schools appears to correspond to that of the schools of her great neighbors, New York and Pennsylvania. We confess to an astonishment that for the first or highest grade of teacher's certificates, *no* knowledge of general history is required, and that candidates of sixteen years old are permitted to apply for certificates of the third grade.

When we turn to the reports of the local officers of the Middle States upon their public schools, we do not find that insight into their defects which the longer and greater prevalence of academic education in southern New England has conferred upon the school committees and superintendents of that section. "The schools are improving," or "Our schools are flourishing," or "Upon the whole, — County will probably rank as well as any of her sister counties in education," are the frequent verdicts. And as the commendation is very similar, so may the complaints of one be said to be the complaints of all: 1st. The teachers are poorly qualified. 2d. They are changed too often. 3d. The attendance of pupils is irregular. 4th. Text-books are not uniform. 5th. Parents are neglectful. 6th. State taxes should be apportioned according to the percentage of attendance, and not in proportion to the number of taxables.

Graded schools and a compulsory attendance law are almost universally advocated, and uniformity of text-books is much dwelt upon; but, as New England has found out, the shortest way to arrive at this latter is for each town to confer the use of text-books free. Then each locality will possess its



own, and teachers will not be, as now, tormented with the heterogeneous text-books brought by the poorer children, while the volumes themselves can be preserved, it is found, from the pollutions now too often scribbled over them by thoughtless or vicious owners.

In Pennsylvania, the school authorities are yet so busy with the great want of decent school-houses, that nothing else much shares their attention. Occasionally, however, we have a sharp comment. "The salaries of the teachers, like all salaries pertaining to the system, barely sustain life." "It is a very simple sum in proportion. Double the salaries and you double the efficiency of the teachers." "One hindrance to the cause of common education is the lack of freedom to teachers in the control of their schools." "Arithmetic takes up more time than all other studies put together." "Upon testing our educational customs it becomes apparent that a very large number of children receive precisely the kind of training which has been bestowed upon a learned pig." "It is unpleasant to have a cord of wood or a ton of coal in the school-house, yet some teachers prefer it to digging these articles from the snow." "There is no class of persons so badly paid as teachers."

From Ohio we hear that "local examinations work badly, and certificates are often given to worthless and sometimes to immoral teachers." "Teachers have no general information." Teachers are poor; they are young and inexperienced, and their pay is too small for us to hope for better."

The New York county reports abound in appeals to parents to visit the schools. Corporal punishment appears to be growing in unpopularity throughout the State, notwithstanding the doubtful benefit of its abolition in New York city. "The wages of rural schools are so low that normal school graduates will not teach in them." "At \$5.00 a week it is in vain to lecture to young teachers on the vast responsibility of their calling." "At \$5.50 wages a week, of which \$2.50 or \$3.00 must go for board, what, in the name of common-sense, is left which should induce a competent teacher to work for such pay?" "Young persons are allowed to teach at too early an age." The commissioner of Saratoga County is very explicit on this point. "A limit," he says, "ought to be placed by law to the age of teachers. No person is fit to teach a district school under twenty, and

very few over fifty. I can safely say I have never known a teacher do well under age." This gentleman paints the educational picture in gloomy colors. "I find myself compelled with pain and humiliation to admit that the schools under my jurisdiction are in a deplorable condition. Extensive travel in nearly every part of the State during my term of office, intimate acquaintance with other commissioners and with large numbers of professional educators, with persistent inquiry in all available directions and upon all opportunities, force upon me the conviction that as a rule the schools throughout the State are in an equally bad condition. . . . The great reason why our schools are so poor is that the teachers are poor; and they are so from two main causes: 1st. They are not professionally educated. 2d. They are not thoroughly examined and supervised by the commissioners. Our teachers are taught wrong. They have a smattering of too many things, and a profound knowledge of too few things. A mastery of the elementary branches taught in common schools they never have."

In New Jersey, only sixty per cent. of the children could find seats in the school buildings provided they all wanted to go, and the town which has the largest average attendance is the one which has also the largest proportional accommodation. In that State it is "a matter of frequent comment, that while there are as many or even more families than in former years, there are fewer children." "Our schools as at present conducted are not suitable places for children under seven or eight years of age." "It is a hardship to make little children go to school a mile or two in winter. The schools are then crowded with the older ones, and they get no benefit. The winter schooling should be for the older children, and the summer for the younger, since in summer a large proportion of the former are kept at home by the avocations of the farm." "How is it that clergymen so seldom visit the schools? In five years I have had only two visits from clergymen in my school, unless by invitation. Religion and education must go together." Doctors and clergymen being the natural guardians of the public health and morals, our own view is, that if the settled pastors and the practicing physicians of good standing in each community, together with its ablest teachers of both sexes, could sit on the school boards *ex officio*, we should then, in the simplest possible way, enlist for the

continual perfecting of our public school system the best effort of our most responsible citizens.

To sum up : the study of German is far more prevalent throughout the Middle States than in New England. Music and drawing, though not obligatory, are taught, or at least practiced, in many schools. Mental arithmetic and English grammar still hold their pernicious places, though the drill in them is not perhaps so *malignant* as with us, and the absurdities of "local" history and geography are being given over. (Fancy being set to study the History of Vermont or the History of Maine, while wholly ignorant of the history of the human race !)

In short, the Middle States, if they have more to learn with regard to public school education than New England, have probably also less to unlearn, for the childish mind is better off, *i. e.*, in a healthier state, with no analysis of rules at all, than with the analysis run mad which has so much inspired what may not disrespectfully be termed the Yankee pedagogy.

— A French-German Dictionary is not a book that will be of very great service to a large number of the readers of this magazine, but any who have occasion to use one will be glad to have their attention turned to Dr. Charles Sachs's Dictionnaire Français et Allemand. In many ways this dictionary is a very remarkable work. It is very complete; under almost every word we find proof that the author has pursued his own investigations, instead of copying blindly from other dictionary-makers; and the system of arranging his material is most ingenious. In the first place, indication of the way in which the word is used is given by a very simple method: a small comet expresses that the word is rare; an open book, that it is a scientific word; a gallows shows that the word is slang; a cross, that it is antiquated; an asterisk, that it is new; three crosses, that it is incorrect; crossed swords, that it is used only in military words, etc. The etymology of every word is given, and then come the German equivalents in the usual way, only in rather better order. The volume after all consists of less than sixteen hundred pages. It will be good news to many that

the same publishers are intending to get out a similar German and English dictionary. It was the author's intention to include every French word; below, we give a list of the words and phrases for which he can find no meaning.

A jambes rebindaines, avoir le calus de scrobage aux genoux, rostage, satanite, sexterée, tasque, tanflute, tasserolles de vin muscat, tamne, varangue, le dernier des trestailous, jouer à la fayoussé, fée Farfouille, lardeyre, jeu de Cachardy, coconnas, couleur d'Antheaume, Aymerillot, Bestay, Jean d'Arcet, Besquas, ces saillies originales de flahut en gaieté, Cunier, Emma Lyonna, poudre de Godernau, la Michodière, freguillerie (Lanterne 27), achour, achrone, aéroplane, *s. m.*, aldéhise, alifane, sous-sol en alios, ancon, bonase, cachia, cafétaux, filles calaganes (Pascal, Lettre II.), filles asacrementaires (*ibid.*), papier ténéotique (Litré), renouée de Siébold, droit de setterage, danses des pi-quantés et des timtirimbas du Pérou, rivet de l'eau, harengs égavés, h. pleins, virgule à la Mazarin, carcaveau, carmentran, jambon au cincarar, tarole, tarbouche, danseuse brillant plus par le taqueté que par le parcours et le ballon, les tartailles (V. Hugo, L'Homme qui rit, 2, 84), ce que les Capitulaires de Charlemagne appellent des tempestaies (Souvestre, Paysans, 17), il disait avec le professeur sébusien, que les bonnes choses sont pour les bonnes gens (Phys. du Goût, Méditation 29), Schubry (héro d'un Vaudeville). Le plafond était de forme tambon (Homme, etc., 3, 280), spéli-can (Villon), toiles vélines (pour faire les billets de banque), vatterungues (*m. ou f.*), le Comte Sissonne, le père Tripoli, tradillon (une étoffe), triveline de soie (V. Hugo, Homme, etc., 2, 276), tracanas, tricotez (ancienne danse, Grondeur) soupireau (et four-nier), les vaudes (Rev. 15 Nov. 1867, p. 463), vaudéisme, drap d'Usseau, suédois de fruits glacés, vaudeville poursuite, ventregoulette anglaise (habit d'homme).

Any one who can throw any light on these dark words and phrases will aid in the completion of an excellent dictionary, as well as secure the gratitude of its compiler, by sending the information to the office of this magazine, whence it will be transmitted to Dr. Sachs.